Feb.13,1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

AUG 10 1993

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Better ideas make better cars: 1971 Mercury Colony Park.

1. Start with the best station wagon ideas.

The Colony Park comes with a Dual-Action tailgate that swings down flat for cargo, opens like a door for passengers. Also standard: a luggage carrier, 400 CID V-8, Select-Shift automatic transmission, power rear window, power steering, power brakes, concealed headlamps. Center-facing rear seats (shown) optional.

2. Add the ride and comfort of a luxury car.

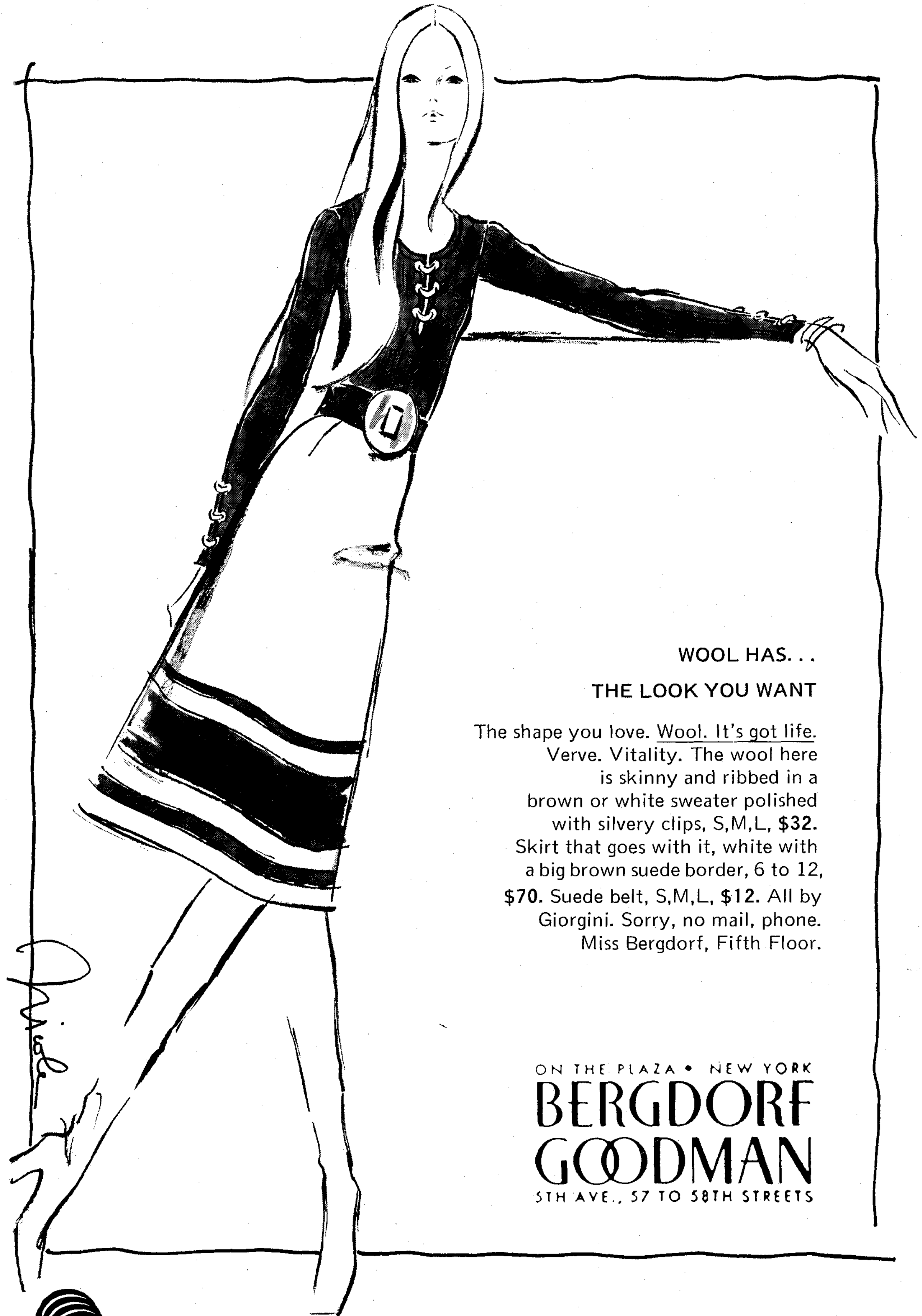
When it isn't doing duty as a station wagon, the Colony Park doubles as a luxury car. The long wheelbase and extra-wide tread (63" in front, 64" rear) help give it a ride that's unusually smooth. Interiors are upholstered in glove-soft vinyl. The individually adjustable Twin-Comfort lounge seats (shown) are optional.

3. And you have a better luxury station wagon.

The 1971 Colony Park with its yacht-deck paneling is part of Mercury's top-of-the-line Marquis series. A second Marquis wagon is also available with all-steel sides. It takes better ideas to make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent, or lease. See your Mercury dealer now for a guest drive.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIV. Ford



WOOL HAS...

THE LOOK YOU WANT

The shape you love. Wool. It's got life. Verve. Vitality. The wool here is skinny and ribbed in a brown or white sweater polished with silvery clips, S,M,L, **$32.** Skirt that goes with it, white with a big brown suede border, 6 to 12, **$70.** Suede belt, S,M,L, **$12.** All by Giorgini. Sorry, no mail, phone. Miss Bergdorf, Fifth Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

PURE WOOL®

The Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best... Pure Wool

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 15. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A melodrama falling somewhere between Kipling and Agatha Christie, set in nineteenth-century India and excellently acted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

Four on a Garden—Carol Channing and Sid Caesar in four blackout skits written and directed by Abe Burrows. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

Home—Four lonely people in a vast, decrepit English madhouse find life well worth getting on with. A brilliant play by David Storey, superbly enacted by Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mona Washbourne, and Jessica Tandy, under the direction of Lindsay Anderson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

The House of Blue Leaves—A play by John Guare, with Anne Meara and Harold Gould. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 10. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Istanboul—Despo in a play by Rochelle Owens. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Peter Brook's highly personal version of Bottom's dream. Luckily, the words remain, and they are glorious. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 1:50; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15.)

Perry's Mission and **Rosalee Pritchett**—These one-acters, the first by Clarence Young III and the second by Carlton and Barbara Molette, make the most spirited and strongest evening that the Negro Ensemble Company has offered us in a long time. The performances are exceptionally good. Douglas Turner Ward and Shauneille Perry were the directors. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Synge's **THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD**, with David Birney, is the second in this year's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: An entertaining and quite creditable production of Harold Pinter's early, funny, scary play, **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**, with Betty Field. It will run through Saturday, Feb. 20, interrupted by performances of Pinter's program of one-acters, **LANDSCAPE** (also with Miss Field) and **SILENCE**, on Wednesday, Feb. 10; Saturday, Feb. 13; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 18-19. (Tuesdays through Sat-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"DOWNERS AND SÉANCES" . . . . *Renata Adler* 32

"LEDGE POND" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Sewell* 36

"PNEUMONIA, 1945" . . . . *L. Woiwode* 38

"ALASKA BROWN BEAR" (POEM) . . . . *John Hollander* 42

A REPORTER AT LARGE (BLACK PANTHERS) . . . . *Edward Jay Epstein* 45

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 78

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 81

U.S. JOURNAL: IMPERIAL COUNTY, CALIFORNIA . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 83

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 90

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 96

"WINTER" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Shelton* 102

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 105

BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 108

BRIEFLY NOTED 111

COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, Ed Fisher, J. B. Handelsman, Donald Reilly, Henry Martin, Frank Modell, Charles E. Martin, William Steig, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Charles Addams, Joseph Farris, Robert Weber, Edward Frascino, Lee Lorenz*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 52, February 13, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

Life is too short and winter's too long to go without mink.
Warm, beautiful Saga Mink.
The finest mink from Scandinavia where winters are six months long.
Scandinavian Mink Assn.
Coat from Ritter Brothers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

urdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30 in all cases. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The School for Wives—Brian Bedford in Richard Wilbur's new verse translation of Molière's play. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews through a special matinée on Monday, Feb. 15, at 2:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays—except Feb. 18—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A play with music by Robert Montgomery. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of the Catonsville 9—A play written by Daniel Berrigan, S. J., and directed by Gordon Davidson. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—hedda gabler: Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 16. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 6:45. . . . **a doll's house:** Performances resume Monday, Feb. 22. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom moving. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—butterflies are free: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2.). . . **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. With Pamela Payton-Wright. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **last of the red hot lovers:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15.)

MUSICALS

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—applause: Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **company:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15.). . . **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** —I blow him out about you, Buck Mulligan said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** —I see little hope, Stephen said, from her or from him. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **fiddler on the roof:** Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand on Stephen's arm. —From me, Kinch, he said. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.). . . **the last sweet days of isaac:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **hair:** To Lady Russell, indeed, she was a most dear and highly valued god-daughter, favourite, and friend. Lady Russell loved them all; but it was only in Anne that she could fancy the mother to revive again. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15.). . . **man of la mancha:** A few years before, Anne Elliot had been a very pretty girl, but her bloom had vanished early; and as, even in its height, her father had found little to admire in her (so totally different were her delicate features and mild dark eyes from his own), there could be nothing in them, now that she was faded and thin, to excite his esteem. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.). . . **promises, promises:** He had never indulged much hope, he had now none, of ever reading her name in any other page of his favourite work. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15.). . . **you're a good man, charlie brown:** All equality of alliance must rest with Elizabeth; for Mary had merely connected herself with an old country family of respectability and large fortune, and had, therefore, *given* all the honour, and received none: Elizabeth would, one day or other, marry suitably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2.). . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **purlie:** Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of **don quixote** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, March 28—Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30: "Trinity," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Trinity," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—An eight-week winter series of appearances by nine companies; through Saturday, March 13. **paul taylor dance company.** Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8; Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30; Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Foreign Exchange," "Big Bertha," and "Public Domain.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10; Friday, Feb. 12; Wednesday, Feb. 17; and Friday, Feb. 19, all at 8: "Churchyard," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Aureole." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30; Tuesday, Feb. 16, and Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30: "Lento," "Agathe's Tale," and "Post Meridian." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Cen-

©1971 Estée Lauder, Inc.
Suede outfit by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

estée
super perfume
estée

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TURY—Final performances of a three-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Actus Tragicus, Romeo and Juliet Suite," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Four Last Songs," and "Firebird."...¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Bhakti," "Opus 5," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: "Bhakti," "Romeo and Juliet Suite," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Erotica," and "Firebird."...¶ Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:30: "Les Vainqueurs," "Romeo and Juliet Suite," and "Firebird." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

INBAL—Final performances of a one-week engagement by the Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

ROD RODGERS—With his dance company. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk singer John Stewart will perform through Sunday, Feb. 14. On Thursday, Feb. 18, Dion, who has longer hair and a more straightforward approach than he had a decade ago, will arrive to play guitar and sing. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Monday, Feb. 15, and Wednesday, Feb. 17.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz, usually on bass and electric piano, from ten to two. Dinner is served until one. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—History is made at night here, by the great and good historian Mary Lou Williams, and history repeats itself, from eight to one every night except Sunday, though never in the infinite variety of phrasing she sets down upon her pianoforte. Sundays are the property of others; specifically, on Feb. 14, Ted Dunbar and guitar until six, Joel Shulman and piano until eleven.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Jim Hall's feathery guitar work and Ron Carter's skillful bass counterpoint would have delighted Bach, and maybe even Berlioz. On Wednesday, Feb. 17, Tiny Grimes will come in with a bassist. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Spareribs and other dishes that constitute soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Old-time blues are sung by Jimmy Rushing Fridays through Sundays in this casual club. With him—and without him the other nights of the week—is a jazz quartet led by Budd Johnson. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920—Eddie Thompson, a pianist from England, and Dr. Lyn Christie, a bass player from Australia, are working together in this dark bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Lovers of the traditional can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—Cecil Young, a pianistic showman, leads a trio that includes Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums in this softly lighted new spot. While the other musicians are soloing, you may find Young singing and posturing near your table, but let it be, let it be. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul food.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—McCoy Tyner's fast-moving quintet will play through Sunday, Feb. 14. On Tuesday, Feb. 16, pianist and tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp will bring in a quintet. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GASLIGHT, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Cramped basement quarters where steam pipes crackle overhead while patrons sip coffee, tea, or cider. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 10-12, will be blues nights, with Bukka White and other performers. On Saturday, Feb. 13, Nashville singer Kris Kristofferson, who wrote "Me and Bobby McGee," will take the stand. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Ahmad Jamal leads his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining....¶ Downstairs: Rock, jazz, and dancing. Through Saturday, Feb. 13, Chelsea and Whiskey Howl. Mondays and Sunday, Feb. 14, are devoted to Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The present occupants are comic Irwin Corey and blues singer Novella Nelson and her trio. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

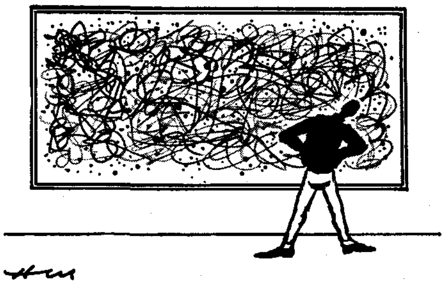
WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a five-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Feb. 14, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.



DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A fairly restrained evocation of the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Like something off the old M-G-M lot, equipped with sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. Three times nightly, Cody Marshall does some singing. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—The "24" in the name indicates round-the-clock action. So far, this Las Vegas principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu. Fancy lamps and artificial plants.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The **ROYAL BOX** reopens on Tuesday, Feb. 16, to serve as a laugh-in for Kaye Stevens, by now a citified girl but still one whose heart lies in the highlands of the Catskills. Dinner and supper are her hours of work. Two dance bands. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Hope springs eternal, and so do the balletomanes (young and eager) who follow the lead of José Molina across the stage. This old Spanish custom is properly honored by his troupe, and so are a couple of Mod American ones. The place is in operation every single night....¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It's Heart and Soul that make the world of O. C. Smith go round, and this warbler makes it go twice a night, and even thrice on Saturdays. A humorist precedes this display, but at a snail's pace. On Thursday, Feb. 18, another cast takes over. It is led by Buddy Greco, whose fondness for the tunes he sings so expansively is universally contagious....¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **LA FORÊT,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quintet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) begins at seven-thirty and carries on until well after

The Salted Peanut Theory.

Enlarged.

Simply put, the theory is this: You try one — you'll come back for more.

It's done wonders for salted peanuts, and we know it works with Chryslers.

To get you to try that first Chrysler, we're coming through with the Royal.

A brand-new series of Chryslers. At a new low price. A price $112* less than any other Chrysler series.

It's our way of introducing as many people as possible to the finest-designed, best-built Chryslers we've ever offered.

And Royal is every inch a Chrysler. Uncompromisingly full-sized. It's just as big as our most expensive New Yorker. It's also a bigger car than our chief competition—Buick LeSabre and Olds Delta.

With a roomier interior.

A bigger trunk.

Even the engine is bigger. By ten cubic inches. Yet Royal runs on regular gas.

And like every Chrysler we build, Royal comes through with a torsion-bar suspension system.

LeSabre and Delta use coil springs.

Which is better?

Well, it's interesting to note that GM does use torsion bars on two models: one of their most expensive Cadillacs, and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

Now are we coming through?

Royal. An introduction to what a full-sized car should be.

A Chrysler.

At a price you can afford.

*Based on comparison of manufacturer's suggested retail price of standard Chrysler Royal and standard Chrysler Newport. Including options pictured. Price excludes state and local taxes and destination charges.

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

CHRYSLER
Plymouth
Coming Through.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

the theatre. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the comforting and noble **PERSIAN ROOM,** at nine and eleven-thirty, Lainie Kazan, a one-woman Cecil B. De Mille pageant, is sinuously singing during dinner and supper. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—A lot of new inhabitants are in Second City, the outfit running the new revue here, but the idea is the same: ad-hoc but never ad-infinitum spoofing. The one familiar is Baldwin Bergersen, who knowingly plies the entr'acte piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays, at four and seven-thirty Sundays. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the **EDWARDIAN ROOM,** the traditional violin weaves its way through the dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In the middle of dinner and supper, Hildegarde is dispensing, in song and story, her simple household prescriptions for the eternal life and other pastimes. Dancing begins earlier. On Monday, Feb. 15, the podium will be preëmpted by Carmen McRae, whose songs, not content with taking life as it comes, try to do something about it. Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old barony has settled down to a long and useful life. It begins at five-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** with an *avant*-theatre buffet dinner-and-piano session, proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's masterly *paso-doble* bandsmen and Hal Turner's brisk Americanos) and **LA BOITE** (more piano) and returns to the **ST. REGIS ROOM** for the *après*-theatre songs of a firm young man, Jason, and a lissome nymph, Maryhazel. The St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the others shut down Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

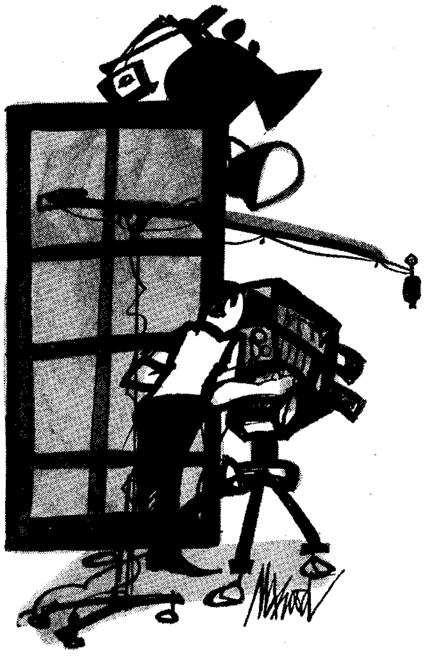
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Songs of sixpence, songs worth their weight in gold, pockets full of wry: these are the arsenal of Mabel Mercer, and her performance of them is the definitive one. The piano of Jimmy Lyon is her supporting cast. Not until well along in the evening. Closed Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who has serious doubts about everything and everybody, is more than willing to think things over—out loud, and quite out loud. Nine-thirty and thereafter. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley's piano occupies this town house, and—along with dinner and supper—he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poiteuin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds now and then to the sparkle. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Rudy Barron often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): On Tuesday, Feb. 16, Portia Nelson, that clear fountain of the sung word, returns to town after a too long recess. Ten-thirty and twelve-thirty for her; just about all the time for the Bill Russell trio. No Mondays, however. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated. He is in session from six until one, though not on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Wayne Sanders, one of the final inhabitants of Goldie's New York, has taken a new lease on life and the local piano.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Omar Alt—Abstract paintings and sculptures of fantastic subjects by a young German artist; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Stephen Antonakos—Air-brush drawings with neon effects on black backgrounds; through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings by a leading Optical artist; through March 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

François and Bernard Baschet—More of these artists' sound-making sculptures that have received wide attention; through March 13. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Baziotes (1912-63) **and Adolph Gottlieb**—Works by two leading Abstract Expressionists: late paintings by the former, recent works on paper by the latter; starting Thursday, Feb. 11. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—Watercolors and some pastels, done between 1915 and 1950, of landscapes and figures; starting Monday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Collages of fabrics painted in muted colors; through Thursday, Feb. 18. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Brauner (1903-66)—Paintings done between 1940 and 1965 of this Surrealist's fantastic creatures; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

James Brooks—New paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist; through Feb. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

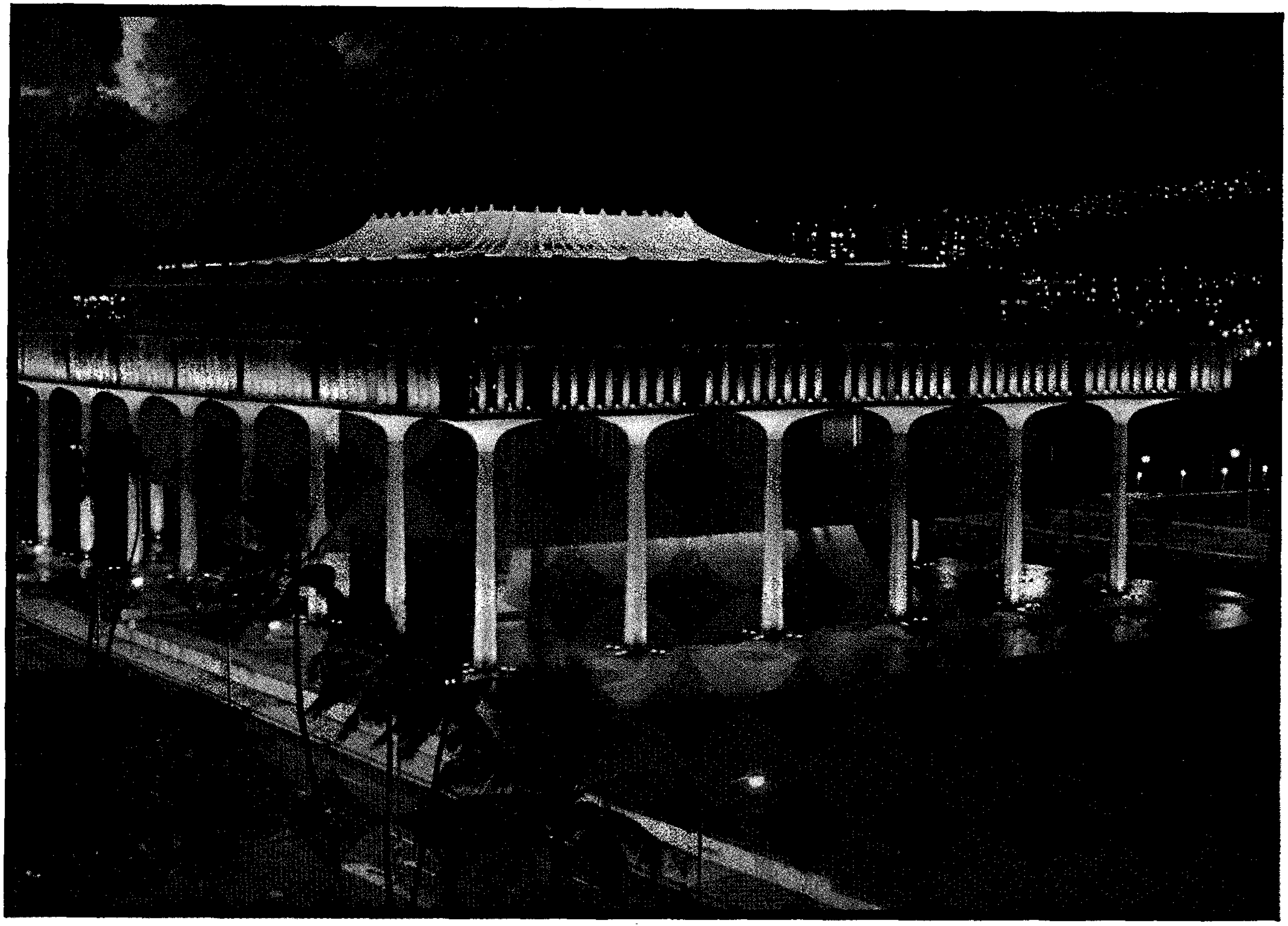
Dan Christensen—Paintings based on the

Irving City

Take all the construction financing in which Irving Trust's Mortgage and Real Estate Division has been involved in the past twenty years. Put it all together and you come up with an impressive skyline: more than three billion dollars worth of office buildings, shopping complexes, housing developments and other projects from coast to coast. ☐ Needless to say, the Irving is a leader in construction loans. And we're old hands at translating your blueprints into brick, mortar and steel. ☐ At Irving Trust Company, we back you up with more than money.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY
One Wall Street, N.Y.
A Charter New York Bank, Member F.D.I.C.

Hawaii's State Capitol, Honolulu, symbolizes the volcanic origin of the Islands.



American spoken here. Also Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese, Hawaiian, Tagalog, Korean, Samoan and Pidgin.

While you're in Hawaii, see the Orient. And Micronesia. And Europe. They're all here. And all-American.

It's almost like taking an international tour on six islands. Except that most of the people you'll meet speak your language. Or something close to it.

That can come in handy. You can order a Portuguese breakfast or an Indonesian banquet without consulting a dictionary. And pay your check without a computer.

Our mixed-up Hawaiian heritage presents some odd little surprises. Go to a ball game and you can order a hot dog—or a steaming bowl of fish soup. There are big surprises too. Things you might not expect to find in an island paradise.

You can first-night a performance of La Tosca in one of the world's most acoustically perfect theaters. Or groove to a rock concert in the sweet air. There's a great cultural center where you can explore Polynesia's multi-colored past. And a magnificent aquatic museum where her future is on display.

There's a city of refuge where ancient warriors once sought sanctuary from the wrath of their gods and their fellow men. (And where you can do the same today, if that's the kind of year it's been.)

In Hawaii you'll find out what it's like to speak in a different language, worship in a different church, even live in a different colored skin.

The airlines and steamship companies have done everything but bring Hawaii to your doorstep. There are hotels in all price ranges and tours for every taste.

So before you go anywhere in this world, talk to your travel agent. He'll tell you it's all happening in Hawaii.

Hawaii

IT'S MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE.

On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu.

square; through Feb. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Painted closeups of daily objects by a Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

William Crovello—Abstract sculptures in marble, also geometric paintings; through Feb. 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Major drawings on canvas and paper done between 1928 and 1964; through March 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Delvaux and Paul Wunderlich—Paintings by the former, a Belgian Surrealist who specializes in mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings, and paintings and gouaches, some of nudes, by the latter, a German Surrealist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Elsie Driggs—Oils, and some collages, of landscapes and figures; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles DuBack—Oils and drawings of figures in landscapes; through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Walker Evans—A show of photographs by this leading American documentary photographer. It is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Long Island landscapes, cityscapes, and a nude by a veteran New Yorker; through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rubens Gerchman—The first one-man show in the United States by a Brazilian sculptor who incorporates words in his constructions; through March 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lloyd Lózes Goff—Romantic landscape paintings, also drawings; through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Graham—Wax figures of a woman in a series of movements inside Plexiglas boxes; through Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—One huge construction with objects duplicating the contents of a Midwestern discount store; through Feb. 28. (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Hans Hartung—A substantial number of paintings and drawings by this leading German Abstract Expressionist; through March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract collages; through March 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Israel—Figurative painted-plaster wall pieces and sculptures; through March 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Recent paintings by a well-known landscapist; through Feb. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects and portraits; through March 13. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Feb. 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Electrified constructions with changing light and color patterns; through Feb. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Manning—Paintings, mostly of architecture; through March 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Maril—Landscapes, seascapes, and interiors, some with figures; starting Saturday, Feb. 13. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—The artist's life-situation in New Mexico, presented through painted panels and a reconstruction of his environment; through March 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

J. Pindyck Miller and Barry Lieberman—Geometrical sculptures in aluminum or aluminum and wood by Mr. Miller, and abstract paintings by Mr. Lieberman; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Bruce Nauman—A multiple-projected film of a rotating sphere by a conceptualist; starting Saturday, Feb. 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Bentley Nick—Realistic paintings of houses, streets, boats, and so on; through Feb. 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Oil paintings not hitherto shown in the United States, also watercolors, drawings, and recent graphics; through Feb. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Pinchbeck—Rectilinear planes of painted wood and masonite; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Ron Robertson-Swann—The first exhibit in America of abstract paintings in oil and watercolor by an Australian artist who is also a sculptor; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Morton Rosengarten—The first one-man show in New York of heads in bronze by this Canadian; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings in hyper-real style; through March 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—All-white paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ New paintings; through March 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Shaw—Patterns based on geometry, emphasizing color relations; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Philip Sherrod—Wildly Expressionist paintings, some with apocalyptic subjects; through Feb. 25. (Sonraed, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics; starting Saturday, Feb. 13. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

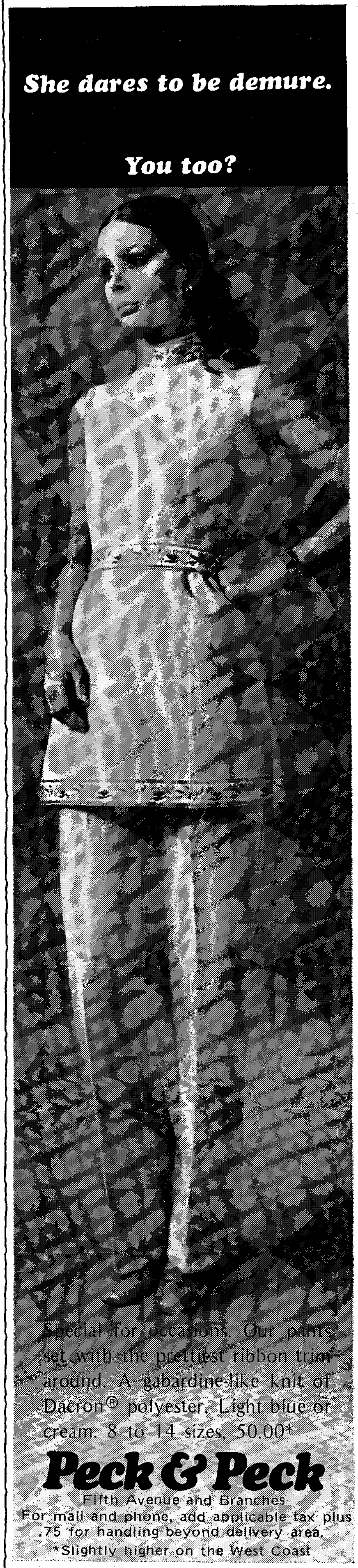
Bevlyn Simson and Milan Popovic—First one-man shows in New York of hard-edge geometric patterns in primary colors by the former, and animals and birds carved in wood by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Richard Smith—Large, shaped canvases; starting Saturday, Feb. 13. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Paintings of the last two years by this former "first-generation" Abstract Expressionist. The show will run concurrently with the Tworkov show now at the Whitney Museum. Starts Saturday, Feb. 13. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David von Schlegell—Abstract steel and aluminum sculptures, some huge; through March 2. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BODLEY**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by Léger, Klee, Picasso, Matisse, and others; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16.... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Feb. 27.... **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jo Baer, David Budd, Dan Christensen, William Crozier, and Peter Young; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: About sixty works by Sanford Robinson Gifford (1823-80), a Hudson River painter, along with paintings by other Hudson River artists, among them Durand, Cole, Bierstadt, Church, and Doughty; through Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: A hundred and forty works, including folk paintings from the earliest Colonial artists through W.P.A. art of the 1930's, addressed to the enigma


She dares to be demure.

You too?

Special for occasions. Our pants set with the prettiest ribbon trim around. A gabardine-like knit of Dacron® polyester. Light blue or cream. 8 to 14 sizes, 50.00*

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches

For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Independence is a crisp shirtdress woven in red-white-blue dots and stripes, just great by itself. Then a separate, denimy-blue skirt buttons over for a snappy two-piece look. Yarn-dyed polyester-and-cotton, for 8 to 18 sizes, complete at $38. Our exclusive Lisa Cobb, in the Sport-dress Collections. Please add 75c handling charge on mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"What is American in American Art?"; through March 6. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Thon, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by Manny Farber, realistic paintings by John Kacere and Stephen Woodburn, and sculptures of rope and string by Steve Chapin; *starting* Saturday, Feb. 13. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Chagall, Archipenko, Braque, and Calder, among others; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through Feb. 27. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints emphasizing common elements in different current styles, with works by Bonnard, Van Buren, Nancy Graves, Warhol, and others; through March 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Drawings of the past fifty years by Katherine Schmidt, Morris Kantor, and Louis Lozowick; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, celebrated for his boxes; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Three hundred drawings by fifty-four artists of eighteenth-century Italy, among them Tiepolo, Domenico, Guardi, and Piranesi; through March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 15, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family," more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife, Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. A complement to this exhibit is the Evans show at the Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Visitors to the Stein exhibit will be admitted at 10 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition comprising paintings, sculptures, conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; starting Friday, Feb. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Ten paintings representing a turn toward a new orderliness by Jack Tworkov, a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through March 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) A complement to this exhibit is his show at French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh; starting Sunday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 15, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of material acquired by the Library since 1968; starting Monday, Feb. 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), who was a friend of Laurens. Through March 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 15, from 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gail Robinson, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée Feb. 13: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 15: "Fidelio," with Catarina Ligendza, Edith Mathis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Paul Plishka, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 16: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Hildegard Hillebrecht, Jean Madeira, Robert Nagy, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 19: A new production of Massenet's "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. A benefit performance. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 20: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Joann Grillo, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. A non-subscription

Introducing one complete stereo system you can buy three different ways.

The Panasonic Compact. Matched components put together into one beautiful little package. Three different ways.

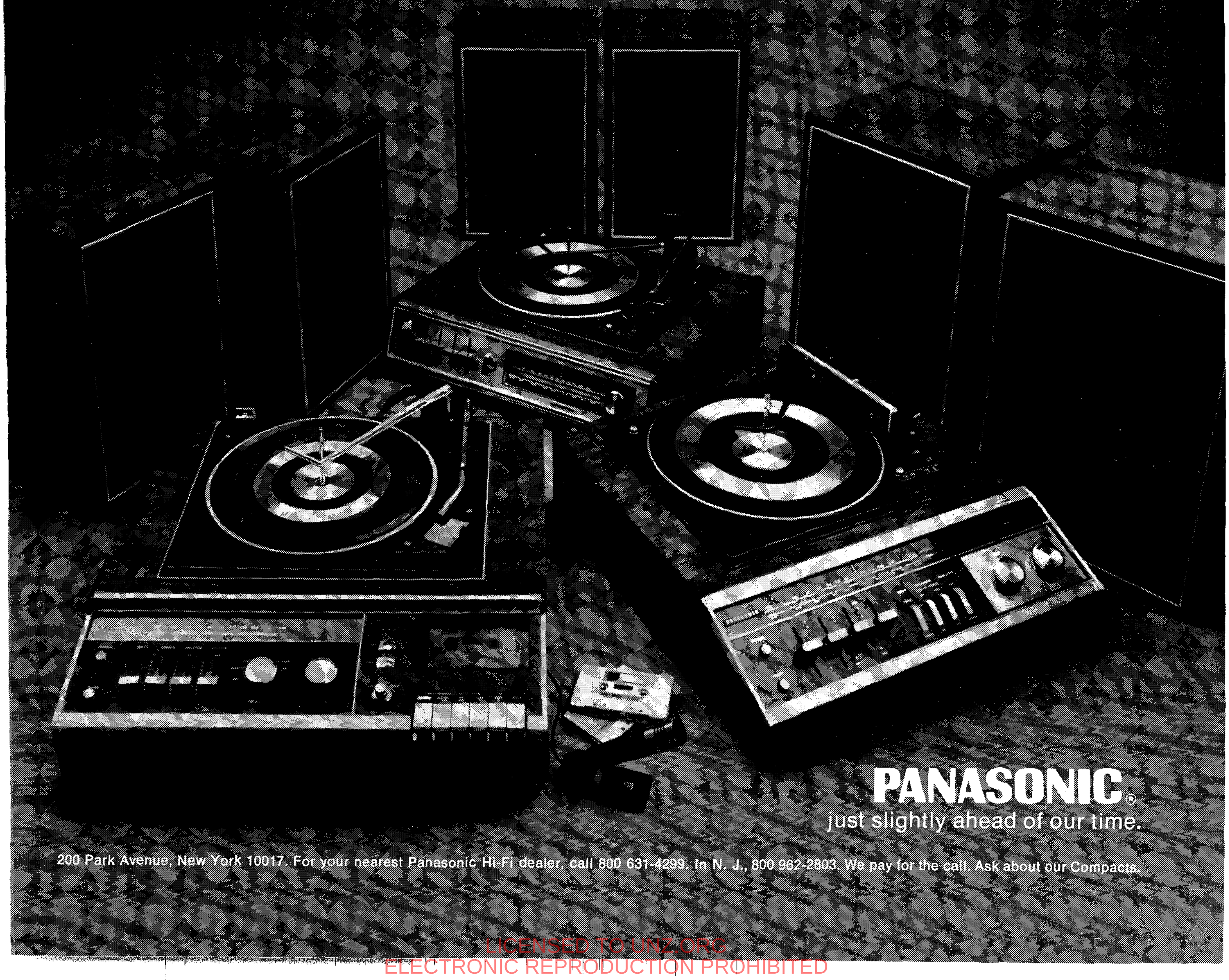
Our SC-777 (left) holds everything we have to offer. Which is everything there is. A stereo cassette player/recorder with twin VU meters and keyboard operation. FM/AM and FM stereo of the most selective kind. A four-speed Garrard automatic turntable. Pickering's V-15 Micro-Magnetic cartridge with diamond stylus. And a solar-bronze dust cover that's on top of it all.

If you don't want the cassette, you can have everything else. In our SC-666 (right) or our SC-555A (rear). In both cases, tape can come later. Because the jacks come now.

Our SC-666 has a tuning meter to guide you into the heart of any signal. And a Pickering V-15 Micro-Magnetic cartridge. A tape monitor switch to hear the before and after. And extra jacks for extra speakers. With extra power to power them. A total of 80 watts PMP.

Our SC-555A has 60 watts PMP. And like the SC-666 and SC-777, it also features a direct coupled amplifier for greater bass response. FET's to soup up sensitivity and put down conflicting signals. Four FM IF stages to make weak stations come on strong. Professional-type sliding controls to let you shade the sound to perfection. And a solar-bronze dust cover.

Now that you see the picture, why don't you hear it all together. At your Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer.



PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer, call 800 631-4299. In N. J., 800 962-2803. We pay for the call. Ask about our Compacts.

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

We've tied up the newest Liberty of London prints with fine Tana lawn cotton from England. Made by Berkley for our exclusive collection, 6.50 each. Men's Store, Street Floor, New York and all stores.

3rd Ave. at 59th, New York 10022 EL 5-5900

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 25—Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Lois Crane, Kenneth Riegel, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Lois Crane, Kenneth Riegel, and Jack Bittner. A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-7652. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting—Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30 (all with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 19, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano).

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: Rafael Kubelik conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: Georg Semkow conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:15.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Marisa Regules, Sung Kwak, and Roger Nierenberg conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting an all-Beethoven program, with the Beaux Arts Trio. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with the Abbey Singers Quintet; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Arthur Burrows, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 20-21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Joseph Fuchs, Lillian Fuchs, and Artur Balsam—Violin, viola, and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:40.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Jean-Pierre Rampal, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Baritone, flute, and harpsichord. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:40.)

Peter Frankl—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Leslie Parnas—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:15.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Nobuko Imai—Viola. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Daniel Domb—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Alexander Kouguell, cello; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Grigory Sokolov—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Note—Charles Castleman will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 16, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Igor Stravinsky Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by, among others, Jean Hakes, soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; John Graham, viola; Gail August, dancer; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, pianos; the Tokyo String Quartet; and the Choir of the Central Presbyterian Church. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Joan Baez—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:15 and 9:30.

Roberta Flack, Taj Mahal, and Leon Thomas—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8 and 11:30.

Bee Gees—With the Staple Singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8 and 11.)

Poco—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8, with Bert Sommer, and at midnight, with James Anderson.

Chambers Brothers, Spencer Davis and Peter Jameson, and Taj Mahal—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Sheldon Harnick) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Small Faces, the Grease Band, and Savoy Brown with Kim Simmonds—Fillmore East. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

The Byrds and Redeye—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.

Black Sabbath, J. Geils Band, and Sir Lord Baltimore—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15-16.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Minne-

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

We give you better reasons to buy a new car than anybody else.

Our better reasons are all in this 1971 Buick LeSabre. They're things you can believe in:

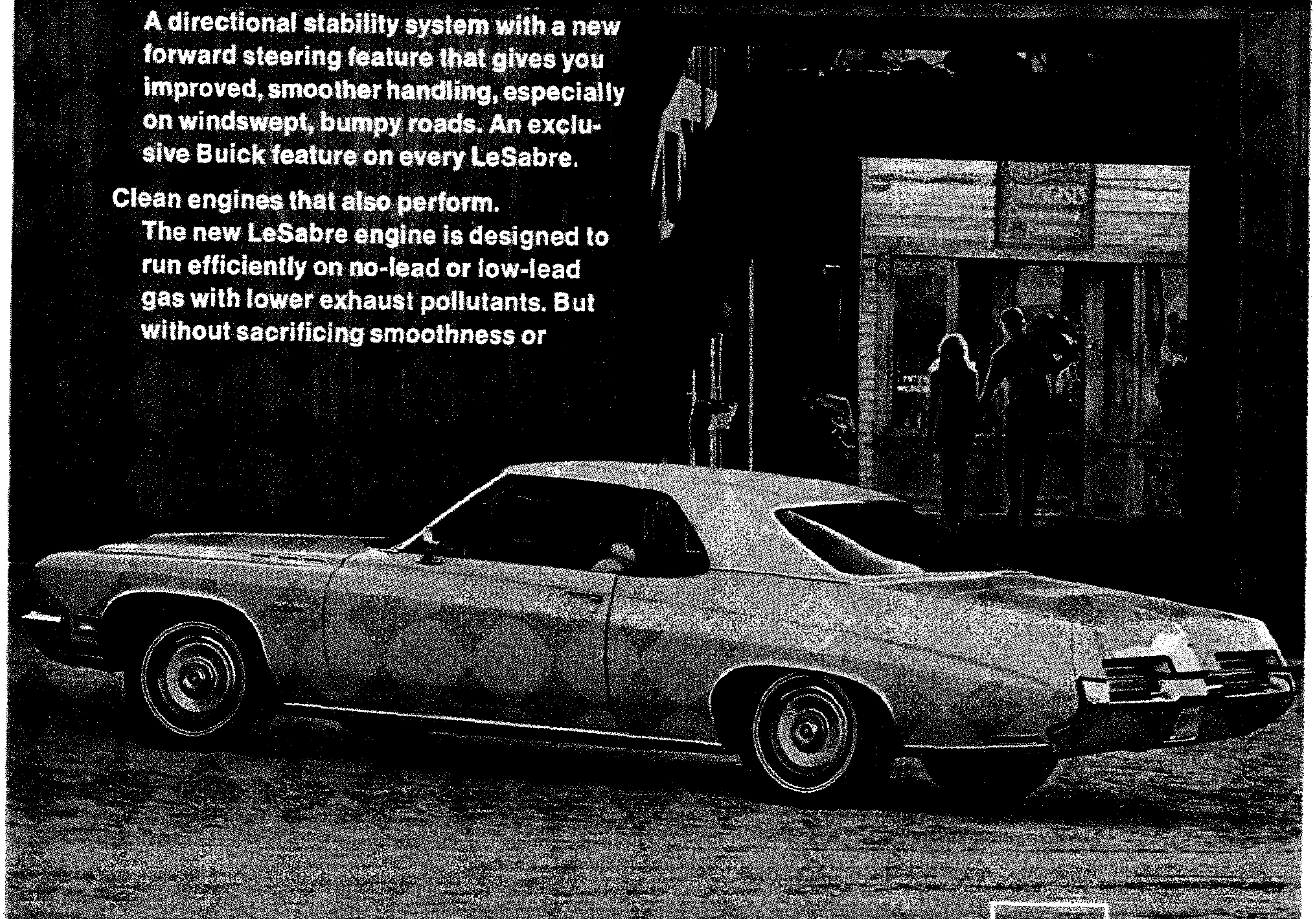
MaxTrac.
Helps stop fishtailing before it starts. An on-board computer detects rear wheel spin and controls the power fed to the rear wheels. An exclusive Buick feature you can order.

AccuDrive.
A directional stability system with a new forward steering feature that gives you improved, smoother handling, especially on windswept, bumpy roads. An exclusive Buick feature on every LeSabre.

Clean engines that also perform.
The new LeSabre engine is designed to run efficiently on no-lead or low-lead gas with lower exhaust pollutants. But without sacrificing smoothness or performance. And Buick's exclusive nickel-plated engine exhaust valves lengthen valve life.

Our dealers.
One of the reasons people are loyal to Buick: the dealers are loyal to them.

The 1971 LeSabre is waiting for you to test-drive now.



1971 Buick LeSabre. Something to believe in.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Jamaica is alive with color,
says Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler.
But nothing it's got can touch the green magic of my emeralds.

There's no doubt about it, Jamaica has more color per square inch than other countries have, period. It's everywhere. You almost breathe it. But nothing comes close to the green of these emeralds.

Special they are indeed: for centuries they lay just as they do here side by side—only sharing star billing in *the* magnificent emerald necklace belonging to the Imperial House of Russia.

The one on the left is set as a ring in platinum with diamonds, $250,000. The one next to it is shown as a brooch in platinum with diamonds, $230,000. It also converts into a ring with diamonds or a brooch in 18 karat yellow gold. Mr. Cooper will bring either or both to you for your approval, visas being available, of course.

Since we're in the space age rocket and pod, we thought you'd like to see our contribution. An ex-NASA scientist named Remo Saraceni now designs for us. He's gone absolutely bugs about blinking and talking jewelry. The ring above, for instance, has a light in it that blinks when you move your hand. It's a great way to signal someone across a room. One blink could mean let's split. Two could mean you've had enough. And so forth. A tiny battery is the power source and lasts for six months or more. It is as easy to change as the one in your camera. In 18 karat gold, as shown, $250. With one 18 karat blinking globe, $200. As earrings with 18 karat dangling blinking globes, $375.

The little frog down by our name is a Puerto Rican tree frog known as a Coquí. He obviously came over from our Puerto Rican shop to see how we're doing. In 18 karat gold with ruby eyes, $65. As a charm, $65.

Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa. 19110. Add 6% for Pa. del.

F·J·COOPER INC.
jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
2 Orange St. at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica
Fortaleza and Cristo Sts., Old San Juan, Puerto Rico
F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sota. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:05: Rangers vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17.

Tennis—Clean Air Tennis Classic: Cliff Richey, Manolo Santana, Jan Kodes, Ilie Nastase, Clark Graebner, Tom Gorman, Haroon Rahim, and others. For the benefit of the Environmental Defense Fund and Citizens for Clean Air. (Vanderbilt International Racquet Club, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Friday, Feb. 12, at 4 and 7; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 7; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at noon. For information about tickets, call EL 5-3611.) . . . ¶ The tenth match of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic: Rod Laver vs. Dennis Ralston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7.30.)

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 19, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Gene Forrell conducting the Master Virtuosi of New York in the opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 15, all at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Three Wishes" and "The Monkey and the Snake." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **DRAGON MARIONETTES:** "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Feb. 14, and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Fiesta Mexicana!" (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 749-7000, weekdays between 1 and 4:30.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Young Abe Lincoln," Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1. . . . ¶ "Don Quixote," Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 10:30. . . . ¶ "The Emperor's New Clothes," Thursday, Feb. 18, at 10:30. . . . ¶ "Aladdin," Friday, Feb. 19, at 10:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Secret Treasure Room," Lincoln's Birthday at 1. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Monday, Feb. 15, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Feb. 12, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Monday, Feb. 15, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Notes—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 15, from 10 to 12.

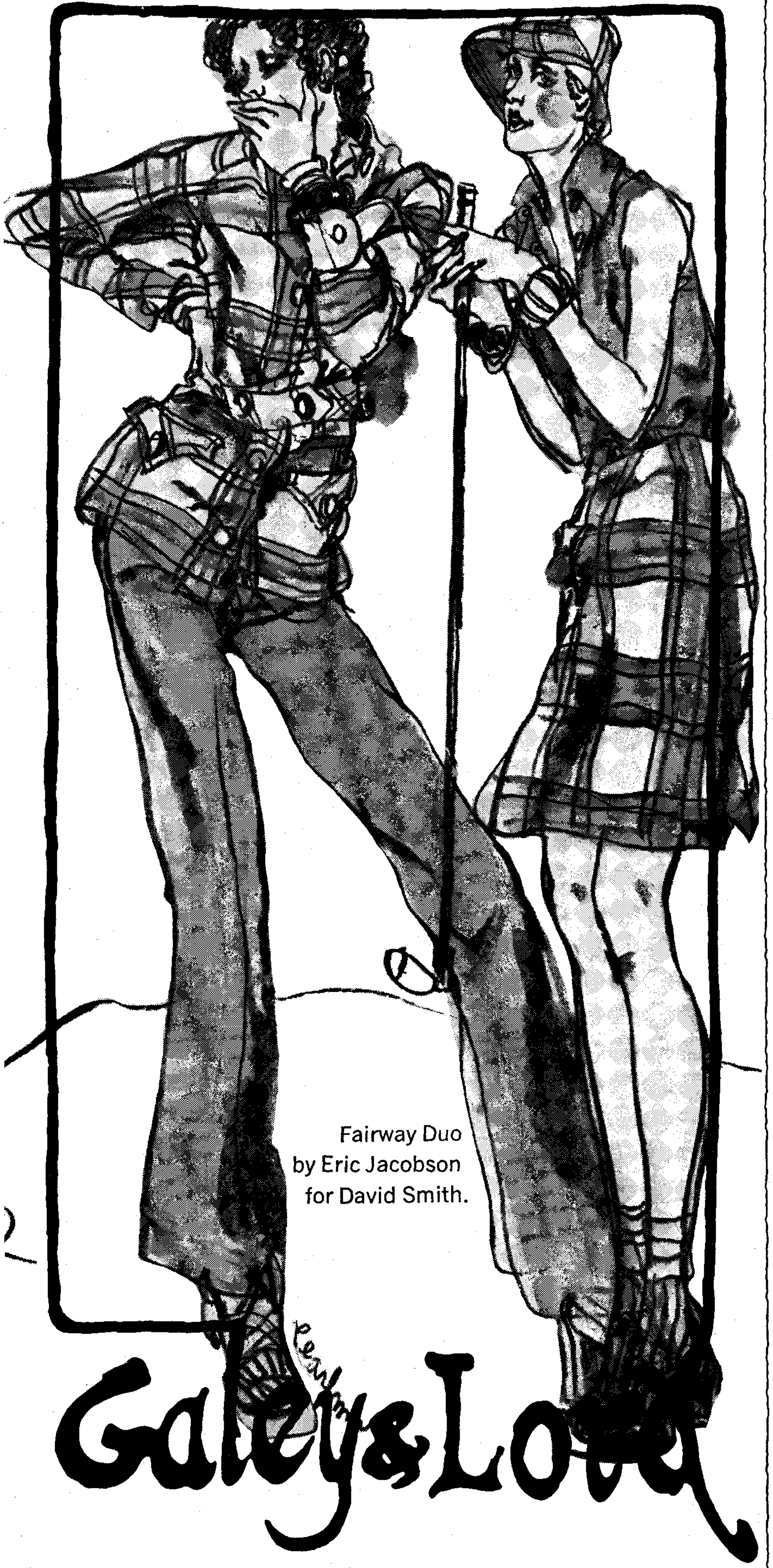
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before

Your past begins the moment you try this restless parfum from France. Crêpe de Chine by F. Millot. Also in Eau de Toilette and bath luxuries.

CRÊPE
DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS FRANCE

. . . by this time you should have quite a past



Fairway Duo
by Eric Jacobson
for David Smith.

Polyester/cotton fabrics by Galey & Lord
a division of **Burlington Industries** at Burlington House, N.Y. 10019

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Anthony Hecht reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

SCULPTORS' STUDIOS—Six sculptors will open their studios to the public on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, from 1 to 6, in a benefit tour. The studios shown will be those of José de Creeft (Saturday only), Dorothy Dehner, Chaim Gross, Bruno Lucchesi, Julius Tobias, and Anita Weschler. (For information about tickets, call AL 5-6337.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Winter Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Feb. 17, from 12 to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 11, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Grandma Moses, Laurent, Calder, and others; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: Antique and Oriental carpets and rugs, belonging to the estate of John G. Johnson.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris and James Dean. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: "The Arrangement" *(1969), directed by Elia Kazan, with Kirk* Douglas and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "America America" (1963), directed by Elia Kazan, with Stathis Giallelis. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 11:30: Nine early silent films. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3 and 5:30: "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Dante's Inferno" (1924), directed by Henry Otto, with Pauline Starke. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 1:30: "Under Two Flags" (1922), directed by Tod Browning, with Priscilla Dean. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 6 and Feb. 16 at 2: "O'Malley of the Mounted" (1921), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart and Eva Novak. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30: A program of films by Storm de Hirsch. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Little Yank" (1917), directed by George Siegmann, with Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Man on Earth" (1924), directed by J. G. Blystone, with Grace Cunard and Earle Fox. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: "Socrates" (1970), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Jean Silvère and Ana Caprile. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of French films. Through Feb. 12: "The Wages of Fear" (1953), directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand. . . . Feb. 13-14: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950), directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu. . . . Feb. 17-18: "Le Misanthrope," directed by Bernard Dhéran, with Jacques Dumenil. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after *11 on the day of the showing.)*. . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.

Avis is going to be No.1.

That's our goal. We've been No. 2 long enough.

And Avis has pledged every single employee in writing to that goal. So if you think we've tried harder before, just watch our dust now. The dependable new Dodge or other fine car you rent in Houston, Spokane, or any point north, south, east, or west, will be the cleanest and newest car on the road. No exceptions.

But you've heard this before. Okay, to back up our pledge, we're coming up with some startling innovations in the rent a car business.

Like electronic programming systems to check every Avis car out for safety, cleanliness, and comfort factors.

Like the most advanced computerized reservations system in the business for even faster service. (Even though our present system is one of the best in the business.)

Like a new way to get your complaints about Avis out of your system—and out of ours.

And if we're going to be No. 1, we've got to look the part. So we're putting every Avis girl in snappy new uniforms designed by one of America's leading fashion designers.

And if you think we're biting off more than we can chew, listen: We're already No. 1 in serving you at airports around the world; we're already No. 1 in a few countries, one continent, and in several American cities.

We're getting there.

And we're going to let you know just how we're doing and what we're doing to make Avis No. 1.

It may not happen tomorrow, or even this year. But we'll make it. We'll make it.

Avis 1

We try harder.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 11: "L'Enfant Sauvage" and "The Passion of Anna."
From Feb. 12: "Trash."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Let It Be," "Yellow Submarine," "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help!"

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 16: "Catch-22" and "The Stranger."
From Feb. 17: "Women in Love" and "Live for Life."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Julius Caesar."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Sudden Terror."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Puzzle of a Downfall Child."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Pigeons."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Music Lovers."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Night Visitor."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Ramparts of Clay."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Night at Maud's."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Zachariah."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Last Valley."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Five Easy Pieces."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Sudden Terror."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Doctors' Wives."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Feb. 10: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "Two Mules for Sister Sara."
Feb. 11-17: "Catch-22" and "The Landlord."
From Feb. 18: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Joe."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Projectionist."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 10: "Intolerance."
Feb. 11: "Broken Blossoms" and "Dream Street."
Feb. 12: "Way Down East."
Feb. 13: "Orphans of the Storm."
Feb. 14: "Isn't Life Wonderful."
Feb. 15: "America."
Feb. 16: "Sally of the Sawdust."
Feb. 17: "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Struggle."
Feb. 18: "The Birth of a Nation."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 16: "There Was a Crooked Man . . ."
From Feb. 17: "Soldier Blue."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"My Fair Lady."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Through Feb. 13: "Freaks" and "The Devil Doll."
Feb. 14: A program of Greek films.
Feb. 15: "America" and "The Love Flower."
Feb. 16: "Sally of the Sawdust" and "The Greatest Question."
Feb. 17: "Abraham Lincoln" and "Hoo Doo Ann."
Feb. 18: D. W. Griffith one-reelers.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Wild Country."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Feb. 17: "Promise at Dawn."
From Feb. 18: "Wuthering Heights."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Night Visitor."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Zachariah."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lupo!"

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Feb. 10: "Cromwell."
From Feb. 11: "The Garden of Delights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Say Hello to Yesterday."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 16: "The Wild Country."
From Feb. 17: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!"

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Joe."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Five Easy Pieces."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 10: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz."
Feb. 11: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" and "Persona."
Feb. 12: "Persona" and "Shame."
Feb. 13: "Shame" and "Hunger."
Feb. 14: "Hunger" and "Léda."
Feb. 15: "Léda" and "The Red and the White."
Feb. 16: "The Red and the White" and "The World of Apu."
Feb. 17: "The World of Apu" and "Cul-de-Sac."
Feb. 18: "Cul-de-Sac" and "Yojimbo."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 16: "Catch-22" and "Borsalino."
From Feb. 17: "The Pizza Triangle" and "Alfie."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 11: "The Trial" and "The Balcony."
Feb. 12-14: "Weekend" and "To Die in Madrid."
Feb. 15-16: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Tom Jones."
Feb. 17-18: "La Prisonnière" and "The Wages of Fear."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 11: "Groupies" and "Greetings."
From Feb. 12: "Trash."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony; starting Feb. 17.)

America (1924)—It would seem that D. W. Griffith didn't have the emotional involvement in the American Revolution that he had in the Civil War. This ambitious, elaborate epic is tame and stolid compared to "The Birth of a Nation." There are wonderful sequences, but it's a rather academic work—the sort of thing that always gets praised for its "authenticity." The cast includes Neil Hamilton, Carol Dempster (at less than par, even for her), and Lionel Barrymore as the villain. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 15.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; through Feb. 11.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Elgin; Feb. 18.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a gangster spoof set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but Delon is a great clothes horse, and there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. In French. (Symphony; through Feb. 16.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"). Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Elgin; Feb. 11.)

Julius Caesar—A new British version, directed by Stuart Burge, with Charlton Heston, Jason Robards, and John Gielgud. (Kips Bay.)

Catch-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is Captain Yossarian. (Charles and Symphony; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11-17.)

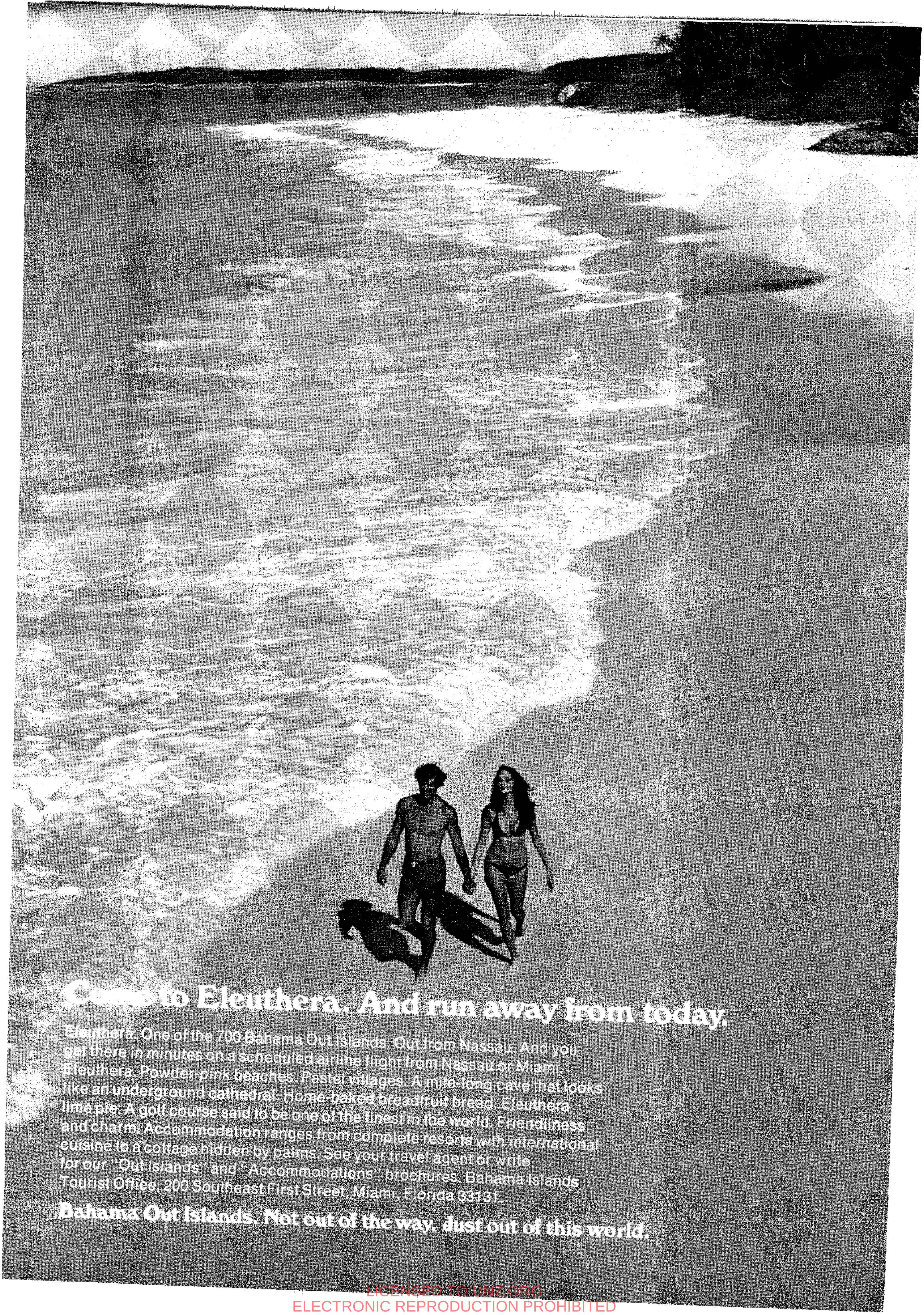
The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia; Feb. 15-16.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 17.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Feb. 10-11.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Lincoln Art; Feb. 10.)

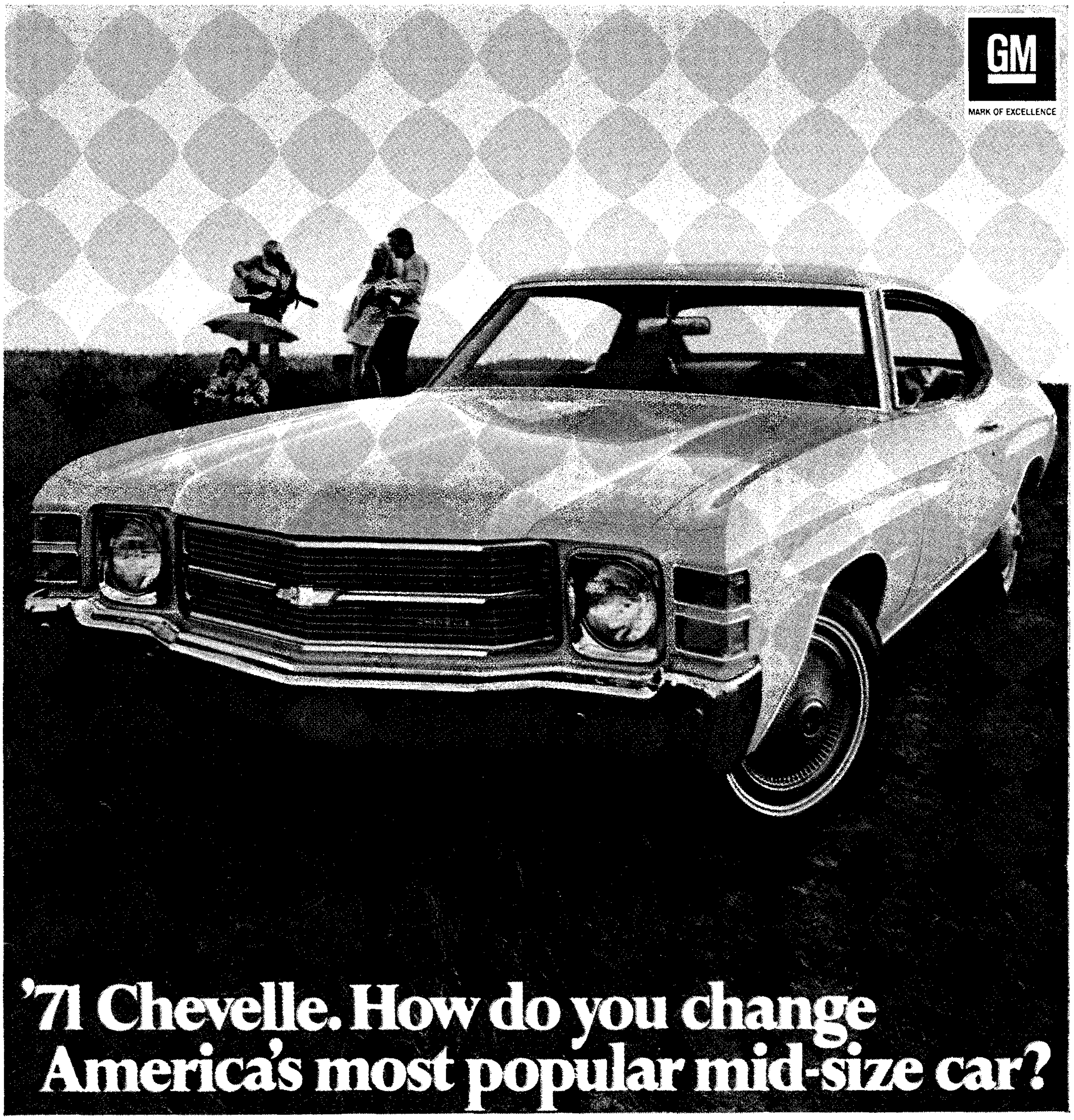
Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of hor-



Come to Eleuthera. And run away from today.

Eleuthera. One of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. Out from Nassau. And you get there in minutes on a scheduled airline flight from Nassau or Miami. Eleuthera. Powder-pink beaches. Pastel villages. A mile-long cave that looks like an underground cathedral. Home-baked breadfruit bread. Eleuthera lime pie. A golf course said to be one of the finest in the world. Friendliness and charm. Accommodation ranges from complete resorts with international cuisine to a cottage hidden by palms. See your travel agent or write for our "Out Islands" and "Accommodations" brochures. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131.

Bahama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.


GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
'71 Chevelle. How do you change America's most popular mid-size car?

Very carefully. You'd be surprised at all the advice we get.

Some of it comes from our engineers, our stylists, our safety experts, our dealers, our stockholders.

Even some from people we pay solely for advice: researchers.

But a lot of it comes from you.

There's a lot you've always liked about Chevelle.

Except one of the things you wanted for '71 was some new colors. We offer you 13 of them, all brand-new shades.

We carefully contoured a new grille, too.

Put in new Power-Beam headlights. Single uncluttered units. Simple but effective.

You've also been giving us clear signals about even more safety features.

One result is side marker lights now flash with turn signal lights; parking lights light up with headlights.

You'll notice we also resculptured the bumper styling.

Again, carefully. Very carefully.

The whole idea was to keep Chevelle as popular with you as its price is.

1971. You've changed. We've changed. **Chevelle**

rors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. Gross and sadistic. (New Yorker; Feb. 17-18.)

The Devil Doll (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of A. A. Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" With Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano. (Bijou Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10.)

Doctors' Wives—Heavy traffic from operating room to bedroom. From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné.)

Dream Street (1921)—Returning to the Thomas Burke stories of the London slums that were the basis for "Broken Blossoms," D. W. Griffith had a disaster. The plot, about a Chinese who lusts after Carol Dempster (a chilly heroine), is fairly embarrassing, and the mixture of allegory, melodrama, and attempted poetry is a sad mess. (Elgin; Feb. 11.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Art; through Feb. 11.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

The Garden of Delights—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Lincoln Art; starting Feb. 11.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

The Greatest Question (1919)—Lillian Gish has said that she can't remember working on this one, and probably D. W. Griffith wanted to forget this potboiler, too. The rural surroundings are lovely, but the story is about Miss Gish's being saved from rape, with Robert Harron coming to the rescue this time, and there are also a mother communicating with her son after his death, a ghost appearing at midnight in answer to a prayer, and, as the capper, the discovery of oil—provided by a kind Lord. Griffith seems to have got into this mess because of the interest in spiritualism that Sir Oliver Lodge had awakened in America at the time. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Midtown; through Feb. 11.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

D. W. Griffith One-Reelers—A program of fifteen films. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 18.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (Midtown; through Feb. 11.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Cinema Village.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Cinema Village.)

Hoo Doo Ann (1916)—D. W. Griffith didn't direct this film, starring Mae Marsh, although it was made under his supervision and he wrote the story under a pseudonym. It's about an orphan hounded by misfortunes, and it was probably not modesty that prevented Griffith from taking credit for it. Lloyd Ingraham directed. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 17.)

Hunger (1966)—Per Oscarsson plays a starving young writer—a performance with brilliant variants of self-mockery and paranoia. The Knut Hamsun novel, transcribed to the screen with astonishing fidelity—and even more astonishing success—by Henning Carlsen. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 13-14.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema I.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Elgin; Feb. 10.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive bit of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah in a bit. Directed by Don Siegel. (New Yorker; Feb. 10.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Isn't Life Wonderful (1924)—D. W. Griffith, who, in addition to everything else, had an extraordinary feeling for the documentary aspects of film, shot this story about what war does to people in Germany after the First World War. A pioneer work of neo-realism, which influenced the Italian films made after the Second World War and was perhaps Griffith's last great burst of creative energy. The stars are Carol Dempster (at her best, which is still not overpowering) and Neil Hamilton. The locations include Berlin. (Elgin; Feb. 14.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hard-hat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu, 8th St. Playhouse, and Regency.)

The Landlord—Hal Ashby's film shows a rich, white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11-17.)

The Last Valley—James Clavell directed this large-scale adventure story set during the Thirty Years War. With Michael Caine and Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 14-15.)

Let It Be—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village.)

Abraham Lincoln (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with), and with set designs by William Cameron Menzies. Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Nevertheless, the film was well received, perhaps because of Huston's towering performance. Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 17.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—The Jules Feiffer play, with Elliott Gould, directed by Alan Arkin. (Beekman.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Charles; starting Feb. 17.)

The Love Flower (1920)—One of D. W. Griffith's lesser efforts—an "idyllic" romance featuring what used to be called "young love under tropic skies." Richard Barthelmess is a wandering sailor who lands on a South Sea island and discovers Carol Dempster; she lives there alone with her father, a fugitive who has killed his wife's lover. The film was shot in the Bahamas, and there are underwater swimming scenes, in case anyone thought Griffith had overlooked that possibility. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Coronet.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscars-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

son, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Orphans of the Storm (1921)—It's almost unbelievable, but this D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution was not a financial success. It's a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. Those who saw it as children never forgot the sequence in which Lillian hears the voice of her long-lost blind sister, played by Dorothy Gish; Griffith sequences like this go beyond heart-wringing into some areas of theatrical sublimity. With the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut. (Elgin; Feb. 13.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Gramercy, 72nd St. Playhouse, Waverly, and Festival.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Art; through Feb. 11.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 11-12.)

Pigeons—A comedy, directed by John Dexter, with Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Pizza Triangle—An extroverted romantic satire, inventive and full of sight gags. You need a bit of tolerance for some of it, but Marcello Mastroianni's performance as a crank Communist holds it all together, and Monica Vitti, with her supple, humor-filled face, does a charming parody of generations of comic waifs. Ettore Scola directed. In Italian. (Symphony; starting Feb. 17.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot writes and directs a story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 17-18.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which is mostly bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Promise at Dawn—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Music Hall; through Feb. 17.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child—Faye Dunaway as an unhappy high-fashion model. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (34th St. East.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this story of a young girl in an Algerian village. In French. (Cinema II.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (New Yorker; Feb. 15-16.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (nor much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Say Hello to Yesterday—With Jean Simmons and Leonard Whiting, directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Paris.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 12-13.)

Soldier Blue—Candice Bergen in a Western. Indian women and children are massacred by the U.S. cavalry. Based on real events, but the movie seems to have a rather overblown and off-putting idea of its social importance. What we get is blood, mostly. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 17.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2, and Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Charles; through Feb. 16.)

The Struggle (1931)—This sound film was the last film D. W. Griffith directed. It was a disaster with the public; audiences laughed, and Griffith hid in his hotel room. It's not all that bad; there are some fine sequences shot on location in the Bronx and at a factory in Connecticut. But the script has enough idiocies to have triggered the laughter. Griffith meant the film to be an attack on both alcoholism and Prohibition, but the polemical ideas didn't work out right. Hal Skelly is the man struggling against the temptations of booze. With Zita Johann and Helen Mack. (Elgin; Feb. 17.)

Sudden Terror—Suspense story about a boy who witnesses an assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries, and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Murray Hill and Orpheum.)

There Was a Crooked Man . . .—This example of commercialized nihilism seems to have been written by an evil two-year-old, and it has been directed in the Grand Rapids style of filmmaking. There's nobody to root for but Kirk Douglas, a red-haired jokester-killer who gets sent to a territorial prison in the Arizona desert in the eighteen-eighties; he makes a fool of Henry Fonda, the warden who is trying to make the place tolerable, and he makes corpses of his buddies. Written by David Newman and Robert Benton; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 16.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same police detective as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. Routine melodrama, but Poitier's performance gives it some sparkle. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 17.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (86th St. East.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Thalia; Feb. 12-14.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans. (Thalia; Feb. 15-16.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (U. A. East.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Art and Midtown; starting Feb. 12.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Thalia; through Feb. 11.)

Two Mules for Sister Sara—Poker-faced Clint Eastwood, and Shirley MacLaine as a spunky whore disguised as a nun. If there's anyone who wants to know how long it takes Eastwood to penetrate her disguise, that could explain why the picture was made. (It takes a long time.) Don Siegel directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 17-18.)

Way Down East (1920)—The plot is Victorian, but the treatment is inspired. D. W. Griffith took a creaking, dated stage melodrama and turned it into a melodramatic epic. Lillian Gish is the girl betrayed by Lowell Sherman and eventually rescued from an icy river by Richard Barthelmess. Audiences giggle at bits here and there, but not at the sequence in which she refuses to part from her dead baby. Griffith stole from Thomas Hardy, but he stole beautifully. One of Griffith's greatest box-office successes, and a film that influenced several Russian epics. (Elgin; Feb. 12.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 12-14.)

The Wild Country—The Disney studio's treatment of Ralph Moody's "Little Britches," with Steve Forrest and Vera Miles. Directed by Robert Totten. (Guild. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Feb. 16.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Charles; starting Feb. 17.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and one of the rare modern films that are an affirmation. In Bengali. (New Yorker; Feb. 16-17.)

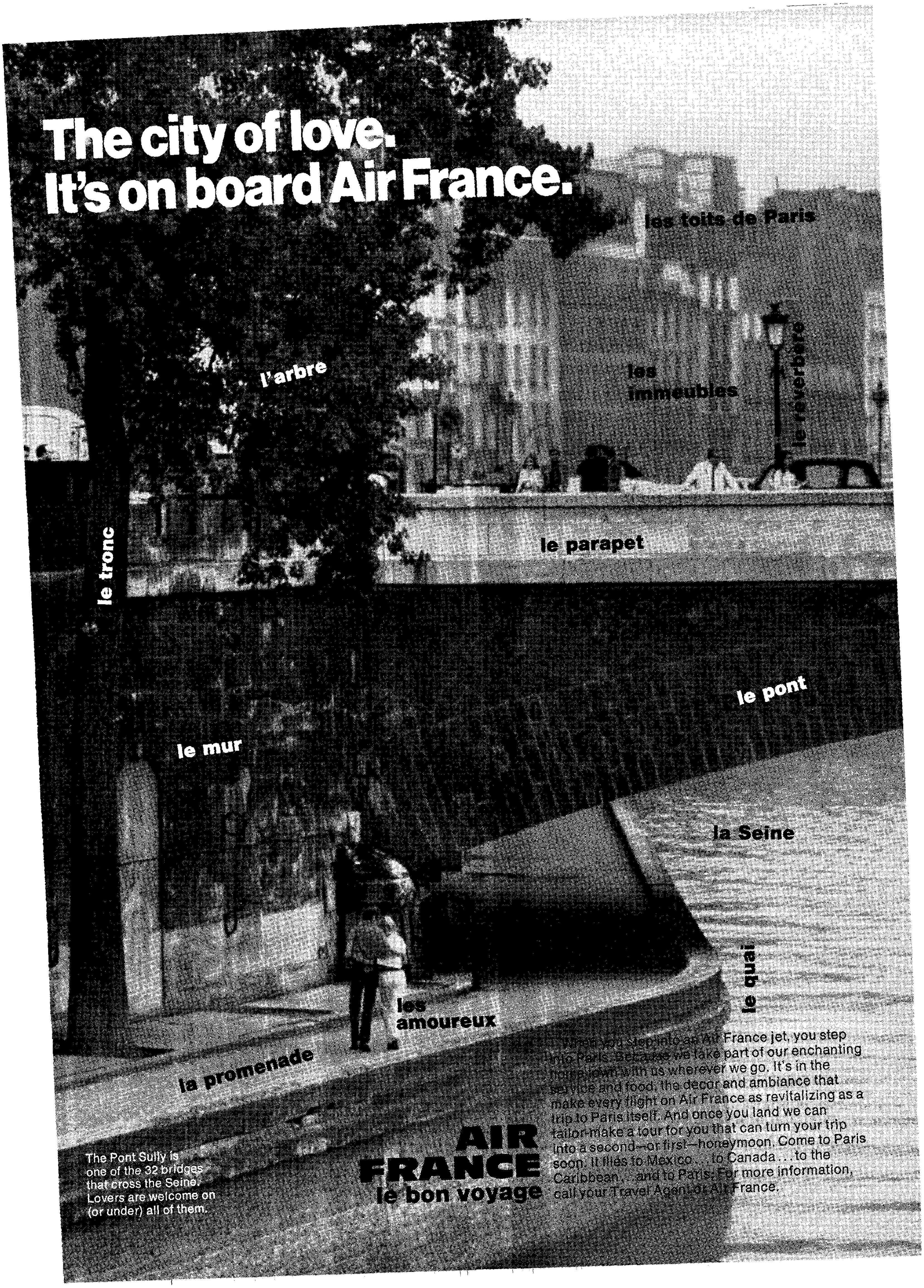
Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 18.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 18.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (86th St. East.)

Zachariah—A rock Western with John Rubinstein and Pat Quinn, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1 and Little Carnegie.)



The city of love.
It's on board Air France.

les toits de Paris
l'arbre
les immeubles
le réverbère
le tronc
le parapet
le pont
le mur
la Seine
le quai
les amoureux
la promenade

The Pont Sully is one of the 32 bridges that cross the Seine. Lovers are welcome on (or under) all of them.

When you step into an Air France jet, you step into Paris. Because we take part of our enchanting home town with us wherever we go. It's in the service and food, the decor and ambiance that make every flight on Air France as revitalizing as a trip to Paris itself. And once you land we can tailor-make a tour for you that can turn your trip into a second—or first—honeymoon. Come to Paris soon. It flies to Mexico . . . to Canada . . . to the Caribbean . . . and to Paris. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Air France.

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

Shhh. Over there.
A ruby breasted, gold feathered,
black enamel eyed Valentine.

This cheery soul, a Richmondena cardinalis fashioned
by hand in England, springs from a cache of jeweled hearts and
flowers and antique adorners. $2100. Fine Jewelry.
On the sentimental First Floor at Field's in Chicago.
There's nothing like it back home.

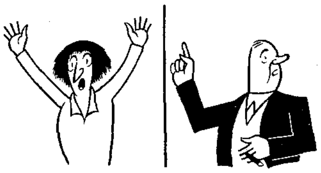
Marshall Field & Company

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

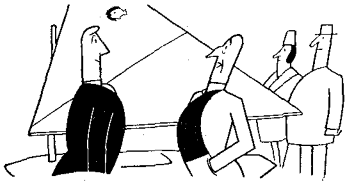
Notes and Comment

OVER the last few years, a false, simplified picture of American politics has been superimposed on the political realities. The rigid formulas and clichés that make up this false picture are familiar—all too familiar—to everybody. We are speaking of that view which divides all Americans into two groups—the wild men who oppose government policies and the responsible people who support government policies. On the one hand, the young, long-haired, loud-mouthed, pot-smoking extremists; on the other hand, the old, short-haired, reserved, cigar-smoking Establishmentarians. Abbie Hoffman versus Mayor Daley. Insofar as you oppose government policies, particularly in regard to Indo-China, you're supposed to look and act like Abbie Hoffman. Insofar as you support government policies, you're supposed to look and act like Mayor Daley. And so on and so on. One of the people who fit the clichés least well is Senator McGovern. Senator McGovern takes a strong position against the war, yet his manner and temperament—or "style," as these things are called—are notable for their steadiness and calm. This combination of content and "style" throws many political observers into confusion, because, according to the accepted beliefs of the day, anyone who opposes the war as forcefully as Senator McGovern does is bound to be an inflammatory, somewhat hysterical figure. Many commentators have run headlong onto the horns of this apparent dilemma. One of the most recent casualties was David S. Broder, of the Washington *Post*, who wrote an article called "The Aspirants' Style," in which he compared the "styles" of Senator Muskie and Senator McGovern. Mr. Broder wrote that "McGovern's instinct is to pounce on an issue; Muskie's is to ponder it. Muskie's judgments seem more impressive, in part because they come rumbling up in that throbbing bass of his, while McGovern delivers his opinions in the voice of a tenor choirboy. But McGovern's are a darn sight plainer. There are many who suspect that in the end clarity may be McGovern's undoing. . . . The prevailing wisdom in the Democratic Party is that Muskie's big-daddy moderation is more in keeping with the mood of the country than McGovern's brash-sounding prairie radicalism." But just a few sentences after referring to Senator McGovern as "brash-sounding," Mr. Broder assures us that McGovern isn't "the soft, sweet, simple clergyman's son he appears." In fact, Mr. Broder goes on, "he has an instinct for the political jugular and a talent for finding an issue." In conclusion, Mr. Broder says, "Given Muskie's lumbering caution, maybe it's well he has a terrier-like McGovern at his heels." What we seem to have here is a head-on collision of two clichés. On the one hand, because of his views, McGovern's "style" is seen as "brash-sounding" and "terrier-like." On the other hand, because of his quiet behavior, it is seen as appearing "soft, sweet, simple." Put it all together and you've got the soft, terrier-like, sweet, brash-sounding, simple tenor choirboy who represents the radical prairie state of South Dakota.



Sailing Away

WE went to the National Boat Show '71, at the Coliseum, the other day. Although it was not our intention, we escaped from just about everything. We found lots of salesmen wearing navy-blue blazers with brass buttons, lots of pipe smokers, lots of short haircuts, lots of health, lots of indifference to the whole world. Nobody with sideburns. Nobody coughing. Nobody with the flu. Nobody wearing hot pants. Nobody cranky. Nobody dirty. No cause buttons on people's lapels, except a very pretty sky-blue one with a sail sketched in white on it and the words "FIGHT POLLUTION. SAIL." Knowing that there would be plenty of big stuff to contemplate, we started out modestly, with a new little sports sailboat—the AMF Alcort Minifish (only $397).



"Don't get old in your back yard!" a peppery, straight-backed man named Howard Hill, who is the New York distributor of the Minifish, said to us. "Look at my complexion. My tan."

"Great," we said.

"I've been sailing for fifty years," Mr. Hill said. "I started when I was eleven. With a Toppan dory, a New England-style double-ended skiff. The sail was made of cotton. It would mildew when you put it away. This one is made of Dacron. You look as though you could use a good tan."

"You said it," we said.

"On Sundays, I frostbite. That means I race in the winter," Mr. Hill said. "I went out last Sunday at Darien in my Sunfish. It has a good helm. That means it feels stable to sailors. It isn't tippy. It's a fun thing."

"How does the Minifish compare with those little dinghies the kids sail in Norway?" we asked.

"This is faster," Mr. Hill replied

promptly. "This is for sport and speed. Doesn't it give you a feeling of *speed*? Take a look."

"Sure does," we said. "How many have you sold today?"

"Five this morning," Mr. Hill said. "All five Minifish to a man named Ion Holm. From Sea Cliff, Long Island. He'll use them in teaching young people to sail. He happens to be eighty-two years old, but he looks fifty. That's what happens when you sail."

We headed for the stall of the magazine *Sail*, where we got a further boost in outlook from Donald Macaulay, another unfleshy man. On his lapel was another button, this one non-cause—black background, with the word "SAIL" in yellow letters and "is the only way to go" in white. Mr. Macaulay gave us one of his buttons.

"This button thing has grown like Topsy," he said to us. "A couple of years ago, our first button said 'Sailors Have More Fun.'"

"How's business around here?" we asked.

"Tell you what's happening," he said, very cheerfully. "This year, they're coming here with checks. They're putting deposits down. Last year, the idea was that better times are coming, the upswing is just around the corner. Remember what they were telling us in Washington a year ago? How it was going to turn around?"

"Sure do," we said.

"Well, *this* year people came in with the attitude that they had been fooled, so they're not waiting any longer," Mr. Macaulay said. "They're buying *now*."

We scooped up application blanks for credit cards offered by Gulf Oil, Mobil, and such at various other stalls, and got the dope on custom-made Porpoise Suits, of nylon-lined neoprene, with contoured high neck, protective neck and chest flap, corrosion-proof recessed zipper, and a lot of other features, for either $48.95 or $54.95. We looked at some Ultra Taperflex Slaloms—psychedelic water skis, with His and Hers apparel to match. Then, being in no rush, we stood around on the third floor of the Coliseum, on the balcony overlooking the second floor, where Bristol yachts and Chris-Craft and Trojan houseboats were on view. It was a fine sight. Nice, big, safe, comfortable boats with beds, bathrooms, galleys, closets, sofas, sun decks, and oyster crackers. We took our time. First, we studied a brochure given to us by officers of Caribbean Sailing Yachts, Ltd., of Tenafly, entitled "Sail Away Without Delay." It offered a yacht-chartering plan at a weekly winter-rate cost of $165 per person for four people, which covered rent of the yacht, food, fuel for the main engine, ice, linen, and taxi service to and from the airport in the Caribbean: "You can arrive at our marina site (at Tortola) and literally Sail Away Without Delay. . . . We provide everything: good food in variety and abundance and no surprises about high island prices. You know in advance what it is going to cost. All you need bring besides your clothes are toothpaste, toothbrush, shaving equipment, cigarettes." The same outfit had another brochure, explaining another plan, which was called Sail 'N' Save—a yacht-ownership plan whereby Caribbean Sailing Yachts, Ltd., sells yachts to individuals and then leases them back to use in its chartering, or Sail Away Without Delay, business.

On our way to the big yachts, we paused to admire a Larson ski boat with bucket seats covered in vinyl-plastic leopardskin. Anthony Corrado, of the Shelter Cove Marina, was in charge of the exhibit. "This is a very flashy boat that teen-agers get their fathers to buy for them, because it only costs twenty-five hundred dollars and yet it attracts the girls," Mr. Corrado told us.

"Yes," we said. "How's business?"

"I sold six since yesterday," Mr. Corrado said.

"Where do you let people try it?" we asked.

Mr. Corrado gave quite a loud laugh. "People who know boats can tell by *looking*," he said. "They don't need to try it. Kids want speed, not comfort. They take one look and see the flash, the speed of it. For myself, I like a canvas top over my head. But kids don't care if they get wet. Boat builders are now beginning to think about what the younger element goes for."

We next settled in on Chris-Craft's new thirty-five-foot Commander Salon ($55,440). Gordon Houser, a healthy-looking Chris-Craft man up from Chris-Craft headquarters, at Pompano Beach, told us that the Commander was the only boat that had separate cabins fore and aft. "You never have to go through one to get to the other," he said. "We like to say that this boat respects your privacy."

We looked it over carefully. Master stateroom with a double bed, private lavatory, and stall shower. Galley with stainless-steel sink, electric refrigerator-freezer, three-burner electric range with oven and rotisserie. Everything, including a very nice fog bell.

"We have a great gal, Myrtle Corbman, who does our interior structural design," Mr. Houser said as we were hanging around on the boat. "In this boat, Myrtle has remembered the *gals*. The main stateroom even has a regular little vanity, with a lot of drawer space."

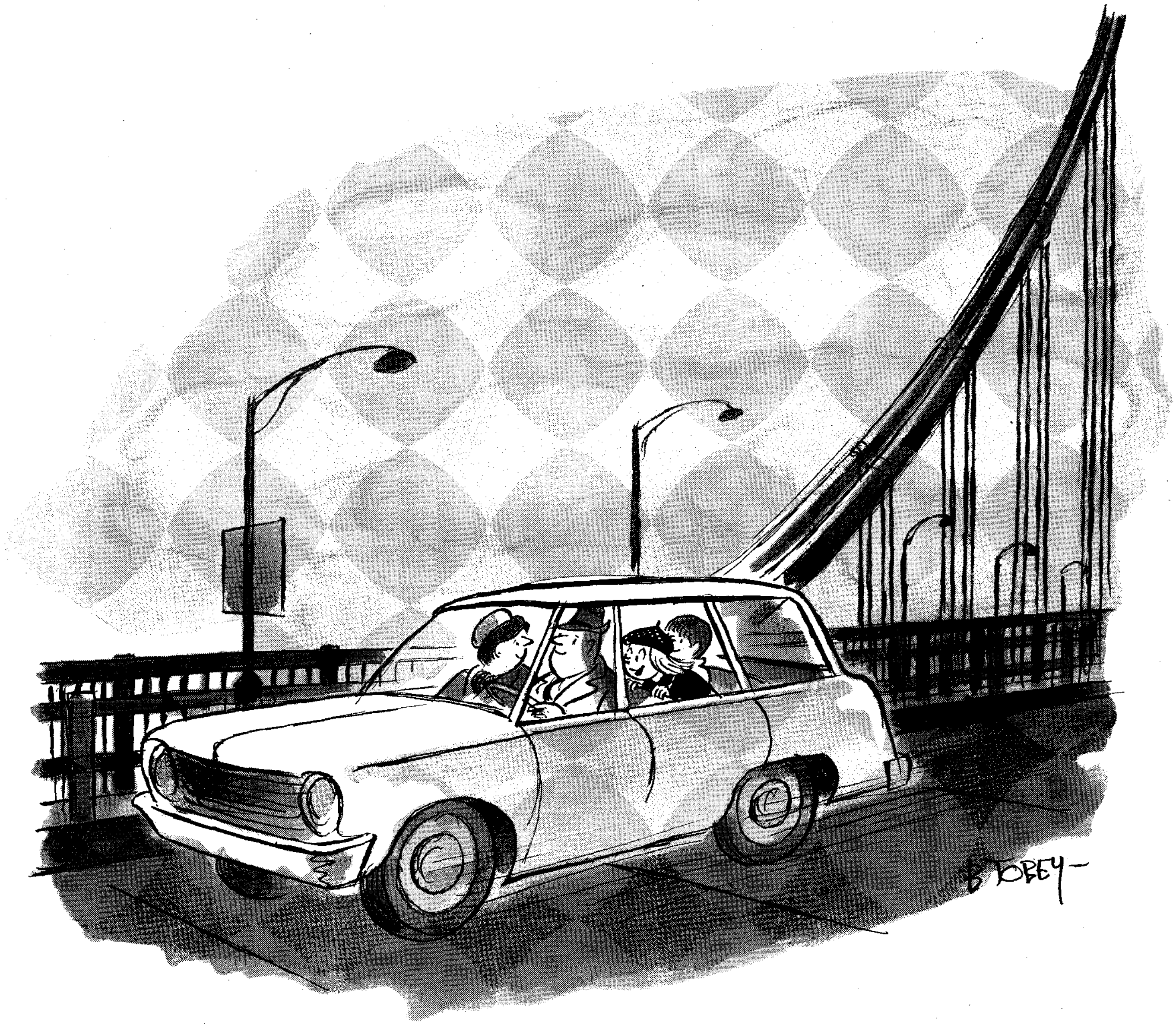
We left Mr. Houser and his fifty-five-thousand-dollar Chris-Craft, and returned to the world of sideburns and the flu.

•

OVERHEARD outside Bloomingdale's, one Ali MacGraw to another: "I hate the midi, I don't need the midi, I don't even want the midi, but I bought one."

Steven Paul

WALTER KERR gave a talk at The Players the other day in which he said that it would be good for the theatre if more plays were written by actors; he was able, of course, to cite such actor-playwrights as Shakespeare and Molière. One actor who anticipated Kerr and was already following in these illustrious footsteps is Steven Paul, who is currently appearing on Broadway in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, first play, "Happy Birthday, Wanda June." Mr. Paul is distinguished not only for having written a play



"Do you know what's happening, Daddy? It's George Washington's birthday, and we're crossing the George Washington Bridge!"

• •

but also for the fact that he is twelve years old.

We recently met Mr. Paul backstage after a Sunday matinée and went out to a delicatessen with him to talk about his life and his multifarious talents. Over a pair of turkey sandwiches on white, with mayonnaise, Mr. Paul told us that he was born in May, 1958, spent his first ten years in Queens, and then moved, with his family, to Westchester. He attended public schools from kindergarten through sixth grade ("I know the names of all my teachers. You want to hear them?"), but now that his professional commitments are becoming more time-consuming, he is attending the Lincoln Square Academy, most of whose pupils are trying to make it in show biz. He is in the seventh grade. His family consists of his father, who is in the investment business, who drives him home from the theatre every night, and who believes in giving whatever ability a child has the opportunity to develop without pushing it; his mother, whom he describes with pride as "not a stage mother—she's a house mom;" a brother, Stuart, fifteen ("an introvert, a good student, a terrific magician"); and a sister, Bonnie, nine ("She's really very talented, but she loves to eat and she's overweight, so she hasn't done much yet with her talent"). He decided at the age of six that he wanted to get on TV and to be able to dance like Gene Kelly, and he started taking tap-dancing lessons. At eight, he decided dancing wasn't enough, and began taking acting classes, too. Soon he was doing a little modelling and a few commercials, although he says he is considered too "American-looking"—he has hazel eyes and blond hair, with fashionably long bangs—for many of today's commercials, which, he says, feature "offbeat" kids. Two years ago, he acquired a manager, and his career got off the ground. In 1969, he was one of the young boys in a summer-stock production of "Oliver!"—an upward move that cost the Pauls a couple of thousand dollars, because Steven's mother, sister, and brother went on the road with him, and his father flew to assorted cities up and down the East Coast to join the itinerant family on weekends. Then came parts in two short-lived Off Broadway plays

(“Lyle,” a musical, and “Lemon Sky,” a drama); a number of TV appearances (soap operas, a comedy show, two Saroyan plays); a movie (“Pigeons”); and “Happy Birthday, Wanda June,” in which Mr. Paul plays the son of Harold Ryan, a Hemingway-like big-game hunter who returns unexpectedly from Africa, after an absence of eight years, to his wife, Penelope, and their twelve-year-old son, Paul, who have long believed him dead. During Harold Ryan’s absence, Penelope has been courted by two men her son considers “creeps”—a “fairy doctor” and a hero-worshipping vacuum-cleaner salesman. “Harold Ryan is a legend to me,” his stage son said, explaining his role. “I’ve looked up to him all those years he was away, because I never really knew him. I compared everyone else unfavorably to him. When he comes back, I start to see him for the mean man he is. It tells in some of my lines, like when I say to him, ‘I don’t think you know anybody. You talk to everyone just the same.’ ”

We asked Mr. Paul what he thought of the three-, four-, five-, and seven-letter words that are tossed around onstage.

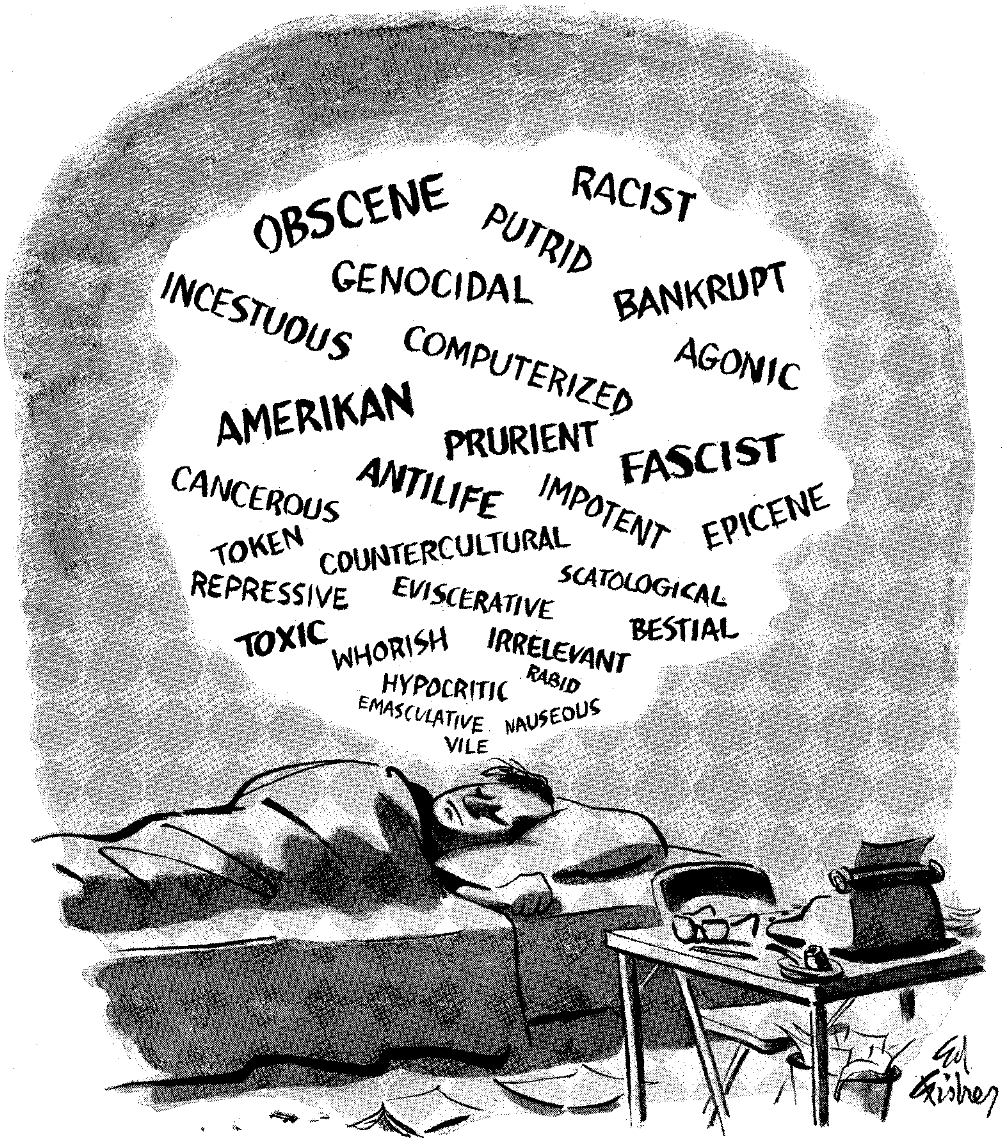
“I don’t really mind them, because I’m acting a part and the other people are acting parts, so they don’t affect me,” he replied. “Those words are mainly words in a play.”

Was it boring to do the same play over and over?

“No, because every night it seems like a different play.”

How did his idea of death jibe with the Heaven depicted in “Happy Birthday, Wanda June,” which is populated by a large number of shuffleboard players, including a Nazi general, an alcoholic, and Jesus Christ?

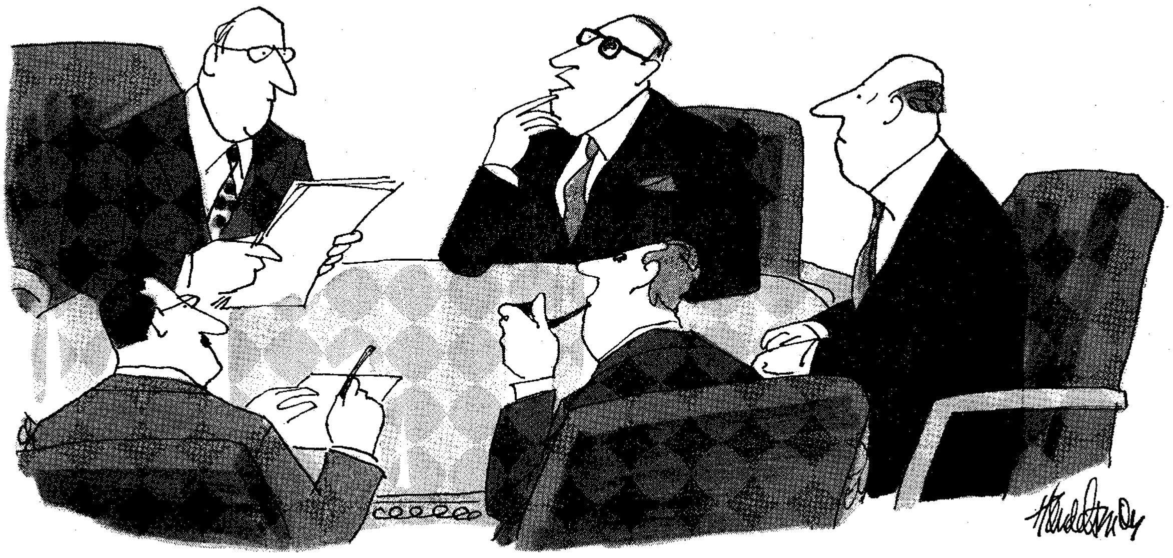
“I don’t think there’ll be a separate Heaven or Hell, but I like the idea of another life,” he said. “Everyone would be there. I think if Jesus Christ turns out to be just another guy playing shuffleboard, that would be nice. I’d like to be good chums with him. I’d try to stay next to the most important people. But the guy I’d really like to get to know would be W. C. Fields. I like how he hated kids. Jerry Lewis is my real idol. The character I want to be is a sort of Gene Kelly-Elvis Presley-Jerry Lewis-W. C. Fields put together. Paul Newman is good, but he’s too serious. I’d rather dance and sing.”



Mr. Paul had nothing but praise for all the adults in the cast of “Happy Birthday, Wanda June” (“In other plays, the attitude was standoffish—you know, ‘Kid, don’t bother me’—but in this play the grownups have been great”); for the play’s director, Michael Kane (“Some of my other directors just yelled a lot and told me where to stand. They weren’t directors, they were choreographers. Michael kept asking me how I’d feel if those things in the play were happening to me, and he never raised his voice”); and for the play and its author (“I like Kurt’s sense of humor and how he places his words. You get the feeling that if you stayed with him one week you could write a hit”).

Which brought us to Mr. Paul’s play—“The Pipsqueaks,” a musical comedy intended primarily for children. “I started to write it last October, during rehearsals, and I finished it around Christmastime,” the youngest actor-playwright on Broadway told us. “I like to stay up late, so I worked on it around three o’clock in the morning. It’s about a bunch of kids trying to become a successful musical group. Some kids join the group, some leave it, and they go around for auditions. In a way, you could say it’s partly about me and my whole family. There’s a character called Susie, who could be Bonnie. She thinks the group stinks and she’s the only good one in it. Most of the characters have a little bit of me in them. One character sings and dances. One likes girls. Peter, the star, has the most of me. He has a musical group, and I’ve always wanted to have my own musical group. Also, he’s determined to succeed, and he’s conceited. Hey, would you call me conceited? You might; you could. I’m going to succeed. The theatre is pretty rough, but I like competition. I thrive on it. I like football and handball and clothes and school, except for science, but what I care most about is the theatre. All I really enjoy reading is scripts, and to me Clive Barnes *is* the *Times*. I want to write my own plays, write the music for them, act in them, and produce them. You wait and see. I’m going to have twenty shows playing at once all the way from Miami to Canada. I've always wanted to do everything."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., has read "The Pipsqueaks," thinks it should be taped or filmed after it is polished a little, and agrees with its author's self-appraisal. Mr. Vonnegut said recently, "Steven is so joyful in the arts that I'm prepared to believe that he is William Blake, or at least William Blake's little boy found."



"If we knew what conclusions the President wants our commission to come to, we could come to them, and that would be that."

• •

Air

ON one Air Unsatisfactory day, we got into a taxi and, hoping for some kind of refreshing breeze as it got going, opened a rear window. "Roll up that window!" the driver said sternly. "I'm burning incense up here in front."

Reigning Queens

WE heard last week from a young friend of ours who is very jaded, and very tired of New York social life. Surprisingly, he issued us an invitation. "Come with me tomorrow," he said. "The Royal Box of the Hotel Americana will provide a regal setting for a gala luncheon honoring two of America's reigning beauties—the 1971 New York Summer Festival Queen, Samantha Ridge, and Anita Hannemann, the National Wine Queen, from California. It is the only social function of the winter season I have agreed to attend." Impressed and somewhat intimidated by our friend's gravity and by the thought of meeting two reigning beauties simultaneously, we set off the next day for the Americana.

We met our young friend, who was surveying the Royal Box. "All *red*," he was saying. "Red is such a regal color, don't you think? Or don't you? Now, the *ceiling* isn't red. The ceiling is gray and looks like papier-mâché, which detracts from the sumptuous atmosphere, but we'll try not to notice. The important thing is to pay attention to the reigning queens."

The reigning queens were standing behind an enormous cheesecake, posing for photographers. Embedded in the cheesecake were a small model of the Empire State Building (representing New York) and a bottle of California champagne (representing California). The model of the Empire State Building was slowly sinking into the cheesecake. The New York Summer Festival Queen rescued the model of the Empire State Building.

"Queen Anita is here to celebrate record American wine consumption," said a lady connected with the wine industry. "Enthusiasm for wine drinking is growing by leaps and bounds. In Maine, for instance, they now sell wine in grocery stores. We get frantic phone calls from Maine, because they don't know what to do with their wine now that they have it. *That's* where Queen Anita comes in. Isn't that fabulous? We had camera crews that were coming, but the Young Lords were having a sit-in, and they had to cover that first."

There was lunch, and a great many tired-looking people from the press sat around a formally laid table and talked to one another and paid very little attention to either of the reigning queens. A pianist played a song called "I Always Suit the Wine to the Occasion," which he said would be sung in a soon-to-be-produced revue. Then a man connected with the wine industry proposed a toast to the two reigning queens. A photographer who had come late asked for some pictures, and the two queens left their lunch and went back to pose by the cheesecake with the Empire State Building and the champagne. The photographer was a little petulant and impatient.

"*This* way," the photographer said, motioning.

Queen Samantha moved in front of the cheesecake.

"No, *behind* it," said the photographer.

"I'm sorry," said Queen Samantha.

Meanwhile, at the press table, an indignant man told a story in a very loud voice about a woman of his acquaintance who was studying for her Ph.D. but couldn't spell. "What she *has* is a memory," the man said. "She'll quote you sentences—*paragraphs*. She's got a memory."

Shortly after lunch, there was an official presentation of roses to the California Wine Queen by the New York Summer Festival Queen. Every guest had been given a transcript of this presentation. The transcript was complete. This is a sample of how it went:

PRESENTATION CEREMONY

(*Girls approach the microphone from opposite sides of the stage in Royal Box. Someone hands roses to Queen Samantha.*)

SAMANTHA: Thank you. (*Queen Samantha turns to Queen Anita.*)

SAMANTHA: Queen Anita, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to New York City. . . . Please accept these roses on behalf of Mayor Lindsay and all the people of New York City. (*Queen Samantha hands flowers to Queen Anita.*)

ANITA: Thank you, Queen Samantha.

Our friend was pleased with the transcript. "It is these small, considerate touches that give an event like this tone," he said.

DOWNERS AND SÉANCES

MATT MARNER was too aware. He was so aware that his wife wondered what had kept him alive, how he managed to talk or work, and what had brought him to her. He was aware of shifts of mood, rhythms of luck, undertones, contradictions (the way flattery can estrange or humiliation addict, the way a moment of perfect trust can trigger a groundless suspicion of years). He was aware of more than he needed or could use, more than was true, even. Mostly, he was aware of disastrous possibilities. He dreaded good luck for its backlash, bad luck for itself. He maintained an anxiety nearly commensurate with all the dangers of life.

He considered all of life's dangers on a par—crossing a street, catching a germ, losing a friend, going to war. He kept his mind focussed and scanning those dangers like a radarscope. Since most of his daily dramas were trivial, his early-warning system was slightly crazed. He was wired to register subtexts as seismic. Death, risk, tragedy on a higher scale hardly troubled him at all. In his childhood, the scanner had veered him way off course and turned into doubt of himself. Later, as he noticed his sense of things confirmed, as he saw that his doubts were brought on in fact by his habit of noticing things (he remembered nearly all conversations word for word; he replayed them endlessly, with inflections, in his head), he thought of becoming a writer, and later still a psychiatrist. But writing was entirely false to the reality he knew, the reversibility of his truths; and psychiatry left too little room for luck, for the superstitious rhythms. In the end, looking for some mental floor of certainty and fighting all the proclivities of his mind, he became a physicist.

Now, at thirty-five, he had two marriages, four children, a warm and ample house, success, a certain wit. His first wife's tender mercies had blown up in his face. She had been, like him, a worrier with an implicit faith that fear wards things off, that worry can shut specific dangers out. With time, their contract of anxiety had turned into combat—as mortal in its tentativeness and mutual concern as the wars of couples who wished each other dead. Their vigil over each other's happiness turned into literal sleeplessness, pure dread of not seeing and being seen, even by strangers on the street. They scarcely slept. They paced each other's mental wards. The competition to be more gentle, more helpful, more aware, more secretive in that gentleness and helpfulness began to wear them down. They were in love and scared. They knew it and they joked a lot—about unwatched dangers and where God would zero in. It was as though they had cased the joint of fate and struck a bargain: to be completely worried, vigilant, and sad, and deflect the worst. Since there was a certain satisfaction and sense of safety for them in that bargain, even it was void.

One summer afternoon, a child they met gave them a small, round dried fish, with a friendly-looking face. "To keep," he said. They kept it, talismanic, on the dashboard of their car. Months later, they drove to the hospital to pick up a friend who was recovering from hepatitis. They stopped at an intersection. The dead fish fell into the sick friend's lap. He screamed for many seconds. "Perhaps we shouldn't see people," Matt said.

She was less patient than he and less level. She had a certain high edge in her temper that led him to navigate a sky more and more dense with clouds and thunderclaps. This was unacknowledged between them. Their fiction was that they were each other's safety nets. Since her memory, unlike his, was selective, he could keep that fiction alive. He was more self-conscious than she, less spontaneous, more wary, and since he thought the line between self-consciousness and fraud in love is a hair, he felt he owed her a kind of license on the ground of simply knowing more. Still, he did not know how to deal with her anger, could not match it, felt that he was walking through minefields, and, wounded, apologized for tripping mines. He made it worse. He did not know how much of his own spontaneity a moment could bear.

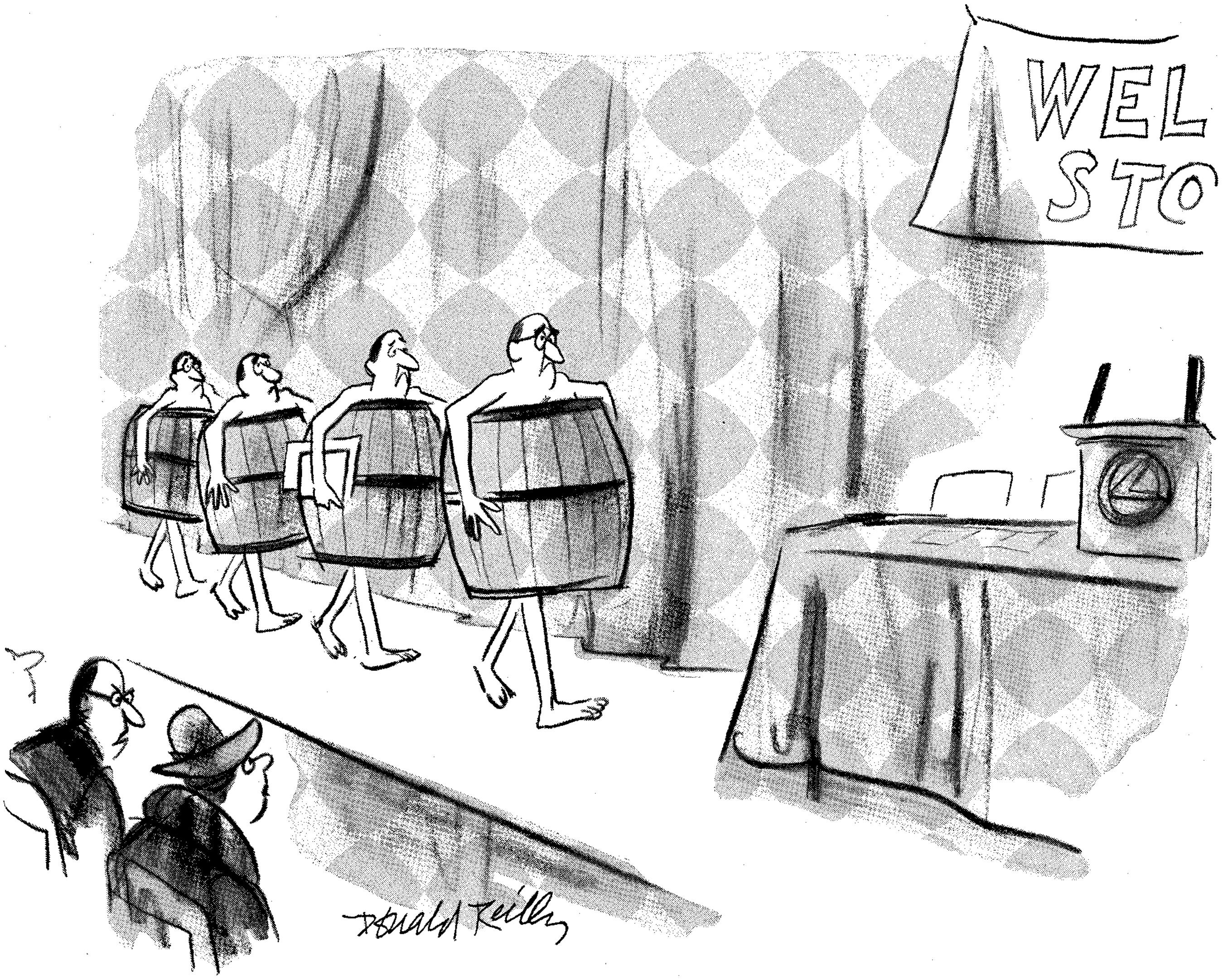
As a child, she had loved riding. She took it up again. One morning when she set out with a friend, someone had shouted, "Break a leg," for luck. She said, "Don't say that." The friend did break a leg. Matt's wife continued riding. The mad, horse-obsessed lady who ran the stables gave her a young, skittish, not quite broken horse because of her lightness as a rider. Whenever the horse would shy and tear away along the path or macadam, she would lean forward and hold out a piece of sugar. The horse invariably stopped short and chewed it. If she got through the jolt of stopping, she was all right. When the horse calmed down for good, she gave up riding.

"You ought to do something," Matt said.

"Under the new vulgarity legislation," she said, kidding, "it is a misdemeanor to survive."

"Everybody knows," he said, "the judge, the press, the spectators, the jury, that they are subject to prosecution under this section of the law. You've got to do something." That was all very well.

She became jealous of him—of his friends, of his work—and alternated between wild spells of work on her own (she painted, she wrote, she cooked with a kind of fanaticism) and abruptly despising his friends or becoming seductive and proprietary toward them. He decided to ride it out. He neglected his friends and his work when she asked it, and then retrieved them when she seemed to hold him in contempt. To navigate her moods, he was prepared to travel light. It began to seem a form of betrayal to withdraw to any corner of his mind, and he started, deliberately, to create situations in which they could both agree that he was in the wrong. The competition to be more loving, to be more *nice*, had doubled back, was booby-trapped. She raided every territory he had. It became a form of treachery to survive at all. She had been, it turned out, all her life a kind competitor, with the escape hatch, whether she won or lost, of her own sense of niceness in her mind. Even that form of winning, that



"Get ready for a song and dance about no dividend."

• •

ambition, had backfired. They were addicted to each other, and miserable. She was still at moments more observant, warm, and gentle than anyone else he had ever known. In the end, she ran off with a departmental rival—perhaps to put Matt once and for all time in the right. He had known she would leave him when she changed her brand of cigarettes.

FOR a while, he hated to think of her happy and he wished her ill. Then he threw himself into his work and thought perhaps he had been the stronger, the less loving all along. He had, after all, survived, landed on his feet. This being left behind, this work and distraction were called landing on one's feet. That was where the bereft were said to land. He missed his wife. She had brought her own style to his sadness and his playing—a habit of flip, macabre duet. Feet are what you land on. Hair is what you split. Knees are what you're brought to. Toes are what you're on. Trivia is what you sneeze at. Pride is what you swallow. Ears are what you lend. Anyway, he got right back on the horse that bit him. He threw himself into his work. On one of his nights without her, taking the future measure of his life, Matt had actually thought, Well, we'll burn that bridge when we come to it. He could not, for a long time, figure out what was wrong with the phrase.

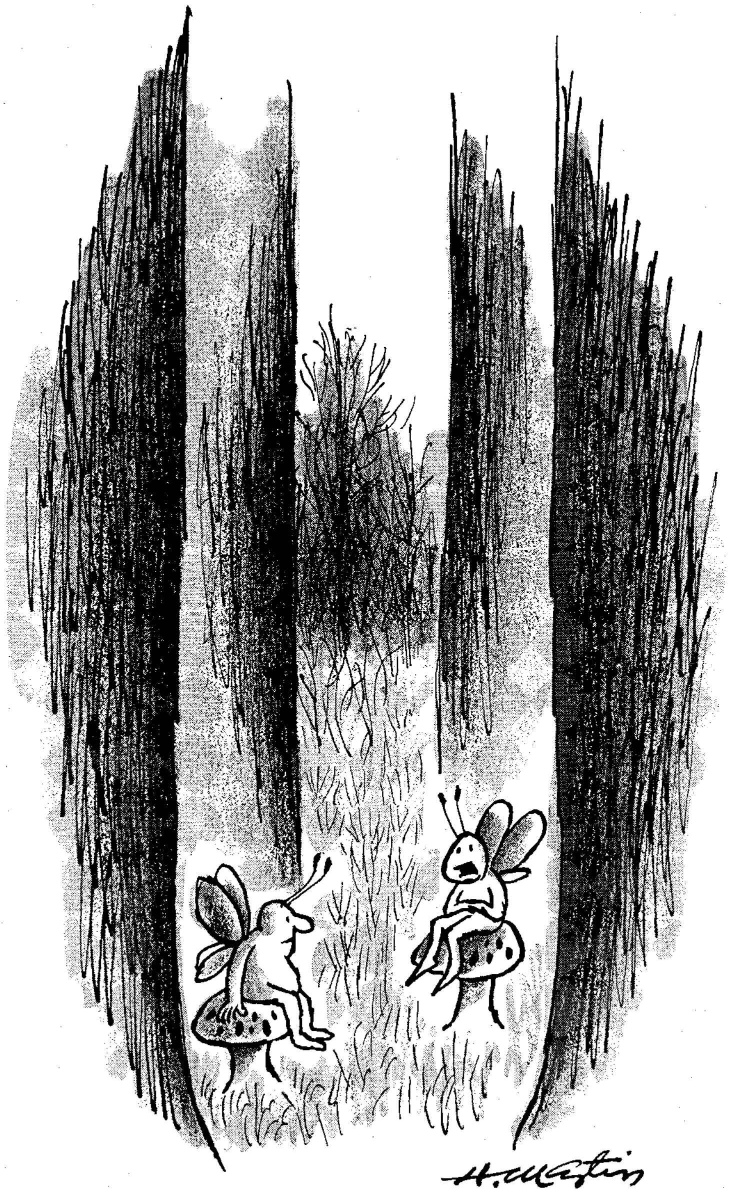
His life reclaimed him by degrees. Years before, in Paris during the last days of the Algerian crisis, he had been studying in a common room at the Cité Universitaire, where he lived and where four apparently interchangeable Americans incessantly played bridge. A bomb went off. The explosion had been enormous. Windows were smashed. Doors fractured. The reception desk blew up. The lights went out. The first words after the thunder and reverberations, in the darkness, were an imperturbable but incredulous "Two *hearts*." Another time that year, one of the intermittent bridge players had wandered into the common room with one of her casual, oddly violent Guess Whats. "Guess what," she said. The other players, noticing that her bare feet had been clean for several days, assumed the girl had started an affair. No one there in those days except Southern girls and narcissists washed more thoroughly than life required. But the Guess Whats always made a more immediate claim than that. They never passed quite safely until someone guessed correctly or everyone gave up. Bathtub running over, pregnancy, expulsion from a Sorbonne class were guessed. Then wisps of smoke were drifting down the corridor. Nobody moved. More guesses. The girl's roommate made three no trump, choked, and guessed a fire from a hot plate underneath a mattress in the room they shared. Correct. The fumes were poisonous. The room had been half smoldering, half in flames. "Oh, Ruth," the girl had said, like some reproachful loser in a mindless checker game, "you always guess."

He was grateful for the corner of his life in which he slept. For a year, he lived in part on the hope that his wife would come back, in part for his work. And mainly—having realized so late in life that work, life, even niceness could be reduced to questions of winning—out of a rage to make a success of his life. She had said to him once, in one of those fits of love and cold fury that she never remembered later and that he hadn't understood (he had actually begun to wonder whether he had been saying terrible, irremediably incendiary things to her in his sleep), "I think only one of us is going to get out of this alive." He understood it now. When she was with him, his love had been free of anger, pure amnesty. Now that she was gone, it was war. He was clearing the decks. He had lost the habit of people and work. He very quickly reacquired the habit of loneliness. Now he laid siege to things. For six months, he was nearly always at the university or asleep. His dreams were sinking recapitulations. Mornings, he woke up thinking, Here we go again. One night, he woke up saying, "Yes, but I was misled about the rules." Half of his concentration always listened for the telephone.

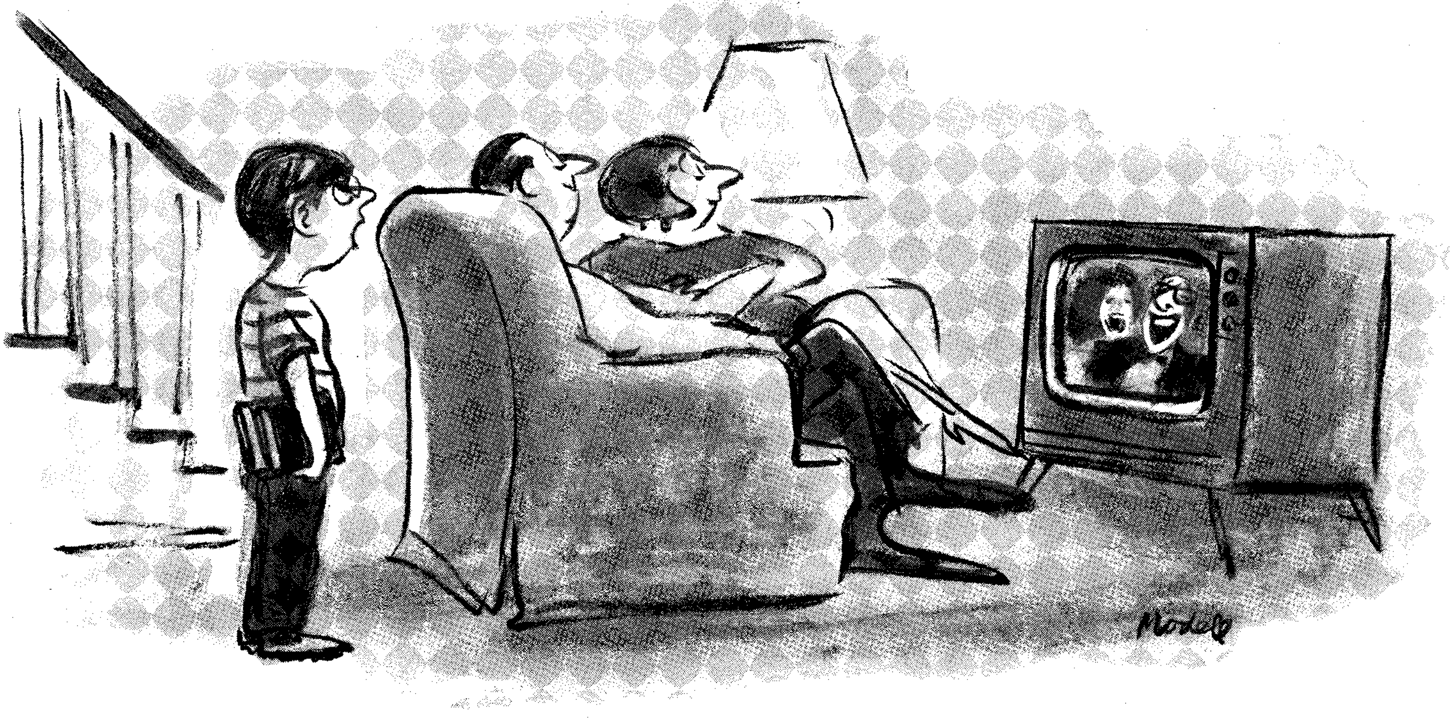
He was published, he got better offers, he was admired, he had tenure in a year. At the university one fall afternoon, in a lecture to three hundred students, he had completed the day's course work and demonstrated, in a joke proof on the blackboard, that all triangles are isosceles. "Are you here to teach or to amuse yourself?" a coed had asked from a seat near the door. "If you don't like it, you can leave," he said. She had left, with twenty others. By spring, he was too valuable for silly courses, and taught when and whom he liked. He had been winning his agility back from the teeth of his self-consciousness and his loss, winning back grace. In this, too, he had learned from his wife, from the way she took the tone of a conversation and raised it one notch—in wit, in hysteria, in vehemence or intimacy, whatever the tone was. He had caught her style in reverse. He keyed things down. People had thought her charming. People thought him funny, laconic, and kind. He had always spoken with the consciousness of her presence. Now he played to the quietest person in the room.

He took out the coed for a short time, felt idiotic, went back to his work. His married friends were breaking up. He acquired a certain utility in other lives. And yet he felt how untenable in the lives of other people are the lives of people who have lived too long alone. There are no lessons to be learned from it. Alone, his mind went stale on bitter aphorisms. All congenital liars believe that other people are honest; therefore they are constantly betrayed. The opposite is always true in part, nearly. And mindless consolations. To the anguished, No point in worrying about it; worry doesn't help. To those in pain, Try not to think about it. To the unhungry, Think of the starving children in India, China. Of misplaced dolls and watches, Where were you when you lost it? He wondered whether his new successes, in the journals, at the dinner table, meant he had struck an inadvertent bargain with his luck. A winner. On his own. He had noticed that the ditched in couples often did better than the ditching, were in some sense more lucky, as though love had a long-term justice of its own. Or perhaps, out of the depths of his pessimism, he was simply taken with the idea that things might be well ordered in some way.

He became simultaneously more positivist and more occult. Once, when his shuttle flight from a lecture in bad weather lost an engine and plunged into an extremely long air pocket, after the first jolt of adrenaline he felt relief. Death might once have left him behind, lost him someone. Not just now. But as the plane fought upward and then level, his mind again sought good order and a rule. Perhaps planes only crashed when every passenger on them was anyway doomed shortly, of other causes—heart failure, cancer, accidie, a bomb—when this flight, so to speak, had everybody's number on it. A cosmic economy in things. At other times, he felt as though he were receiving fate's own broadcasts in his teeth and could not read them. If only one could play the occult like an



"I haven't granted a fun wish for I don't know how long. Today it's all altruistic sociological wishing."



"If I spend all my time on homework, what's that going to do to the education gap around here?"

• •

instrument, understand where luck can be forced and where it comes to rest. He played a single record on his gramophone at home for days, then cut out music. His life outside became each day to all appearances more normal, belying all the superstitious rhythms in his mind. Once, when a star football player and campus hero drove a car into a tree and spent three weeks, concussed, without a memory, one of Matt's friends—a colleague and a Muslim, erudite and gentle—acknowledged gravely that he had foretold it. "Too many *eyes* were upon him," Idris said. Matt found himself agreeing. His own insomnia was back. His mind was going. His energy was gone. His loneliness was closing him down. He thought, There is no more I can do. If life does not come and rescue me now, I will consult a medium, or bore myself to death.

SHE rang when he was in his campus office, sleeping on a cot. "Did I wake you?" she said.

"No, no, no, no, no," he said, his alertness burning off the fog. He wondered why people awakened by the telephone at any hour instinctively denied their sleep, as though it were a kind of crime. Conviviality. "How are you?" It was 4 A.M. He was in his trousers, shirt, and socks. It was dark outside and raining.

"She wants to come back," he said, when he had hung up, to Frank Gorman, a friend since graduate school, now in mid-divorce himself, who had sat all night reading, tired and unshaven, at Matt's desk.

"You can't do it," Frank said, in the hoarse voice of Scotch and lack of sleep and tranquillizers. "It would be the Texas tower this time."

"It would be no crazier than now," Matt said, half dimmed again from sleeping.

It did not seem to Matt emotionally punctilious, correct. He could hardly breathe. "I'm never really angry," he said, thinking with a strange peaceful inconsequence of soldiers. "I can wait it out. I guess for the moment or years of time that people cross the D.M.Z. of your consciousness you should treat them as gently as possible."

"You sound ready to cry at the drop of a hat," Frank said. "Well, I suppose there's nothing sadder than the drop of a hat, after all."

HE had taken her back, of course. He loved her. She had written half a novel and taken up the harpsichord. She loved him as well. But she left again, her spirit somehow broken by the earlier time. A year after that, he had fallen in love with an instructor in history and married her. They lived in a large old house far from faculty row. Some years, she taught, twice or three times a week. Most years, she did not.

They went to a party given by the dean. Several people were sitting on the floor. There were empty plates strewn all about the rug. A man was hopping with extreme delicacy among the coffee cups. There was no need for him to hop. He could as easily have stepped around or through. But some tipsy animation or fastidiousness led him to pounce instead of walk. The danger to the cups was much increased. He did not, finally, land in a cup, or on the hand of any student sitting on the rug. He simply passed out on the kitchen floor. But the misguided effort in the face of dread entered the air.

"You know what I would really like," the dean's wife said, "is to be best at everything and have nobody mind."

"It is not," the head of the art-history department said, "a reasonable expectation of life."

"I do think everyone should be on a dead run from his own stereotype," a homosexual instructor in fine arts said. "Jews should be insouciant. Professors should play ice hockey. I am all revved up in my nerves. I do hate swans."

The dean said, "Jane Austen and a solid Jewish mother would agree on many things—particularly marriages."

When they got home, Matt's wife

drew him a cartoon of a man teetering along a tightrope that lay on a sidewalk, which was really very broad. "I'm on kind of a downer," it said.

They went skiing. They had not gone in years. They drove for hours through a blizzard, in a car of friends who turned out to be devoted natural athletes—jumpers on trampolines on Mondays, squash players and ice skaters on other week nights, and, just to top the note of general health, players of string quartets on Thursday afternoons. The athletes were impatient with the snow that slowed the driving. They approached a cliff en route and climbed it in an interim show of fitness. Matt and his wife barely followed. It was ice. Then the athletes whooped and dived head first down the cliff on their stomachs. It was steep. The athletes seemed invigorated. They drove on. When they reached the ski hut, everybody put on snowshoes. After ten steps with these, Matt and his wife thought they might not make it. Skiing was worse. With great effort, they maintained a slow and trembling snowplow recalled from childhood, side to side, graceless, across the mountain, cold, scarcely able to avoid impalement by passing schussers. "It won't hurt you, you know," one of the athletes said, as though he were imparting useful information, "to point your skis downhill." They did not ski again.

He liked the way she was bringing up their children. She told the oldest, who was eight, that if he wanted to smoke behind the barn without her knowing he would be wise to eat parsley or an apple before entering the house. She told the second, who was six, that if she really wanted to lie about having brushed her teeth at bedtime she must put water on her toothbrush to bring off the lie. She told the third, who was five, that it would always save her effort, even as an adult, if she hitched a ride when somebody was already pushing any revolving door. The youngest was a baby still. Matt approved of these chinks in the law, the little high edges of anarchy. He and his wife tried, when it was possible, not to make their own happiness completely contingent on what the children did or became. She had said it seemed wrong to spend half one's life ruled by one's parents and the other half sparing one's children. They hardly discussed his first marriage at all.

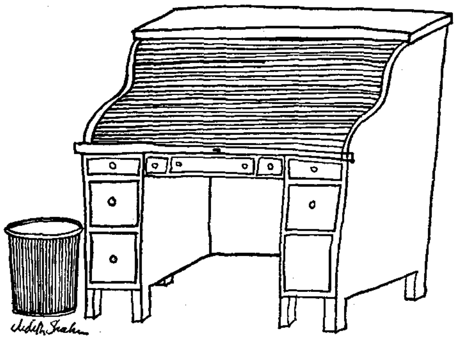
He loved the mother of his children—especially the quality of her repose. She adored and was bewildered by him. "I believe there are some people who are never lucky," he had said to her one night. "Their life is one bungling progression down. Small, degrading failures. They start an anecdote and the person they're talking to says, 'Yes. Well, I think I'll go and fix myself a drink.' "

"You're not like that," she said.

"No. But I nearly was. Do you address yourself as 'you' when you're just thinking?" he asked.

"You mean like 'You idiot, you forgot the laundry,' or 'You've just hurt his feelings and there's no way to reverse it'? I think everybody does," she said, and went immediately to sleep.

One night, after they had made love, she told him, half joking, that she had prayed every night since she was twelve.



"Who to? Why?" he asked, surprised—not that she prayed but that he had not known.

"To whoever runs things," she had said. "If nobody runs things, then I guess it can't do any harm. Or even if somebody does. Unless he hates prayers and the will to please. Maybe he dotes on atheists and suicides. Maybe prayers seem to him like phone calls from everybody when he's trying to concentrate or sleep. Part of what I guess I ought to pray for is that he isn't going to mind. But that seems snivelling, and he may hate that, too."

"Maybe he prays," Matt had said.

"Don't say that," she said. "It makes me nervous about being overheard. The trick, I think, is not to notice too much and to carry on."

"Two *hearts*," he said. He told her the Paris story, and she laughed.

"You know," he said, holding her lightly, "I always knew there were certain lucky things that were never going to happen to me. I was wrong about most of them."

—Renata Adler

LEDGE POND

The lake lies like a stainless knife set deep
Into the hill. The hemlock root-gills seep
Cold tears over the winter quarry heap—
Water runs out of the loosened vise
Of frost; the winter's pelt is flayed.
The lake in sheath of thinning ice
Lies deep and deadly as a blade.

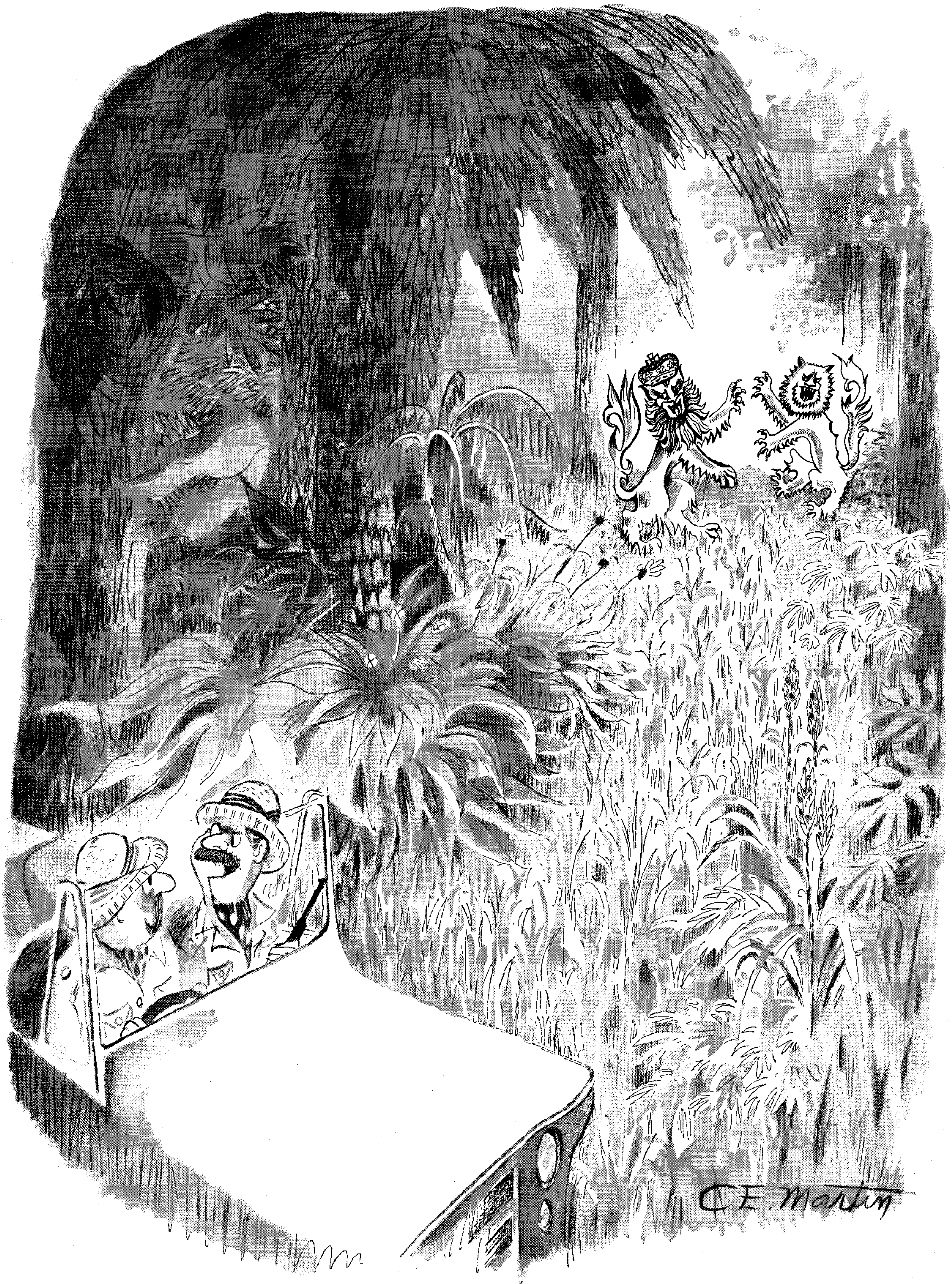
Standing on the stony iron and brown,
I have shouted at that shore and heard my own
Voice repeated over, urgent-grown,
More and more hollowed out by ledge surprise,
Fleeing its own startled sound
Backward over the wild marsh rice
Till suddenly the voice was drowned.

Once, foxhunters, scrambling down these steeps,
Saw a vixen lead with long light leaps
And their hound follow till his heavier steps
And sorry yelping broke the ice. A prize
Dog's bones in that deep mud are laid.
The bitch-fox fled, despite their cries,
Light and elusive as a maid.

Lies tell, and are believed, that the lake's too deep
To plumb with hook and line or any rope.
It comes into the mind when I have hope
To catch a phrase for love that tracks and flees.
And then I hear the claw of hound
Pawing on the trap of ice,
And suddenly the voice is drowned.

—Richard Sewell

• •



"It's good to know, Colonel Snively, that there's one small part of Africa that will be forever England."

PNEUMONIA, 1945

ALPHA's spirit was crippled by the injustice of it. Her son had just turned six and was dying. After a winter of prolonged illness, Charles, her second oldest, had developed double pneumonia, and when he was rushed by car to the hospital in McCallister, a young doctor, starchy and officious, who perhaps felt that his first duty was to be candid, told them that the boy had about a fifty-fifty chance of pulling through. His condition had worsened.

In this underpopulated area of this underpopulated state, North Dakota, it was almost impossible to get penicillin, the new antibiotic they were using on the boy, and if there was another blizzard like the one last week, the shipments wouldn't be able to get through. Already the roads to McCallister were nearly impassable—the plowed banks piled higher than a car top most of the way, with only a single lane opened up in the worst places—and there was no airport at McCallister, which was the only town in a three-county area with a hospital. The hospital's only oxygen tent had to be shared with other patients. Charles had received the last rites of the Church.

The probability of his death had invaded her, weighted her, moved into the marrow of her bones until she was so heavy with it she hated the details of each day, beginning with the appearance of the sun. She didn't want to get out of bed, or fix meals, or take care of her other children, and she couldn't eat. The crying of her baby daughter, or the sound of children's voices when the parochial school across the street recessed, infuriated her to the point of tears. All she wanted to do was stand at the bay window, as she did now, and stare out at the snow.

It was mounded four feet high in the lilac bushes. The wind had eroded the snowbanks piled along the foundation of the house. Streamers of snow were travelling at an angle across the yard and filling in a cave one of her sons had dug. She'd like to go there and hide.

Charles had been the easiest to raise, and also the most difficult. He seemed hardier and less vulnerable than Jerome, who was seven, or Tim, three. He was less prone to crying, less prone to tantrums, though if either overtook him it was at least a day before he recovered. He was nearly fearless, but this led him to do frightening things; he climbed the water tower when he was five, a hundred feet to its top. He was highly inquisitive but quiet, because he carried out his investigations in an orderly, secretive manner, preferring to assess a subject on his own, to observe and listen and read rather than bother you with questions.

There were times when he seemed to be considering everything and everybody about him while merely going through the motions of play. It was the quality she honored with the most attention, and respected the most, and the one she feared the most, too. What was *he* thinking then? Could he have known this was coming? Impossible. An impossible, horrible thought. Hers.

His face was more mature than other children's his age, the future person he would grow into already evident around his lips and in his eyes. His eyes. Every day deepening with their own secrets. So bright blue.

All she'd been able to do before he was taken to the hospital was feed him orange juice and ice cream and aspirin mashed up in honey, change his bedclothes when they became damp with sweat, cool his face with a washcloth, give him alcohol rubs, or help him with the bedpan. Jerome and Tim were as silent around him as they were around strangers. What did they sense? Lately she'd been so distant and abrupt that they kept to their room most of the time, or moved around the house with hesitance, looking guilty and apologetic, as though they'd done her great harm. She had no words to comfort them. All her thoughts, all her energies were turned inward, centered on Charles, and to expend them on anybody else, even her other children, seemed to diminish *his* strength.

She was able to visit the hospital only once a day, if that often; McCallister was fifteen miles away, and there was not always a sitter available for Tim and Marie, the baby, on two or three separate occasions a day. Martin, her husband, went to the hospital that often, and she resented his freedom; he was the principal of the high school and could come and go as he pleased. She resented his maleness, his patience, his faith, his strength—everything he was. She could hardly bear to speak to him. Unless they were talking about Charles—painful conversations when they couldn't look at one another—their talk was flat and monosyllabic:

"Eggs?"

"Two."

Or, "How was your day?"

"Fine. Yours?"

"Fine."

"The kids?"

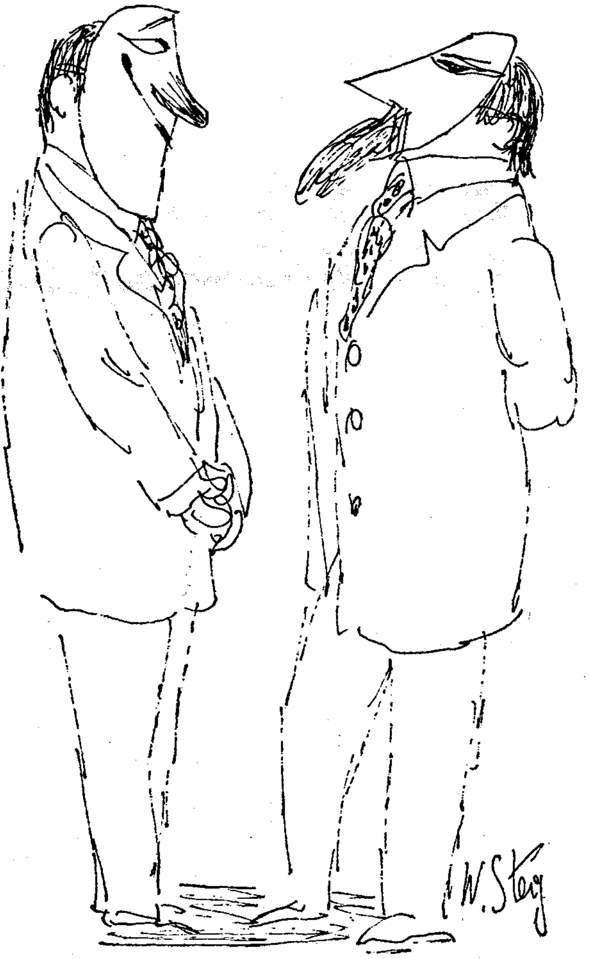
"Fine."

Or, "Good night."

"Good night."

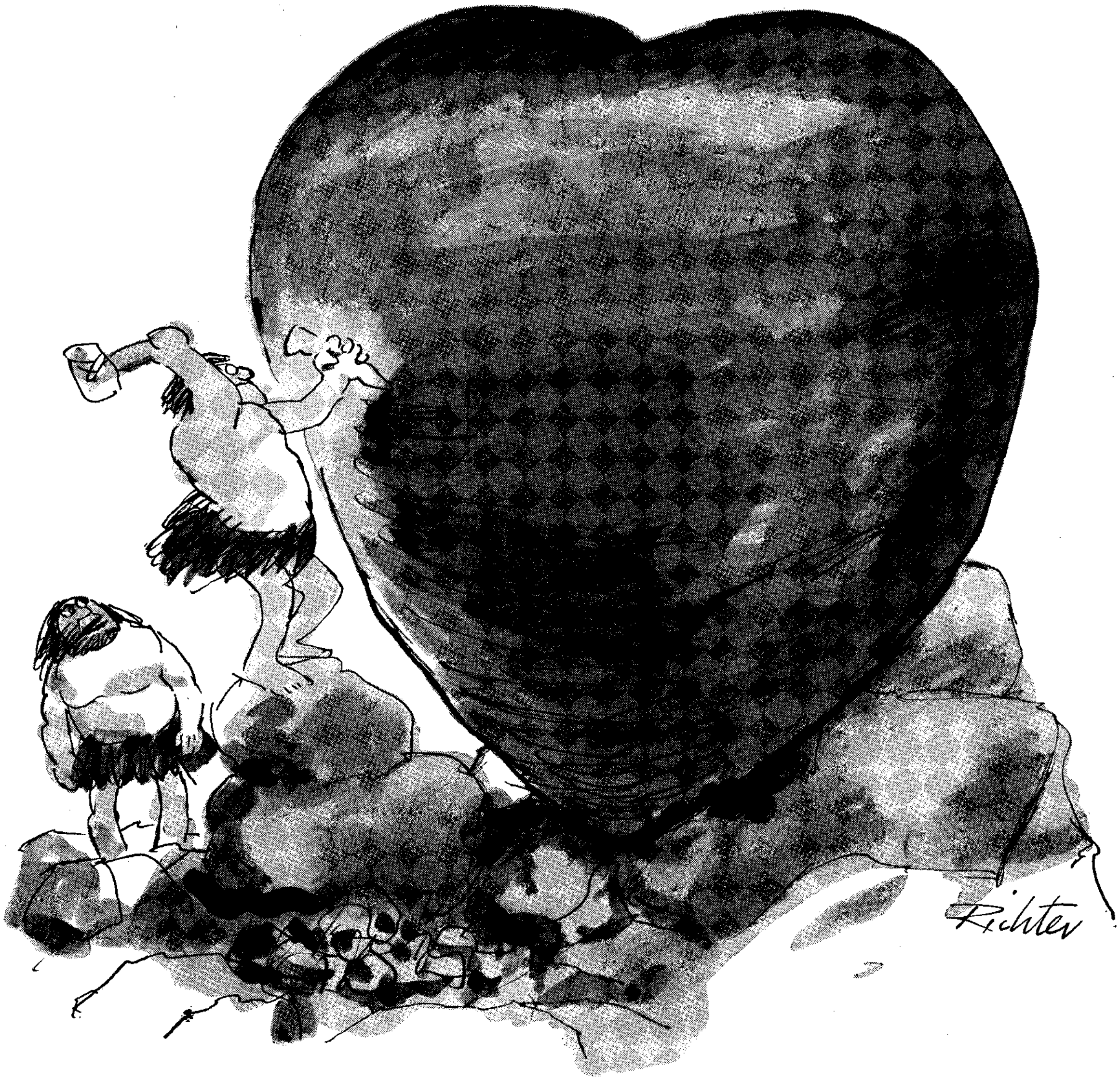
He would take her hand and stare at her in silence, and his large eyes would begin to widen—with what? commiseration? helplessness? guilt?—until he looked so imploring and pitiful that, even though a moment before she felt like unburdening herself to him, she had to turn and walk away.

The first time she went to the hospital and saw where they'd put the boy, in an oversized, metal-slatted crib covered with a plastic tent, he looked so frail and dehumanized that she had to leave the room until she got control of herself. Did Charles know that? In a recurring dream, she saw him in his own crib, the one he'd grown



out of three years ago, as an infant. While she stood above him and watched, he grew smaller and smaller, and at the final moment, just before he disappeared into death, she felt him return to her body. And then she would wake rigid, bathed in sweat, afraid that if she moved she'd kill them both.

One afternoon when he was still at home, he suddenly became worse, more distant and feverish, and he began talking with glazed eyes about nuns scrubbing him in a washtub and men made of wire chasing him with a flying boat—while she wiped at his face with a washcloth, wanting to shake him or slap him until he talked sense, or hold him so tight he couldn't speak, or put on her coat and leave the house and never come back. When Martin came home from school, she told him that she couldn't go on with it, that Charles was ill beyond her ability to nurse him or comfort him, and if this kept up she'd go insane.



"Who's the lucky girl?"

Martin went into Charles' room, sat on the edge of his bed, and took his hand. "Charlie," he said. "It's Dad. Are you awake?"

"Uh-huh."

"How do you feel?"

"Pretty good."

"Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"Oh, no. No, I don't need to. I'm better now."

"You're sure?"

"Oh, yes."

But about twelve o'clock that night they heard him calling, "Dad, Dad," and both of them went into his room.

"I'm here," Martin said. "What is it?"

"I think I was wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"You better take me to the hospital."

She went to the boy and placed her mouth on his forehead to test his temperature. His fever radiated against her lips like a sun. She prepared a thermos of coffee for Martin while he warmed up the car. He would have to go alone; she couldn't wake the other children or risk having the baby in the car with Charles. And then they wrapped Charles in quilts and rugs, and as she was tucking him into the front seat of the car she said, "Now, hurry up and get well, so you can come back home."

"Am I coming back?" he asked.

"Of course you are!"

But the way he asked the question would always be imprinted on her mind; straightforward, without fear or self-pity, as if he simply wanted to know the truth. And what could she say to him? "Of course, of course, of course"—it was all she could say.

In the hospital his condition became so critical that the doctor called Father Schimmelpfenning, the only person in the village with a telephone, and the priest picked up Martin at school and came to the house in his black Chevrolet and drove them into McCallister.

The boy's skin was bluish ivory, and he seemed to be passing in and out of consciousness. They tried to talk to him, and then Father Schimmelpfenning—a plump, ruddy Westphalian who loved children and was on friendly terms with every child in his parish—removed his black overcoat, took a purple stole from his breast pocket, kissed the Cross sewn at its center, put it on, and stood over the crib.

"Charles? Charles?" he kept repeating in his heavy German accent, which made the name sound nearly like "chalice." "Charles?"

"Yes." Finally. A dry whisper like the rustle of paper.

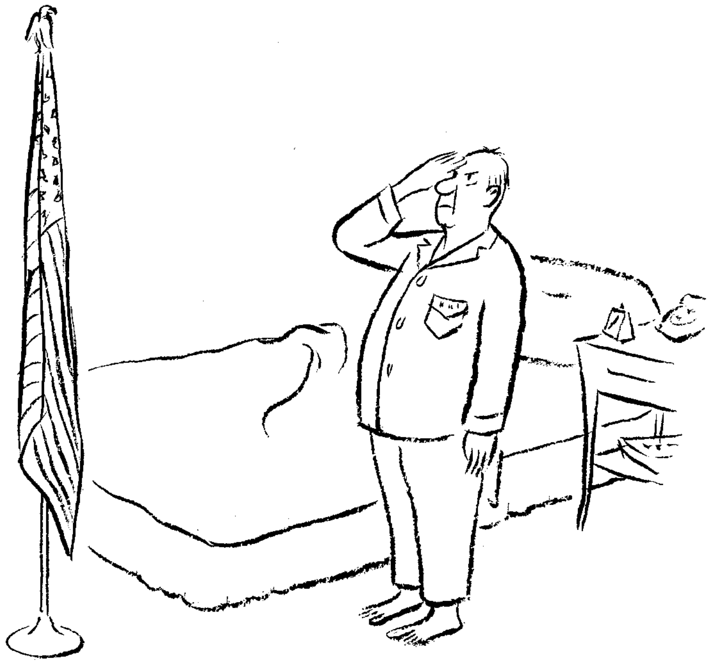
"Have you been a good boy, Charles?"

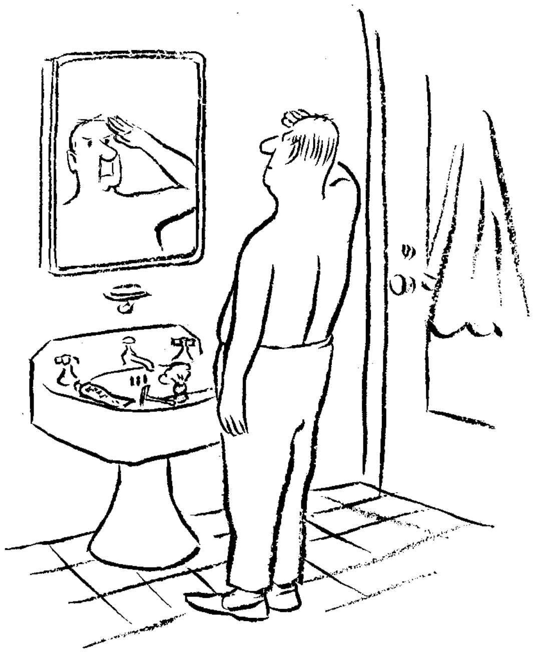
"What?"

"Have you been a good boy? Have you done any bad tings, committed any bad sins?"

There was an unintelligible response.

"Do you have anyting you'd like to





tell me, confess? Like in the confessional?”

“Hnn?”

“Do you have anyting you'd like to tell me?”

“Uh-huh.”

He leaned his ear close to the boy's face. “You can say. Nobody will hear.”

“I'm not ever happy anymore.”

The priest paled, looked at Martin and Alpha to see if they'd heard, and then took out a prayer book and a leather kit, and bent over the boy and began murmuring in Latin and applying the oil of extreme unction, and she walked out to the hall, half blinded by a prism of tears, blundered into a rest room, the wrong one, and was sick to her stomach in a urinal.

If she could believe in a religion, like Martin, that defined the character of God and gave Him substance, perhaps she could believe in God Himself, and bear all of this with more equanimity and self-control. Martin carried a rosary everywhere, even to school in his suit pocket, and there were nights when she'd seen him take it to bed. He came from a family of eleven, where everybody was closely attached and had grown up to feel protected, not only because of the bigness of the family but because of the religion they shared; and all of them were devout. She and her brothers went to church only a few times, and then usually with relatives. Her mother hadn't been in a church since she was married, and the only time her father, a farmer, made reference to any sort of deity was during a natural disaster, a personal setback, or in a moment of terrible anger, when he cursed God as though He were a hired man, a foolish, incompetent one, sitting in the same room with him. Which was as reasonable a thing as any to do, by God. God. Ha! You clumsy, ignorant, unfair Sonofabitch.

There.

She began to cry.

When she was a child, she used to sit in the open door of the haymow and watch as it began to get dark, while below her, in the barn, she could hear the calves baaing almost like sheep, cows lowing to them, the clash of a bucket, footsteps, and the muffled voice of her father as he did the chores. The chicken coop was below her, across the lane from the barn, and suddenly, at a certain stage of darkness, chickens, white blurs, would appear from the brush, from the wheat field, from the pasture on the other side of the road, and begin moving toward the coop as though drawn to a magnet, some of them running, catching up to others and frightening them into a run, some of them moving slowly through the darkness, alone. Watching them, listening to her father murmuring to the animals below, she was filled with peace; and, for some reason, a great sadness. Why? Then the windows of the house lit, her mother stepped out onto the porch and called, “Alpha! Supper!” There was such calm and simplicity in it, yet such an urgency, too, and she would run toward the house as though pursued. Then the yellowish light from the kerosene lamps, a light with the added dimension of smell, and the serenity of her mother as she moved about the kitchen, testing the food on the cookstove, setting plates and silverware at their places around the table, putting together the sterilized parts of the cream separator so the separator would be ready when her father came with the milk.

Why didn't she, her mother's daughter, have the same serenity? Why didn't she have a soothing effect on her children? It seemed inconceivable to her that she was really a mother.

Even more inconceivable was that one of her children could die.

Could he?

What were the reasons for death, what was its cause? Was a decision made by somebody? Could the decision be altered? If it could be, for whoever was listening, she was ready to give up her life for her son's.

Outside, beyond the bay window where she stood, she saw the yard come into focus. It was growing dark. The wind had risen and snow was swirling higher into the air. There was a gray shape beyond the lilac bushes. It moved toward her, growing larger and larger at the edge of the window, and then she looked up, her eyes adjusted, and she was staring into a reflection of her husband's face.

“ALPHA?” Martin said tentatively, testing her mood.

“It's time I made supper,” she said.

He watched her walk into the kitchen, and then stepped up to the window, which faced east, in the direction of McCallister, and was frosted at the level of his chest from her breath. He couldn't blame her for avoiding him. All of his thoughts were base and vile.

He had never, not even as an adolescent or a young man, been so horny in his life. Throughout their marriage he'd been a good husband, he'd hardly looked at other women, which was not so much an indication of his moral character as of his passion; he was devoted to her, immersed in love, so involved in making her happy he had no time to look.

But lately, at school, he'd begun to notice the development of his female students, the delicacy of their hands and fingers, the shape and size of their breasts, the breadth of their hips, their bare legs, and the curve of their buttocks beneath their skirts. Once when he was at the blackboard, mechanically writing out an algebraic equation while most of his mind hovered around an image of Alpha, of her at home alone, nursing the boy, trying at the same time to care for the other children and keep up with her everyday chores, he suddenly found himself standing in the center of a dead silence, the entire class staring at him while he stared between the parted legs of Carol Hahn, a redhead whose skirt had slipped above her knees. Her face was crimson. He feigned illness (and after catching himself at that he did feel ill) and dismissed the class.

The graver Charles' condition became, the more his own needs narrowed to sex, and Alpha apparently sensed it; there were times when she looked as though she wanted to talk, but as soon as he went up to her she would turn and walk away, out of the room, as if in disgust. He'd tried everything he could think of to keep his mind off her body—novel-reading, prayer, meditation on the Blessed Virgin and the Trinity, cold showers, chopping wood, no pepper on his food—everything. Good Lord, he'd even started taking a rosary to bed with him.

The night he returned from taking Charles to the hospital, after he'd told her what the doctor had said, and after they'd talked and tried to comfort one another, they got into bed and lay on opposite sides ("I don't really want to be touched now," she told him), sleepless, tossing in anxiety under the covers, and then by accident their legs touched, she turned, and he fell on her like an animal.

Since then, it seemed to shame her to have him close.

This morning, before the children were awake, he and Alpha were at the breakfast table and he was picking at a grapefruit, trying to decide whether or not he should mention what had happened at the hospital yesterday evening, when she said, "The crisis should come today, shouldn't it?"

"Or tomorrow."

"He'll let us know?"

"He'll call Father."

"And we'll leave right away?"

"Yes."

And with those few words, he knew he could never tell her. She was across the table from him, staring at her cup of coffee, and it was as though he were seeing her for the first time, anonymous, seated across from him in a train or a bus, and he noticed once again how frail she was, and how that enhanced her beauty. The boy had her prominent cheekbones, her small nose, and her lips, sharply outlined, the upper one curved like a crossbow, the lower one full and sensual. His desire for her began to rise, and then, in a moment of horrible revelation—her eyes were cast down, showing violet lids, and her face was pale—he saw her as the corpse of the boy.

"Alpha!" he said. "You have to eat!"

She got up and left the table.

Her grief was dynamic, even when expressed in anger, and she was always busy, angrily busy, working to ease her grief. His sat in him like a stone. He hated to speak, to eat, to perform the simplest task in her presence, not only because he feared his actions would expose his true feelings, as hers did, and reveal his guilt, his lack of hope, his base desires, and something even worse he'd discovered in himself and was trying to cover up by carrying a rosary everywhere—his growing conviction that there was no God—but because he knew it agonized her and increased her anger, now that the boy was near death, to see effortless, unencumbered life in anybody else. Because he'd carried Charles into the hospital and had left him there, he felt responsible for the way she felt and was acting, and this, in the trapping logic of emotions, made him feel responsible for the boy's illness.

And what if Charles died?

He chewed on his upper lip, which was cracked from the dry heat of the house, pushed up his glasses, and gripped the bridge of his nose. He thought he heard the baby crying. He listened for her voice, for Alpha's footsteps going into her bedroom, but he had imagined it. He massaged the bridge of his nose until the sound disappeared, and let his glasses fall back in place.

Whenever anybody asked him who his favorite was among the children, he always said, "Whichever one is sick or in trouble, that's my favorite; that's the one that needs me the most." But he was in such fear for Charles' life he could hardly bear to bring him to mind, much less lend him emotional support, and the minute he walked out of the hospital he couldn't even picture the boy's face. Sometimes he would see for an instant, as if stopped in a flash of light, a vivid detail that made his breath catch: a nose with a plastic tube in one nostril; a white profile with its eye rolled back in death (an image intertwined with a hospital smell of alcohol and ether); a buttock honeycombed and bleeding from hypodermic needles; a bony forearm resting on the velvet of a coffin; an ivory head lying levitated against black— That was how he saw his son.

And once in a moment of great stress, when the tension threatened to deprive him of all power to reason, he found himself calculating how much more money they would have if Charles died.

He looked at the white oval of his face reflected on the window, looked into its eyes, beyond its eyes to the outside, and felt a chill branch over his back. Loose snow was rising in columns and pillars that swayed and bent in every direction, collapsed, rose up in another spot, and went whirling toward the southwest out of sight. If one of those hits this window, he thought, the boy will die, and at that moment a tall white sheet, taller than the telephone wires, with lacy streamers coiling along its trailing edge, came speeding toward the house. And just as he readjusted his thought to No, it means he won't, it swept past the lilacs and hit the window with such force the house seemed to rock. He put his hand in his pocket and clutched his rosary.

What was he doing?

He saw a sheet being pulled over a body, a mound of dirt on snow, an oval face staring up from the bottom of a grave, and heard two voices, his and the boy's, laughing in a closed space.

Yesterday evening he visited the hospital alone, and Charles seemed more lucid; they talked about the rest of the family, the snow, the new sled the boys got for Christmas, about school and some of Charles' friends, and then Charles said, "Dad, what do I have?"

ALASKA BROWN BEAR

O my Best Bear who stands
And—not by reason of light
But by fiat of fur—commands
The height, the essential shore, the mere,
The dryness outreaching into an icy, rich sea.

The lord of our landless pole
Is white, is white, and he hides
On stretches of chlorous ice; the pale aurora,
Rising behind him, thunders across the night.
But I am too wise now and fat
To acknowledge a lesser one here than His Blackness.

Teddy, the squeaky ginger,
The umptieth Marquis of Mumph,
He of the weepings—absorbent and not unfrayed
Master of childhood—midnight was in his care
In the tropic of bedroom. Then it came that I said,
I know thee not, old bear.

But He, Thou, the Big Brown, the soft turret,
Thrust by the dead earth at the sky,
Quickening yet this buff of twilight,
His she nearby—
Oh, downstream from Him a small
Something blurred and dark, something of baser fur
Slinks off, leaving a half-torn salmon
Before the Regent of the barest lands,
The Lord of no hall.
He stands
Among the regions of wind beyond winds. Behold!
At His own call
He has crashed through from behind the horizon
Where the great bells of summit ring with cold.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

• •

"Pneumonia."

"What's that?"

"Sort of like bronchitis, only in the lungs."

"How do you spell it?"

"P-n-e—"

"'P'?"

"That's right."

"It doesn't start with 'N'?"

"No. P-n-e-u-m-o-n-i-a."

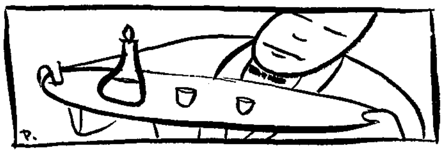
"Pneumonia, pneumonia," the boy kept repeating, as though mesmerized by the word. "It starts with 'P'?"

"'P.'"

"Peeeee!" he suddenly cried, giddy, exultant, as though the incongruity of it was too much to bear.

"That's right," Martin said, and winked.

The boy laughed harder and harder, and then he began to cough; the cough wouldn't stop, it went on and on, and suddenly he started choking and fighting for breath so badly that Martin ran for a nurse. When he found one, and the two of them hurried into the room, Charles' face was blue and he was unconscious, having convulsions.

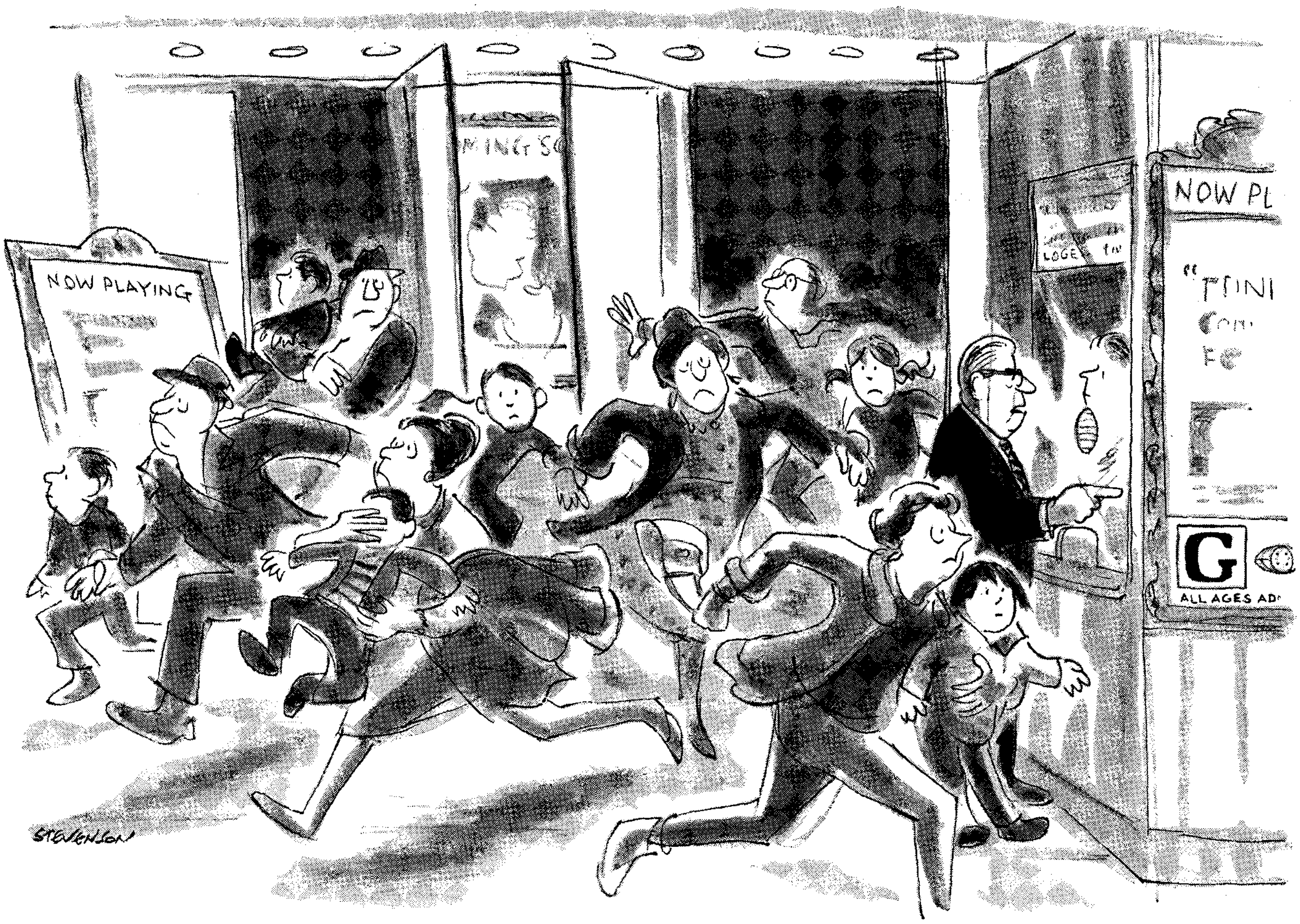


If Charles died, it would be his fault.

He heard rapid steps behind him—Alpha's footsteps when she was determined or in a fury—and turned. She stopped; her face was pale and her eyes were glazed, feverish-looking (was she also getting sick?), and empty of all expression.

"Father Schimmelpfenning is here," she said.

WHEN Charles thinks of his parents, which is seldom now, he thinks of them as the monarchs of a kingdom he once visited in a dream. His mother wears a full-length dress, flaming red, whose bright color increases the humming in his ears, and she shows only her profile, like the queen on a playing card. His father



"Miss Sweeney, will you find out who put up that G rating?"

wears a fur cap with the earflaps turned up like half-moons, and carries a broom in one hand. When he speaks, his bass voice has lost its usual timbre and sounds like the squeaking (the boy observes this with interest, but without puzzlement or surprise) of a rubber mouse. What is it he's trying to say?

When his real father, looming like a moon over the bed, speaks to him from his real face, it's as difficult to understand; the boy's ears seem covered with cellophane and it vibrates with every outside sound.

"Herzz verritzz swowoza bee."

"Brrrodja deezzz."

His lips, split by fever, taste like nickels. His bones are made of ice, and the ice is wrapped with layers of hot flesh. His head is filled with warm fluid that exerts pressure at the base of his nose and behind his eyes, and his eyes are dry as paper. The band of pain constricting his chest strangles the air he breathes, and the shallow breaths he takes beneath the pain, to keep it from breaking, are becoming more shallow and rapid.

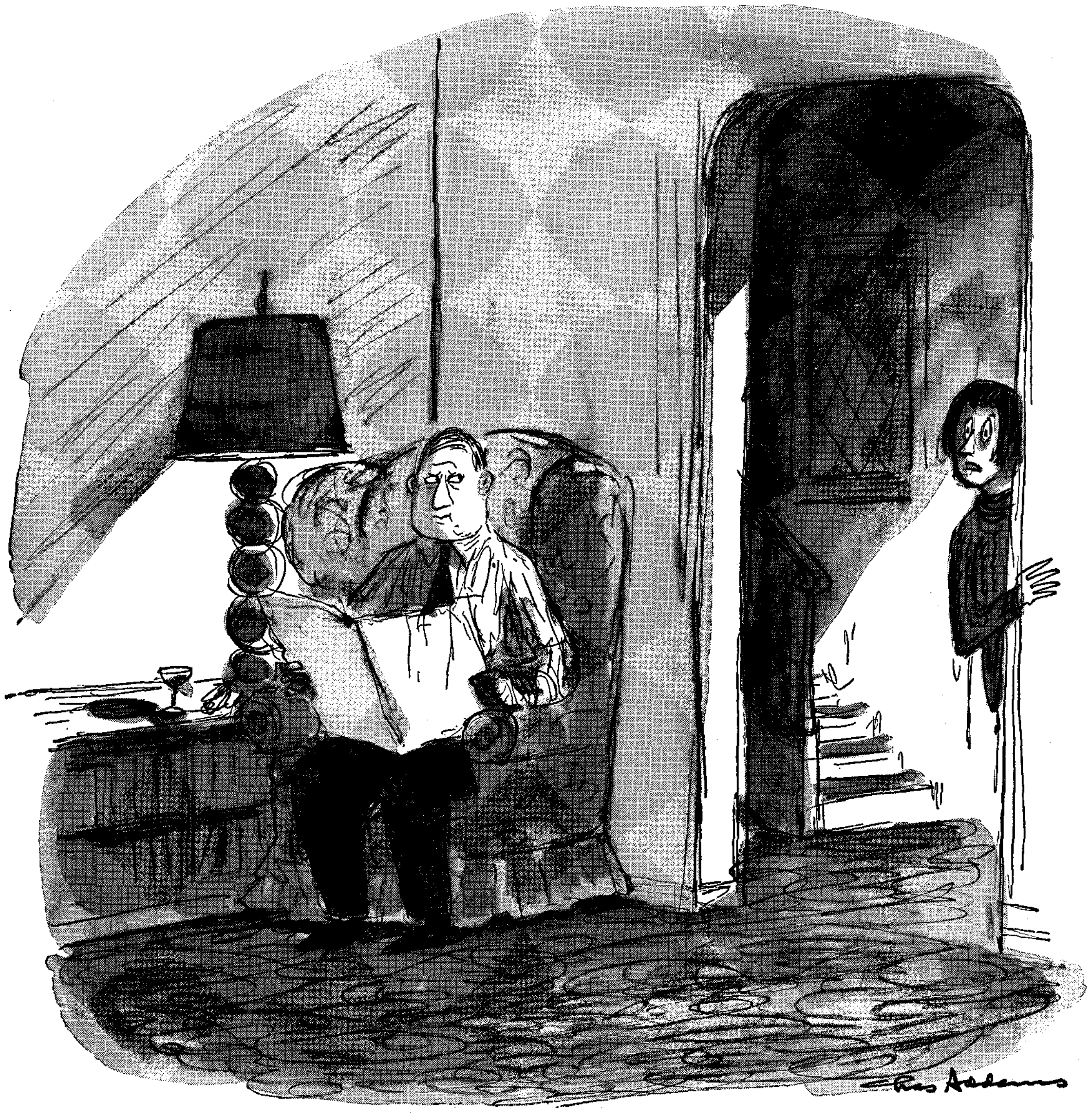
He has no center. When he opens his eyes, he might be looking up from his stomach or a knee. Sometimes he's the size of a thimble and at other times so enormous that his toe could cover a city. One day his arms, which are either too heavy or too light, were gone. Where?

His illness is a sea and others live on land. They are unreachable. Coming from a great height, they materialize beside his bed and he stares up at them from beneath rocking water; their images sway with the movement of the water (as their mouths move) and his body rocks beneath it. A nurse appears with a hypodermic the size of a pine tree, turns him on his stomach (wasn't he lying on it?), and as she drives it through his back the white-haired man across the hall screams again. Or was the hypodermic for him? Charles turns, or imagines he turns, and it's night once more.

His father appears, his mother appears. They float and rock outside the bright, burning layers of fever that enwrap him like tinfoil, in a fragile, metallic grip, and a cold wet hand spans his forehead. Yes? Yes? What is it? They disappear in a brightness like the sun, and he sees a player piano, shining, crystalline, made of ice or glass. Jingle ping tink-tink. Jingle *ping*. There is a pain above his right eye like an embedded axe. His father and mother appear again and confront him with a phenomenon that makes no sense; there are, after all, other people in the world besides him, real people, and they are alive. They are his parents. Why are they so happy?

They smile and talk, showing their teeth. Now they are high above him, elongated, blurred and haloed in yellow, and smaller, as though seen through a tube. Their voices buzz and vibrate in his ears and then go away. A blue figure 2 bends and unbends where they were. They appear again, smiling and talking, jingle *ping*. Yes? Yes? To reach their distant land, he has to lift himself upward, rising on an effort of his will, and hold his body on the surface of the sea with all his strength. He grips the bedclothes and turns his parched corneas on his parents. Only his father is there.

Coming from such a depth, it's as if he's entered a strange house in the night, a house he's never seen, has found his way to the living room and in the room's brilliant light has come face to face (*Dad! Dad!*) with the



"Arthur, there's a thing at the door says it's escaped from M.I.T. and can we please plug it in for the night."

• •

right man. Why is his father there? Startled, the boy feels his strength leave him and falls back into the sea of sickness again, deeper than before. He lifts himself again, for the last time, it seems, and holds himself on the surface until his father says something that makes them both laugh. The laughing turns to a cough that splits his chest open, breaks the ice that is his bones, and drives the splinters into his flesh. He would rather be alone.

Above his left eye (the other eye stays closed), a bright disc, which might be the ceiling light, hangs and burns. It seems the last power he has to contend with. He pleads with it to move—it won't—or go out. Even when he closes his eye, the disc clings to his lid, expanding and contracting, changing colors, changing into a profile, a queen, a circle of icy piano keys. If he could deal with the light, or the profile (now a figure 2), he would be at peace, because this is a special day. There has been a change. He can feel a heaviness, like honey and salt water, rising in his nose. And though it hurts him to breathe it more than any phase of his illness has hurt him, he breathes it deeply and evenly, trying to drown.

Then he is chewing bubble gum. His jaws move from side to side in a soft, erotic mastication. He is home again, in bed, asleep yet not asleep; his eyelids are transparent. He sees that there is nothing beyond the bedroom curtains, no yard or hedge or houses or countryside, only a shading of light blue, like sky. As his jaws move, he hears a sound between his ears like the roar of a waterfall heard from a distance, rising in volume each time his mouth opens wide. He begins to chew the bedclothes. The curtains blow in and cover the bed. He chews them. The jaws move farther apart with each bite, the cascading roar increases, the jaws work at the curtains, becoming more rubbery, more speeded up and voracious, chewing everything within reach—a dresser, a nightstand (which have turned elastic like the bedclothes and curtains), a closet, a wall. And when the sunlight, which is blue in color, pours into the room the jaws begin chewing it.

Then the jaws move off and become changed, otherworldly, but still remain a part of him and continue to chew with increasing violence, rising high as the house, slamming down hard, higher, and then they turn, turn again as if seeking direction, turn and start toward him. He tries to get out of bed but the curtains cover him, and now they are as heavy as sand. The jaws, flying apart in bites so wide they disappear for a while, reach the edge of the mattress. They get a bite of it. He makes a final effort to move, using the last of his remaining strength, the ration he's held in reserve, and breaks free into an icy brightness, borne on a chilling current of blue air, and sees a mirror image of his body, tiny as a doll, heading toward a black hole in the shining universe.

As the doctor drew away from the crib and straightened up, Charles' reflection disappeared completely from the round mirror on his forehead.

"His fever's broken," the doctor said. "He's going to be all right."

—L. Woiwode

•

The Bank of Tokyo specializes in foreign exchange transactions so that latest currency information from all over the world will be immediately available throughout the entire network replacing facts by guess work in the decision making process.—*The Times.*

No wonder Japan's economy is a smashing success!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

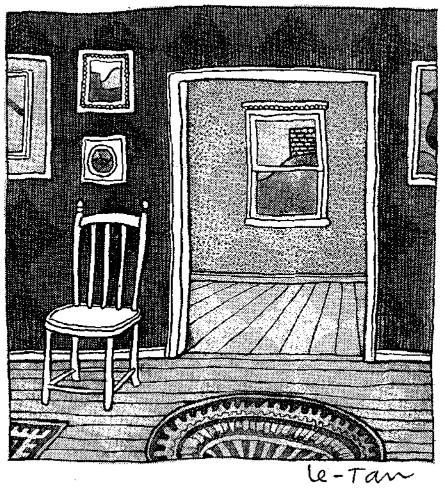
THE PANTHERS AND THE POLICE: A PATTERN OF GENOCIDE?

BETWEEN 4:40 and 4:52 A.M. on December 4, 1969, plainclothes police in Chicago, while executing a search warrant for illegal weapons, shot to death Fred Hampton, the twenty-one-year-old chairman of the Black Panther Party of Illinois, and Mark Clark, a member of the Party, in Hampton's apartment. Four days later, at about the same hour of the morning, the Los Angeles Special Weapons Tactics Team, dressed in black jumpsuits and black hats, moved on the Black Panther Party headquarters in that city with another search warrant for illegal weapons and, in a heated gun battle, shot and seriously wounded three more Panthers. Commenting on these events, in San Francisco, Charles R. Garry, chief counsel and spokesman for the Black Panther Party, whose membership at the time was estimated at between eight hundred and twelve hundred, declared to the press that Hampton and Clark were "in fact the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth Panthers murdered by the police," and that the deaths and the raids were all "part and package of a national scheme by various agencies of the government to destroy and commit genocide upon members of the Black Panther Party."

Garry's assertion that twenty-eight members of the controversial black-militant group had been killed by the police was widely reported. On December 7 and December 9, 1969, the New York *Times* reported as an established fact, without giving any source for the figure or qualifying it in any way, that twenty-eight Panthers had been killed by police since January, 1968. (These stories were disseminated throughout the country to over three hundred newspapers and news agencies that subscribe to the *Times* wire service.) On December 9, 1969, the Washington *Post* stated flatly, "A total of 28 Panthers have died in clashes with police since January 1, 1968." In a later article, the *Post* declared, "Between a dozen and 30 Panthers have been killed in these confrontations." (About two hundred newspapers subscribe to the *Post's* wire service.)

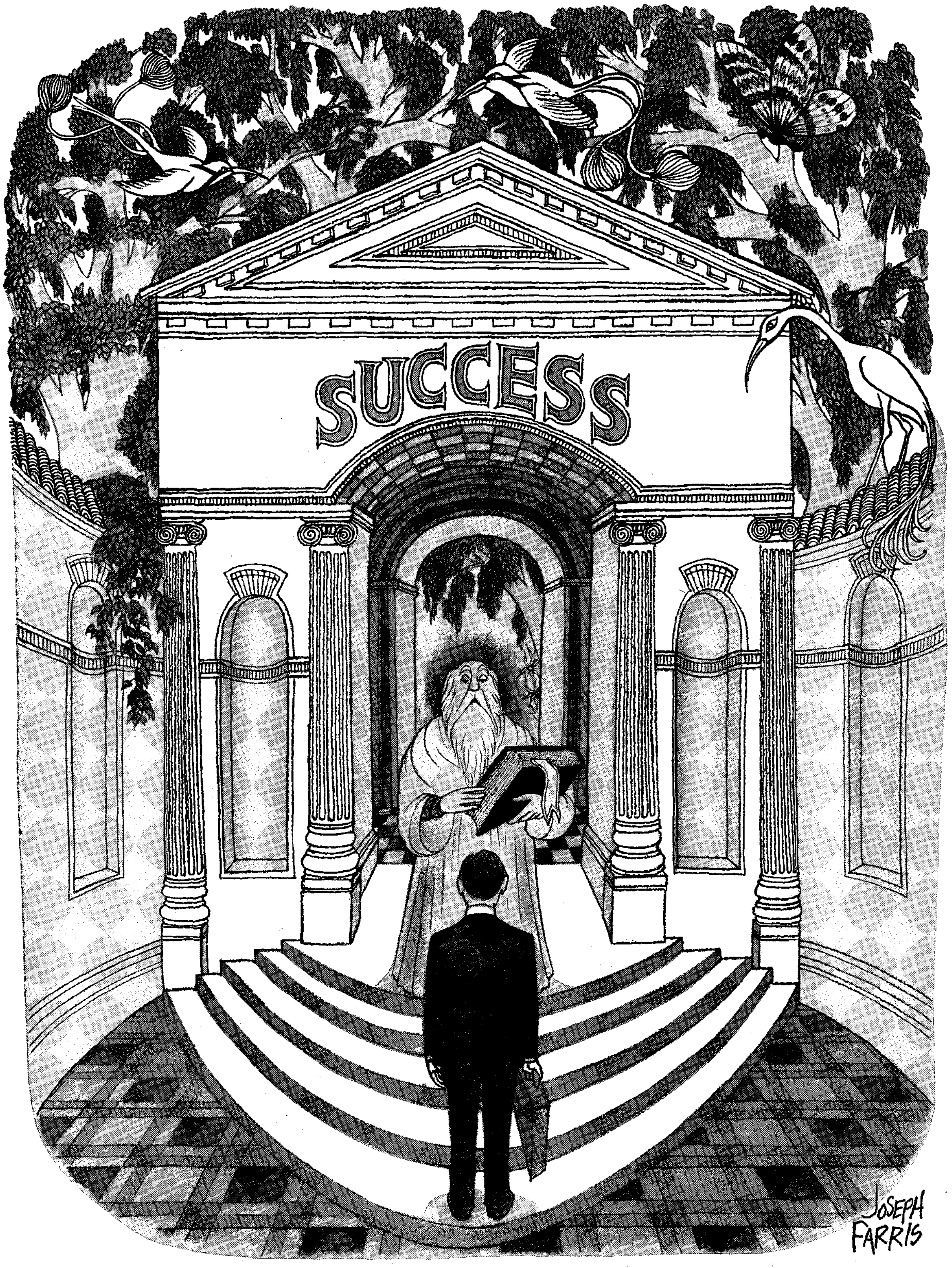
On the basis of what had been reported about the police killings and predawn raids, civil-rights leaders expressed an understandable concern. Roy Innis, director of the Congress for Racial Equality, called for an immediate investigation of "the death of 28 Black Panther members killed in clashes with the police since January, 1968." Ralph Abernathy, who succeeded Martin Luther King, Jr., as the chairman of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, attributed the death of Panther leaders to "a calculated design of genocide in this country." Julian Bond, a member of the Georgia state legislature, said, "The Black Panthers are being decimated by political assassination arranged by the federal police apparatus." And Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, urgently requested the Attorney General to convene federal grand juries in those "jurisdictions where nearly 30 Panthers have been murdered by law-enforcement officials."

Garry's theory about "a national scheme . . . to destroy" the Black Panthers was also taken up by the press. Pointing to a "growing feeling (particularly in the black community)" that the "Federal Administration has had a hand in the recent wave of raids, arrests and shoot-outs," an article in the *Times* by John Kifner concluded that statements made by officials of the Nixon Administration "appear to have at least contributed to a climate of opinion among local police . . . that a virtual open season has been declared on the Panthers." *Time* reported, on December 12, 1969, that "a series of gun battles between Panthers and police throughout the nation" amounted to a "lethal undeclared war," and concluded, "Whether or not there is a concerted police campaign, the ranks of Panther leadership have been decimated in the past two years." In the very next issue, *Time*, repeating Garry's claim that "28 Panthers have died in police gunfire," asked, "Specifically, are the raids against Panther offices part of a national design to destroy the Panther leadership?" The answer was more or less left open. That same week, *Newsweek* began a news report entitled "Too Late for the Panthers?" with the same question: "Is there some sort of government conspiracy afoot to exterminate the Black Panthers?" The article then proceeded to portray a "guerrilla war between the gun-toting Panthers and the police," in which the Panther "hierarchy around the country has been all but decimated over the past year," and concluded that "there is no doubt that the police around the nation have made the Panthers a prime target in the past two years . . ." A few weeks later, *Newsweek* reported that "the cop on the beat has been joined by Attorney General John Mitchell's Justice Department, which believe the Panthers to be a menace to national security and has accordingly escalated the drive against them"—a drive that "has taken a fearful toll of the Panthers." The Washington *Post*, noting in an editorial that the "carnage has been terrible" in the "urban guerrilla warfare" between Panthers and police, concluded that "recent events" had given "added currency" to the Panther charge that "there is a national campaign under way to eradicate them by any means, legal or extra-legal." Picking up the theme in his syndicated column, Carl T. Rowan observed, "We have seen this nationally orchestrated police campaign to turn the guns on the Panthers and wipe them out," and referred to an "obvious conspiracy of police actions across the country that has produced the alleged killings of 28 Black Panthers." The *Nation*, in an editorial titled "Marked for Extinction," asserted, "It is becoming increasingly apparent that a campaign of repression and assassination is being carried out against the Black Panthers." Even a paper as cautious as the *Christian Science Monitor*, after a telephone interview with Garry, cited the Panther charge of "police murder" and "genocide" and expressed "a growing suspicion that something more than isolated local police action was involved."



CONFUSION about the alleged murders began to set in early, and on December 21, 1969, the *Times* reported that Garry had put the number of Panthers killed by the police at twelve, although it later returned to the figure of twenty-eight. While an Associated Press dispatch in the San Francisco *Examiner* on December 9th reported that twenty-seven Panthers had been killed by police in "Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Detroit, and Indianapolis," the United Press International wire service, on December 12th, sent out to its clients a list, provided by the Black Panther Party, of twenty Panthers killed in "cold blood" by police in Los Angeles, Oakland, Seattle, San Diego, New Haven, and Chicago. (In the list itself, however, only sixteen deaths could actually be attributed to the police.) *Life*, in a single issue—that of February 6, 1970—presented three figures: Eldridge Cleaver, the minister of information of the Black Panther Party, was quoted as saying that police "ambush" had led to "28 murders" of Panthers, but at another point the magazine declared, "So far, in the running guerrilla war of rooftop sniping, midnight ambush and mass shoot-outs that the Panthers and police have been waging in a number of cities . . . at least 19 Panthers are dead," adding, in parentheses, that "it is uncertain that more than a dozen have died of police bullets." While articles in the *New Republic*, *Ramparts*, and the *New Statesman* have, at various times, put the figure at twenty, an article in *Newsday* by Patrick Owens, who made a conscientious effort to check out Garry's claims, asserted that no more than ten Panthers had been killed by police. The executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union in Illinois declared, according to the Washington *Post*, that twenty-eight Panthers had died in clashes with police since January 1, 1968, while the Los Angeles branch of the same organization said that it was possible to document twelve cases in which Panthers had been killed in such encounters. In a column in the *Post* a few days earlier, Nicholas von Hoffman had written, "The Panthers alone claim that 28 of their top people have been murdered in the last couple of years, and there is no strong prima-facie reason to disbelieve them."

Even one victim of deliberate police murder would be too many, but if twenty-eight Panthers had been murdered by the police in two years, as Garry claimed and many publications reported, it might indeed represent a pattern of systematic destruction. The implications would be so dreadful that one would expect the figures to be checked out with the utmost scruple. Since the number of Panthers killed would seem to be an ascertainable fact, how can



"You realize, of course, it's not what you are that counts. It's who you know. Who do you know?"

If we knew you were coming, we'd have filled out your form.

NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL
TRAVELMAX
TRAVELMAX
TRAVEL FOLDER

And you'd get a guaranteed car.

When we know you're coming, we guarantee you a car and get you to that car the fastest way possible. That means most of the time-consuming paper work that used to be done at the counter is filled out in advance.

Your time is valuable to you and to your company. So National tries not to waste any of it. Just call 800-328-4567 toll-free, 24 hours a day from any place for a guaranteed car anywhere.

We call this new advancement in our guaranteed reservations program, Travelmax.

Max, National's computer, knows where every one of our cars is every minute. When we tell you you've got a car, we know it's going to be there. (National is the only car rental company that can make that statement.)

Parts of our Travelmax program you see. What you don't see are the constant improvements Travelmax makes in our airport procedures that get you to your car faster than ever before.

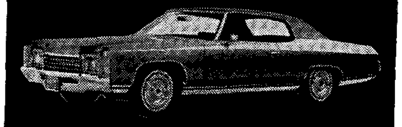
Add all this up, and it gives you the most advanced reservation system in the car rental industry. When your business is making the customer No. 1, that's the way you do things.

Ride with us and be number 1

It's a great feeling!

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL®

- Guaranteed, computerized reservations.
- 2400 U.S. and international locations. (Tilden-Rent-A-Car in Canada)
- S&H Green Stamps
- We feature GM cars: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac
- 800-328-4567 toll free

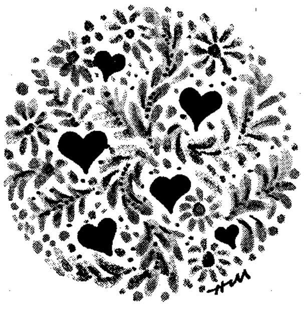


© NATIONAL CAR RENTAL SYSTEM, INC. 1971

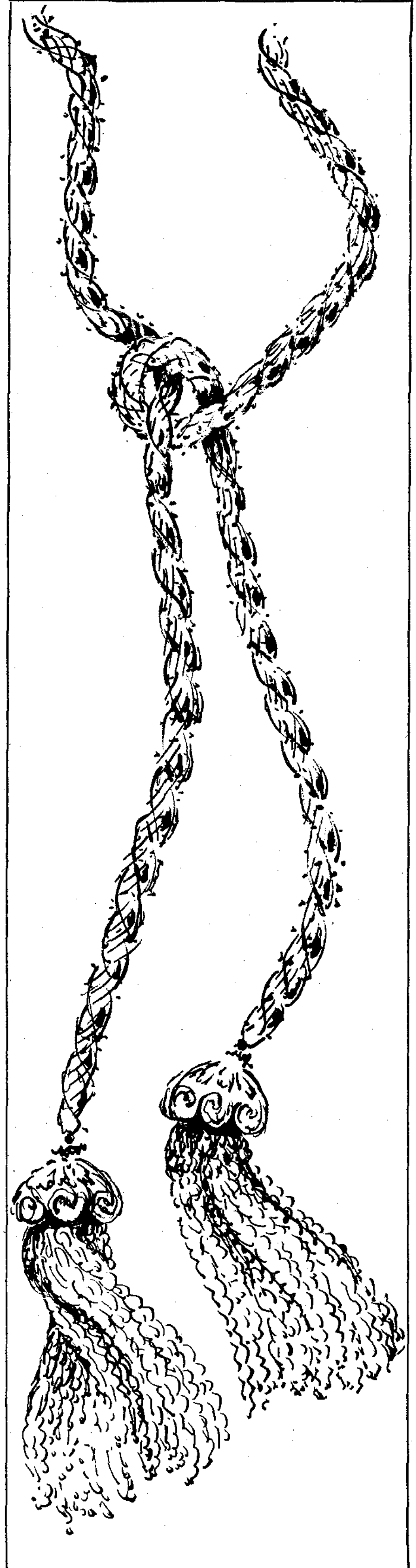
such widely differing figures be accounted for?

When A. M. Rosenthal, the managing editor of the *Times*, was asked about the discrepancies in his paper, he explained that the December 7th report, which stated, “Twenty-eight Black Panthers have been killed in run-ins with the police since January 1, 1968,” was taken from a December 5th story by the same reporter, which said, “According to Charles Garry . . . [Hampton and Clark] were the 27th and 28th Black Panthers killed in clashes with the police since January of 1968,” and which was itself based on a telephone conversation with Garry. In the December 7th story, the qualifying phrase “according to Charles Garry” had been deleted, Rosenthal said, because “the reporter probably felt the source was unimportant in the second story”—although Rosenthal, in discussing the matter, said that he personally felt that the reporter should not have turned an assertion by an interested party into a fact. The figure of twenty-eight had subsequently been reported as fact because the reporter “inadvertently referred to the first figure,” and *this* had happened because “no flag was placed on the error.” (Whitney Young’s assertion that “nearly thirty Panthers have been murdered by law-enforcement officials” was based on the *Times*, according to his research assistant, and the *Times* was then able to report in a Sunday summary that the charge of a “national conspiracy” against the Panthers “has been echoed by more moderate civil-rights leaders.”)

Ben Bagdikian, the national editor of the Washington *Post*, also named Garry as the source for his newspaper’s assertion that twenty-eight Panthers had been killed by police—though the only “specific documentation” on the subject was the U.P.I. bulletin of December 12th. The U.P.I. bulletin, which went out to more than four thousand subscribing domestic newspapers and broadcasting stations, came from the news agency’s San Francisco bureau, which, according to its manager, H. Jefferson Grigsby, obtained the list of “victims of cold-blooded murder by the police” from Panther sources. “There was no further dispatch modifying the December 12th story,” Grigsby has noted. Garry’s list apparently provided publications such as the *New Republic*, *Ramparts*, and the *New Statesman* with the “fact” that twenty Panthers had been killed by police (the figure was published without attribution), and *Ramparts*, in turn, furnished an organization called the Committee to Defend the Panthers—whose letterhead included the names of Norman Mailer, I. F. Stone, Ralph Abernathy, Pete Seeger, Ossie Davis, and Gloria Steinem—with what the committee called the “grim statistic” of twenty Panthers dead. Members of another committee concerned with the treatment that Black Panthers were receiving at the hands of the police—this one set up by former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg and Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P.—were widely quoted as saying that “twenty-eight” and “nearly thirty” Panthers had been “murdered” by police, although Norman C. Amaker, the staff director of the committee, conceded that the list on which these statements were based “was compiled at the behest of their national attorney, Charles Garry.”



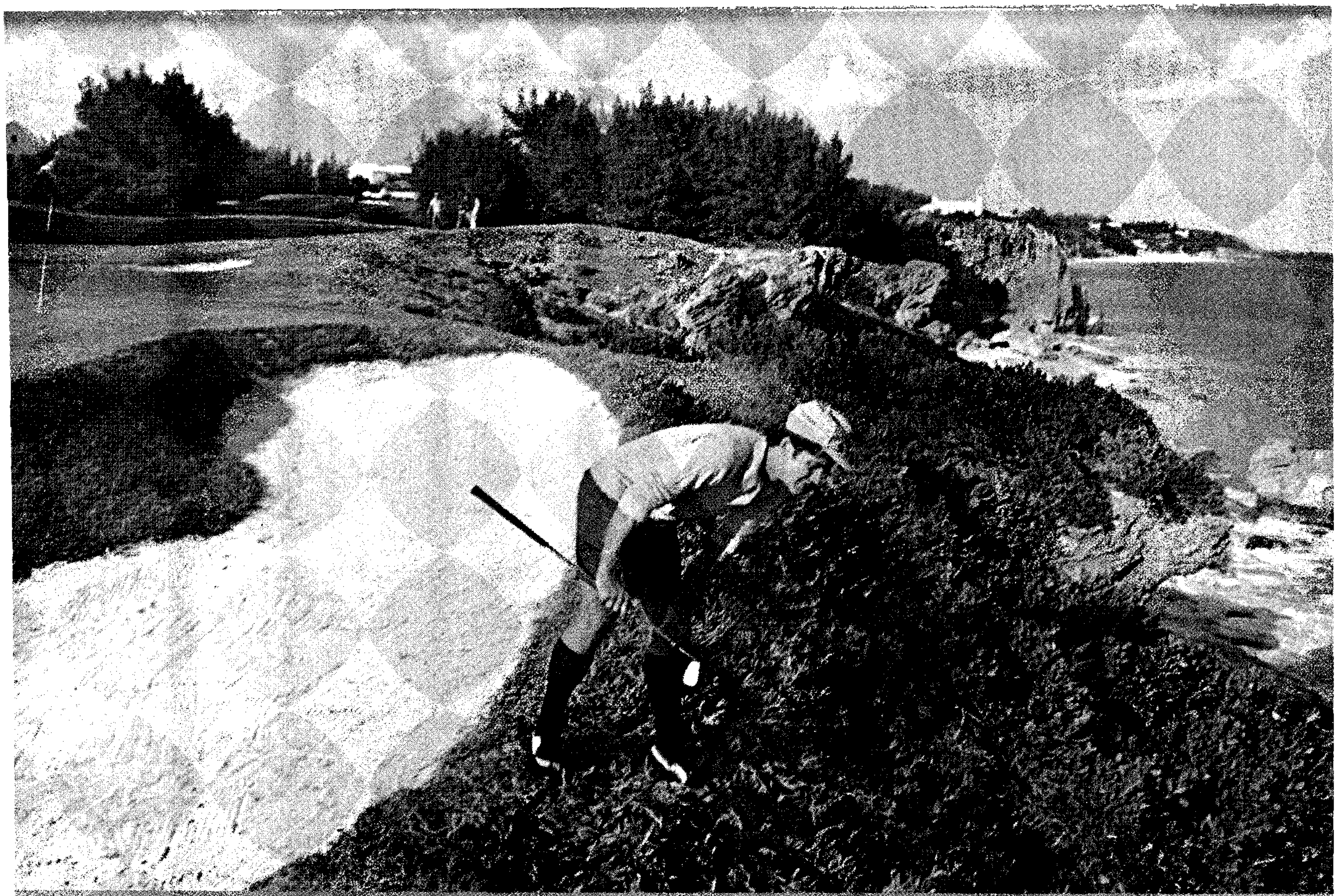
And so it went. Although Garry was certainly an interested party in the controversy over what came to be called the war between the Panthers and the police, it is clear that his assertions were widely accepted at their face value, so even when modifications were made in the lists of casualties it was Garry’s story that was being modified, and practically no independent checking was done. How, then, did Garry arrive at his figures? In September, 1970, Garry explained to me that he chose the number twenty-eight when newsmen called him for a statement after the shooting of Hampton and Clark because that “seemed to be a safe number;” he added that he believed “the actual number of Panthers murdered by the police is many times that figure.” When pressed for the names, however, Garry found he could “document” only “twenty police murders” of Panthers. The list of “twenty murders,” which was sent to me from Garry’s office, along with a warning that “the facts are not necessarily empirical,” actually comprises only nineteen Panther deaths, and one of the nineteen deaths—that of Sidney Miller, in Seattle—is attributed by Garry not to police but to “a merchant who claimed he thought Miller was going to rob the store.” In the coroner’s records, the



Do your own thing with an elegant fling…a long and versatile lariat $12.50. “Rhapsody” in the golden manner of Monet. At all fine stores.

Master Jeweler
Monet®

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK



Where people aren't pushy about playing through.

Our spectacular vistas and fairways, bounded by the sea or fringed by flowers, can perform a miracle of beautification. On even the most hard-nosed golfer.

Add to this the Bermudian climate of courtesy, and you have a kind of gracious golf and living that's contagious.

Even if you don't break 100, to have played one of our eight great courses is worth the experience. And if you wish, the pro will arrange to have your scorecard burned.

After a round, you can try some of the matchless pink sand at one of our magnificent beaches. (In fact, you're never more than a short drive from one, by wood, bike or taxi.)

Or put on your walking shoes for a shopping tour. You'll discover one of the most congenial islands in the world.

In Bermuda, 90 minutes near.

Bermuda

For a change, come to where things haven't changed.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE BERMUDA, 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020 – 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60602

The Whaling Wall.

The wall we're talking about is *System Cado*, by Royal System.

And it houses the collection of nautical objets d'art belonging to Captain H.J.

(He's the swinging scion of a notable shipbuilding family that dates back to the great whaling days of yore. Most of the items in his collection are quite old and costly. Except for Stephanie. She's not old.)

System Cado fulfills all of the good Captain's needs. Thanks to Cado's flexibility, storageability, add-on-ability, and if ever necessary, removeability.

And of course, installation is easily arranged for.

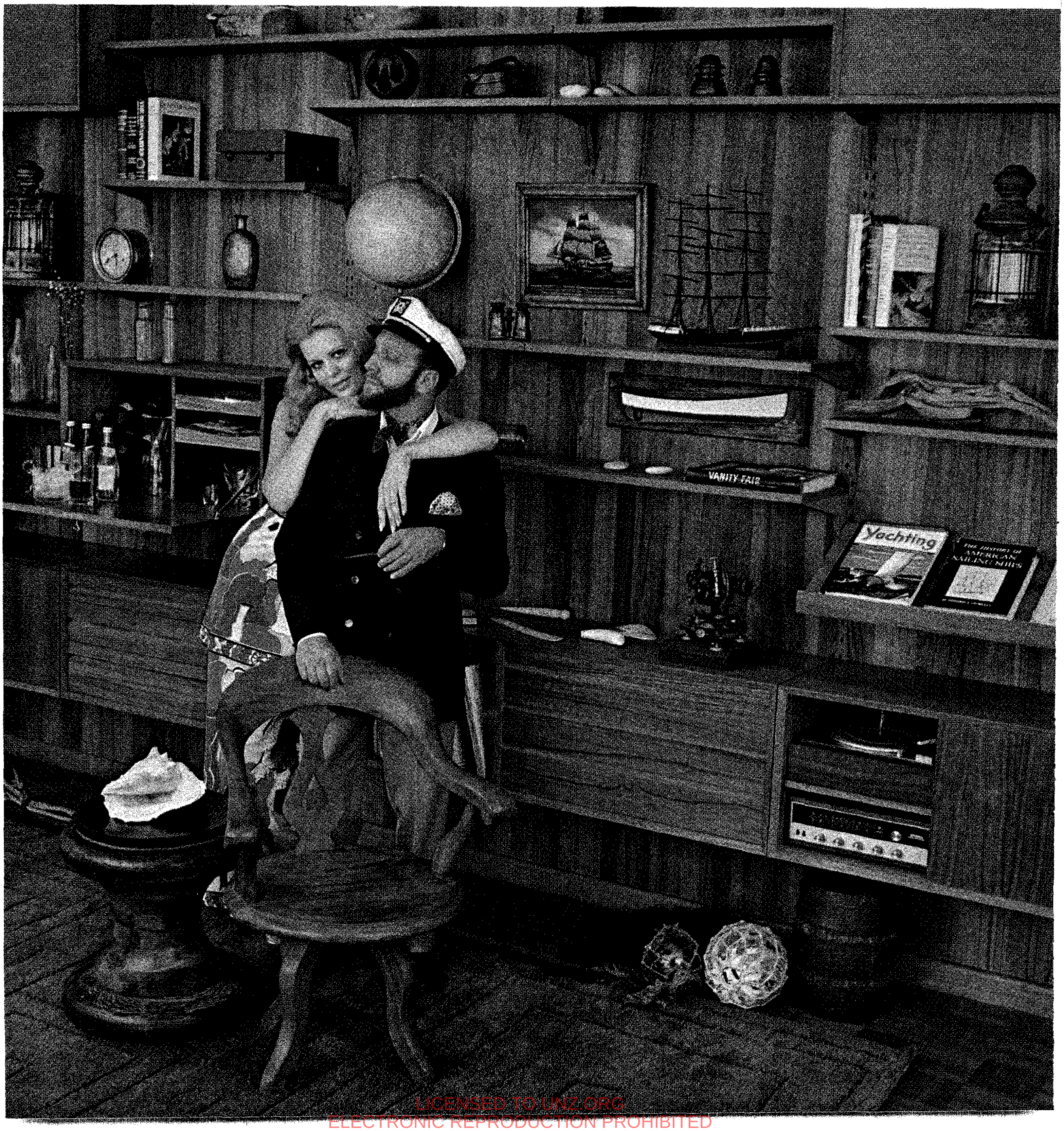
Send 10¢ for our great decorating brochure and planning guide.

So you can start collecting your own objets d'art. Both old and young.

DESIGN: POUL CADOVIUS

ROYAL SYSTEM

Box W, 57-08 39th Avenue, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, or 13850 Saticoy Street, Van Nuys, Calif./In Canada: R.S. Associates, Ltd.


VANITY FAIR
Yachting
THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SAILING SHIPS

statement of the Seattle police is that "the deceased and an unknown person were robbing the Seven-Eleven store at 8856 35th Ave. S.W., and in the progress of the robbery the deceased was shot with a .38-calibre snub-nosed Smith & Wesson by the store owner, Donald F. Lannoye." Lannoye does not dispute the statement that he fired the fatal shot.

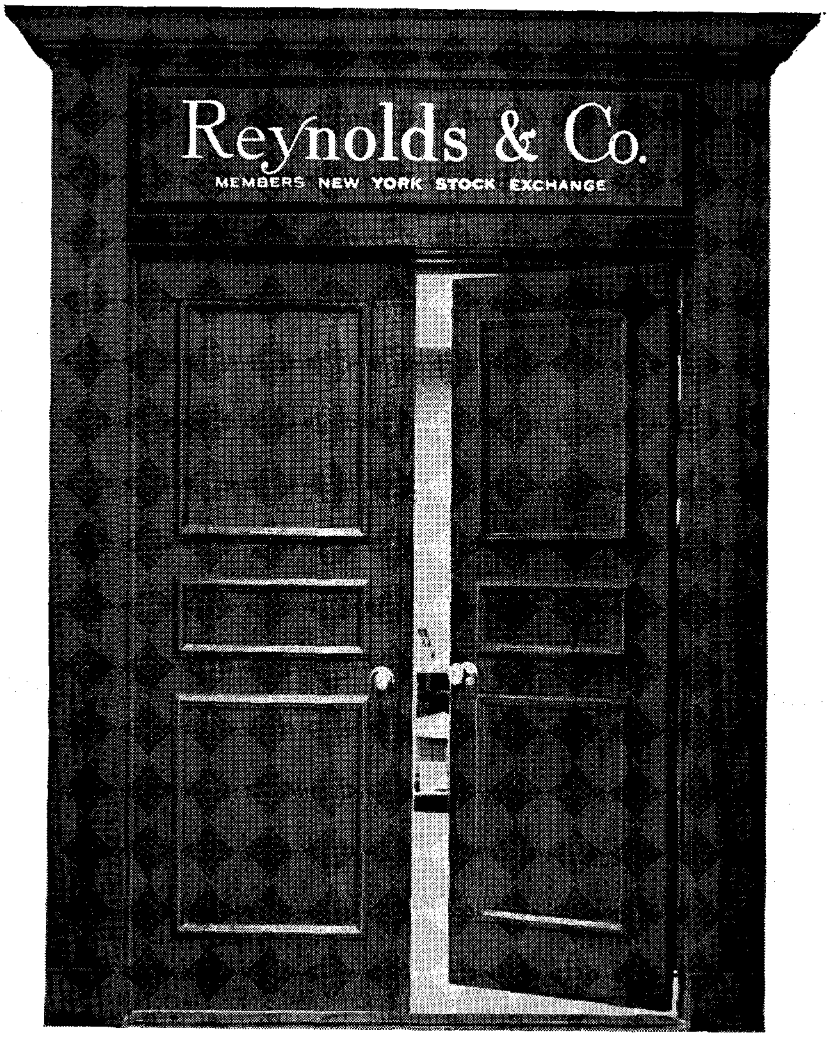
That leaves eighteen "documented" cases involving Black Panthers who Garry claims were murdered by police in pursuance of a conspiracy to "commit genocide upon" the Black Panthers. The way black people in general are treated by the police in our society has become a subject of increasing concern to many citizens, black and white, and, for a number of reasons—including the deaths of Hampton and Clark in Chicago—the idea of a deliberate police campaign against the Panthers may not seem farfetched. But if there is to be an abatement of the fear and near-hysteria that seem to have developed around the question of the Panthers and the police, surely we must begin by getting the facts straight. For this reason, Garry's list of eighteen Panthers allegedly murdered by the police may be worth examining in some detail.

The Case of Alex Rackley

On May 21, 1969, John Mroczka, a twenty-three-year-old factory worker, stopped his motorcycle near a bridge on Route 147 outside of Middlefield, Connecticut, and while walking along the edge of a stream looking for trout saw a "set of legs" and "body" partly submerged. State police were called to the scene by Mroczka, and they recovered from the stream the body of a Negro male whose wrists were tied with gauze and whose neck was encircled by a noose fashioned from a wire coat hanger. An autopsy, conducted immediately afterward, indicated that the man had been severely burned on wide areas of the chest, arms, wrists, buttocks, thighs, and right shoulder and had also been beaten around the face, the groin, and the lumbar region with a hard object before he was shot in the head and chest. The victim, who was subsequently identified by his fingerprints as Alex Rackley, had died, a pathologist concluded, within the preceding twelve to twenty-four hours.

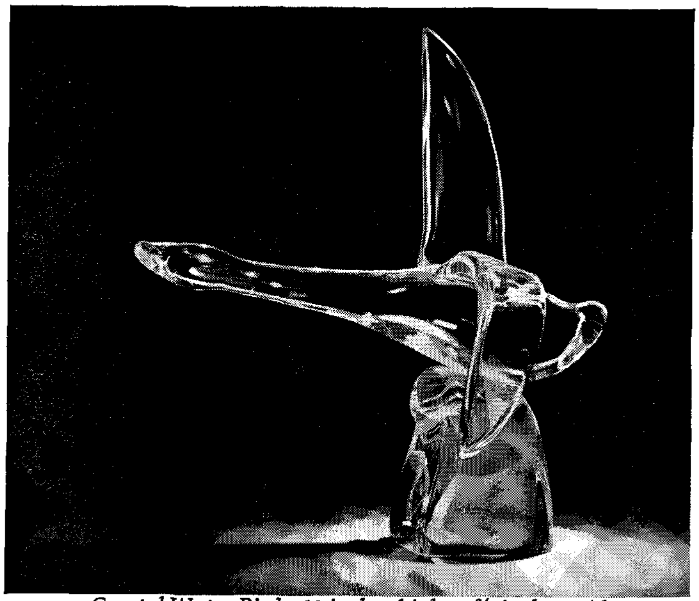
Just after midnight on May 22nd, New Haven police acted on a tip supplied by an informant who identified a Polaroid photograph of the corpse as a man who had been tortured with scalding water in an apartment that served

Founded in 1931—
"the year of the bear"



Forty years old
and growing stronger
than ever.

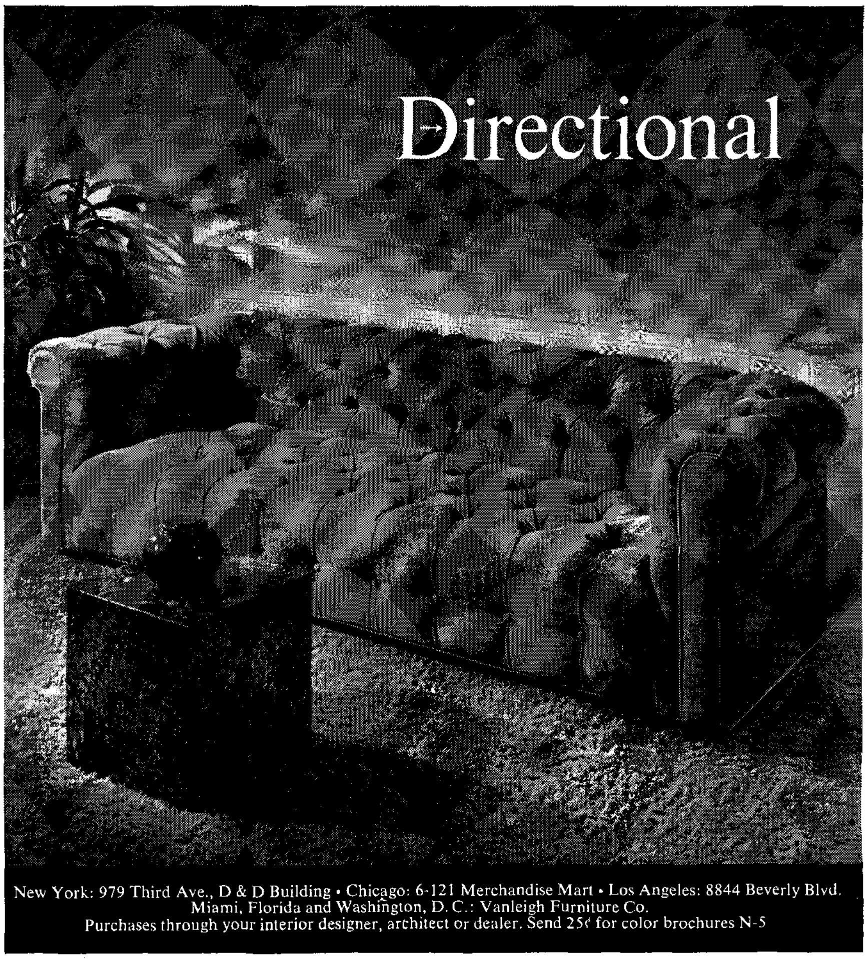
120 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10005 • Offices Coast to Coast



Crystal Water Bird • 10 inches high • 9¾ inches wide

ANNOUNCING A SPECIAL SPRING CATALOGUE:
"THE ANIMAL FAIR"
A multitude of birds, beasts, and fish
will be illustrated. Publication date: April 15.
Reserve your free copy today. Write to

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK • N.Y. 10022 • (212) PL 2-1441



New York: 979 Third Ave., D & D Building • Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart • Los Angeles: 8844 Beverly Blvd.
Miami, Florida and Washington, D. C.: Vanleigh Furniture Co.
Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer. Send 25¢ for color brochures N-5

as Panther headquarters in New Haven. Around 12:30 A.M., they raided the apartment and arrested Warren Kimbro, thirty-five, one of the leaders of the New Haven chapter of the Black Panther Party, and five women members. Eventually, eight other Black Panthers, including Bobby Seale, the national chairman of the Party, were arrested, and all of those arrested, except two who were remanded to a juvenile court, were charged with complicity, in varying degrees, in the kidnapping or torture or murder of Alex Rackley, a twenty-four-year-old member of the New York chapter of the Black Panther Party.

Charles Garry immediately charged that "Rackley was killed by the police or by agents of some armed agency of the government." Holding that the murder victim was in "good standing" in the Party, he further declared, as quoted in *Newsweek*, "We have every reason to believe, and we intend to prove, when the time comes, that Rackley was murdered by police agents."

Even without proof, Garry's version of the events gained wide currency. The U.P.I.'s listing of Panthers alleged by a Party spokesman to have been killed by the police cites "Alex Rackley" simply as " 'tortured and killed' by the police in New Haven, Conn., in May, 1969." At Yale, where a national May Day rally was held in the spring of 1970 to support the Panthers charged in the case, William Sloane Coffin, the Yale chaplain, described the trial of the accused Panthers as "Panther repression," and said, "All of us conspired to bring on this tragedy—law-enforcement agencies by their illegal acts against the Panthers, and the rest of us by our immoral silence in front of these acts." At the same time, the president of Yale, Kingman Brewster, Jr., told striking students—who were demanding, among other things, the release of the Black Panthers awaiting trial for Rackley's murder—that he was "skeptical of the ability of black revolutionaries to achieve a fair trial anywhere in the United States," adding, "In large measure, the atmosphere has been created by police actions and prosecutions against the Panthers in many parts of the country."

At this point, the three Black Panther officers who were specifically accused of taking Rackley to the stream near Middlefield, Connecticut, where his body was found had long since admitted their participation in the killing. George Sams, Jr., a twenty-three-year-old Panther who had once held the

Another leaf from our 125-year history

Teddy Roosevelt was a risky risk

Throughout his life Theodore Roosevelt had a disturbing habit. He kept fencing with death.

He fought his way out of a sickly, frail boyhood to become a star boxer for Harvard. He put his life on the line at San Juan Hill. He even took on lions in Africa.

The kind of heroic figure to make any lady's pulse flutter.

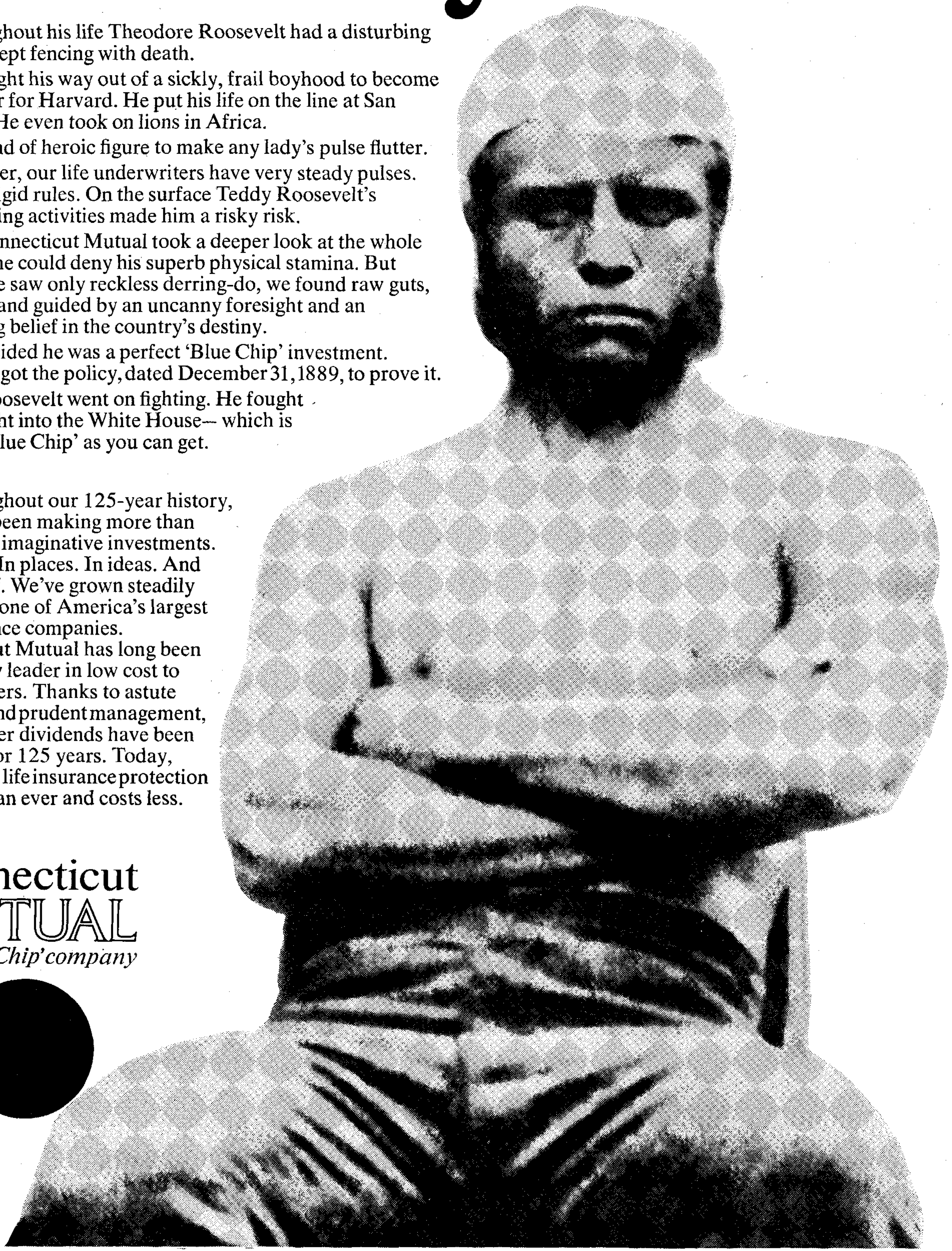
However, our life underwriters have very steady pulses. And very rigid rules. On the surface Teddy Roosevelt's death-defying activities made him a risky risk.

But Connecticut Mutual took a deeper look at the whole man. No one could deny his superb physical stamina. But where some saw only reckless derring-do, we found raw guts, controlled and guided by an uncanny foresight and an unwavering belief in the country's destiny.

We decided he was a perfect 'Blue Chip' investment. And we've got the policy, dated December 31, 1889, to prove it.

Mr. Roosevelt went on fighting. He fought his way right into the White House— which is about as 'Blue Chip' as you can get.

● Throughout our 125-year history, CML has been making more than its share of imaginative investments. In people. In places. In ideas. And it's paid off. We've grown steadily to become one of America's largest life insurance companies. Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader in low cost to policyholders. Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unfailing for 125 years. Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less.



Connecticut
MUTUAL
the 'Blue Chip' company

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 1971, OUR 125TH YEAR rank of field marshal in the national Black Panther Party, pleaded guilty to second-degree murder, which in Connecticut carries with it a mandatory sentence of life imprisonment, and testified that in the early morning of May 21, 1969, he and Warren Kimbro and Lonnie McLucas, using a car that McLucas had borrowed, took Rackley, bound and gagged, from Black Panther headquarters in New Haven to a deserted spot off Route 147; there Kimbro, under Sams' direction, shot Rackley in the head with a .45-calibre pistol, and a few minutes later McLucas fired another shot into the body. Sams testified that he was acting under orders from the "national" Party personally given to him by Bobby Seale. Kimbro pleaded guilty to second-degree murder in January, 1970, and testified in open court that he fired the first shot into the back of Rackley's head after Sams said, "Now." Kimbro, however, refused to implicate Seale in the crime, testifying that he himself was asleep at the time Seale was said by Sams to have visited the headquarters. McLucas, twenty-three, a captain in the Black Panther Party and a founder of the Bridgeport chapter, gave the same general account of the killing to New Haven police detectives and F.B.I. agents two days after he was captured in Salt Lake City in June, 1969. During his own trial, at which he pleaded not guilty to the charge of conspiracy, McLucas testified that he drove Rackley, bound and gagged, along with Sams and Kimbro, from New Haven to Middlefield; after Kimbro had shot Rackley, McLucas said, Sams ordered him, McLucas, "to make sure he was dead." McLucas said he then fired a second bullet into Rackley. McLucas, like Kimbro, has not implicated Seale, although he acknowledged under cross-examination that at the time of the killing he believed he was acting under orders from "national headquarters." (McLucas was found guilty of conspiracy to commit murder and sentenced to twelve to fifteen years in prison.)

XII
IX
III
VI

The testimony of Sams, Kimbro, and McLucas was consistent with physical evidence that has not been contested in various legal proceedings having to do with the case—a .45-calibre pistol that the police found in Panther headquarters on the night of the raid ballistically matched the bullet and the bullet casing found at the scene of the murder, and fingerprints found on the car that McLucas borrowed that night matched those of Sams and Rackley—and also with the statements of other Panthers who were present in the apartment on the night of the killing. For example, Loretta Luckes, who had stood guard over Rackley while he was tied to a bed in the Panther headquarters for two days, described, in testimony during bail hearings, having helped to dress Rackley on the night of the murder while Sams and Kimbro stood over him with a pistol and rifle (because, one Panther said, "he might go crazy"); then, she said, "Lonnie [McLucas], Warren Kimbro, and George Sams" went "out the door" with Rackley.

It may be that McLucas, Kimbro, and Sams were acting under orders from Seale or the national Black Panther Party, or it may be, as much of the testimony in the legal proceedings to date indicates, that some wildly irrational suspicions about Rackley turned an interrogation session into torture and murder. But the fact remains that Rackley was shot not by the police but by two officers of the Black Panther Party, and since both have refused to implicate Seale, the suggestion that they might be "police agents" seems shaky at best. Perhaps Seale's trial for conspiracy now going on in New Haven will shed further light on the motive for the killing, but even at this stage of the legal proceedings it is difficult to take seriously Garry's inclusion of Rackley in his list of Panthers killed by the police.

THE CASE OF NATHANIEL CLARK

Nathaniel Clark, Jr., a nineteen-year-old Black Panther, is listed by Garry as having been "killed by a police agent" and by the U.P.I., quoting the Black Panther Party, as having been "killed by the police in Los Angeles." He was killed by his wife, who told investigating officers that she had shot her husband in self-defense with his revolver after he had, in her words, "shot up with heroin and beat me up." Because of her age, seventeen at the time, the case was remanded to a juvenile court, which adjudged the death to have resulted from involuntary manslaughter.

THE CASE OF ARTHUR MORRIS

On March 13, 1968, while out on bail on a charge of conspiracy to com-

forget the alamo.

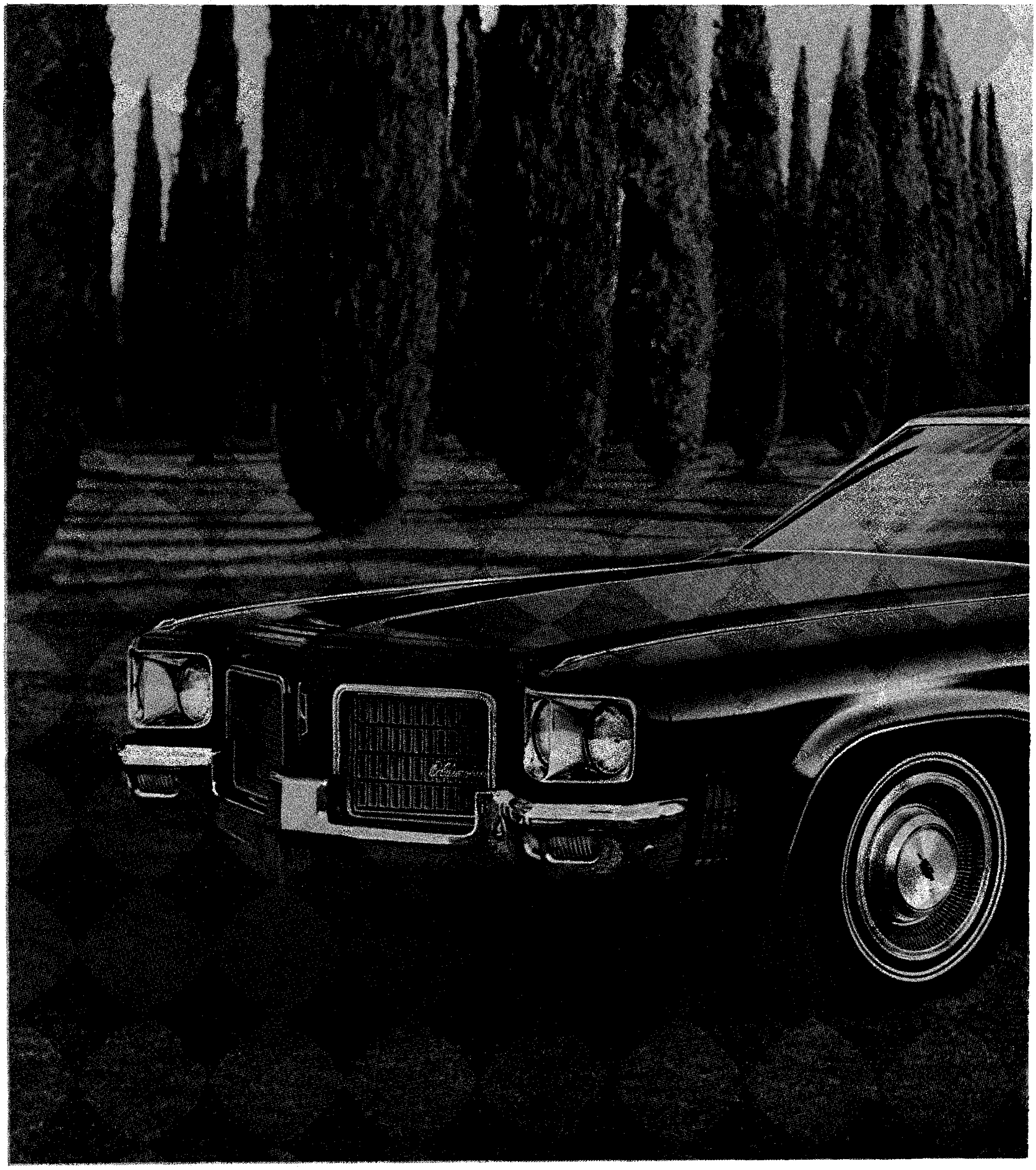
Forget the Alamo while we tell you about some of the other things that make San Antonio unique, like the little river that winds through downtown. People like to dine in the sunshine in sidewalk cafes, or they enjoy strolling along the shady river walk. In the evening they ride water taxis from their hotels to various night spots and listen to great music. We could tell you more, but why not come and see for yourself . . . by the way, the Alamo is nearby and you don't dare forget it!

san antonio-one of america's four unique cities.

NAME ______ NYI
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______
STATE ______ ZIP ______

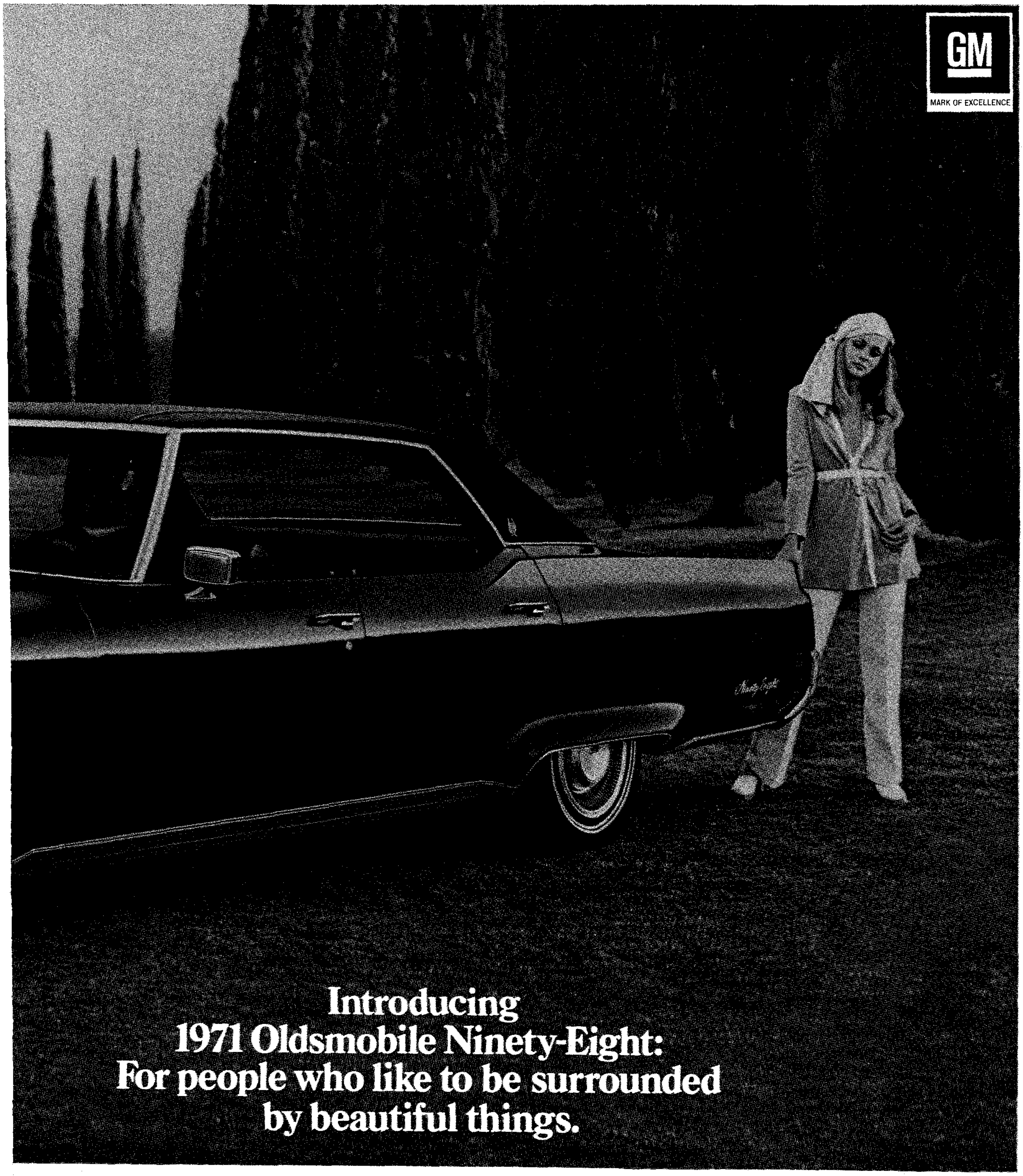
San Antonio Convention
& Visitors Bureau
P. O. Box 2277
San Antonio, Texas 78206

"Some people say all vodkas are alike.
Wolfschmidt's won 33 medals that say otherwise."
"I'll drink to that!"
WOLFSCHMIDT GENUINE VODKA
Wolfschmidt.
The genuine vodka with all the medals.
Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. 10022. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.



A 1971 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight is a thing of beauty from every point of view.

It looks beautiful. It has a crisp, clean design. There's a bold, new grille, a new sweep to the profile and a distinctive new rear deck.



Introducing 1971 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight: For people who like to be surrounded by beautiful things.

Inside, you're surrounded by beauty. There's the warm look of Rosewood, the luxury of deep-pile carpeting and lavish solid-foam seats. And the increased leg- and shoulder-room provide greater comfort.

It rides beautifully. For 1971, Oldsmobile introduces a smoother, more comfortable ride system with exclusive new Supershocks. They soak up bumps and jolts, deliver longer service.

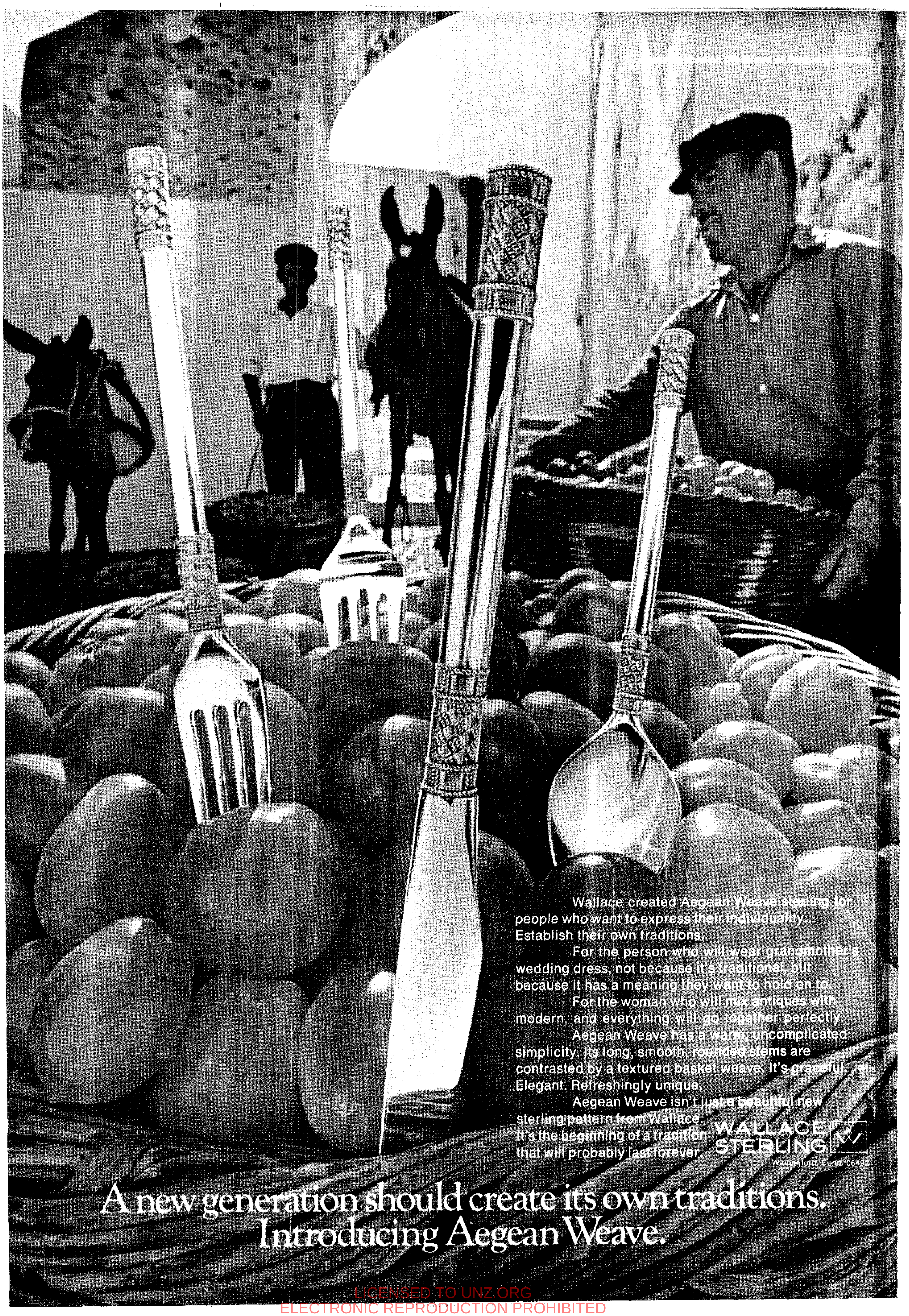
It performs beautifully, too. A pollution-fighting Rocket 455 V-8 that runs efficiently on no-lead, low-lead or regular gas is teamed with a silken-smooth Turbo Hydra-matic Drive. Both standard.

And a Ninety-Eight treats you beautifully. Power steering, power front disc brakes (power windows and power seat in Luxury Sedan and Luxury Coupe models) are all standard.

See the entire collection of beautiful 1971 Ninety-Eights at your Oldsmobile dealer's soon.

Oldsmobile

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD



Wallace created Aegean Weave sterling for people who want to express their individuality. Establish their own traditions.

For the person who will wear grandmother's wedding dress, not because it's traditional, but because it has a meaning they want to hold on to.

For the woman who will mix antiques with modern, and everything will go together perfectly.

Aegean Weave has a warm, uncomplicated simplicity. Its long, smooth, rounded stems are contrasted by a textured basket weave. It's graceful. Elegant. Refreshingly unique.

Aegean Weave isn't just a beautiful new sterling pattern from Wallace. It's the beginning of a tradition that will probably last forever.

WALLACE
STERLING
Wallingford, Conn. 06492

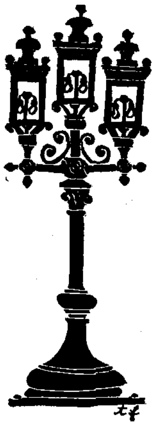
A new generation should create its own traditions.
Introducing Aegean Weave.

mit murder, Arthur Glenn Morris (also known as Arthur Coltrale) was killed by a blast from a 12-gauge shotgun in a friend's back yard. According to the friend's wife, Mrs. Henry Daily, Morris and a companion, Donald Campbell, were in the back yard talking with her husband, who had taken his 12-gauge shotgun out there with him. She heard the men arguing, then heard a volley of shots. Rushing out, she found all three men fatally shot. Apparently, there had been a shootout, in which either Morris or Campbell had shot Daily with a .32-calibre automatic (the gun found at the scene) and he had shot both men with his shotgun. None survived to tell their stories.

The Cases of John Huggins, Alprentice Carter, Sylvester Bell, and John Savage

Of the fifteen remaining "homicides" on Garry's list, four Panthers—John Jerome Huggins, Jr., Alprentice (Bunchy) Carter, Sylvester Bell, and John Savage—were actually shot to death, according to both the Black Panther Party and California authorities, by members of US, a rival black-militant organization, headed by Ron Karenga, with which the Panthers had once temporarily allied themselves in a lawsuit against the Los Angeles Police Department.

The dispute began at the University of California at Los Angeles in the fall of 1968, when Ron Karenga attempted to select the director of the Black Studies Program through the Community Advisory Board, of which he was a director. A number of Black Panthers, including Huggins and Carter, who were at that time enrolled in the black section of the "high-potential" program, vigorously opposed Karenga's attempt, despite the warning of a Karenga spokesman, who said, "This is not a decision that anybody is going to take out of our hands. . . . Anybody that is involved in this is going to have to come back to the community after dark." Leaders of US said that students who accepted Karenga's hand-picked director would be given "protection" against Panther reprisals. On January 17, 1969, some hundred and fifty members of the U.C.L.A. Black Students Union met in Campbell Hall on the U.C.L.A. campus to resolve the dispute over the directorship. Five members of the élite guard of US—known as Simbas, after the word for "lion" in Swahili—were present. Shortly after noon, in the student cafeteria, Huggins and Carter cornered a young Simba named Harold Jones, who had been accused of manhandling a female Panther earlier in the day, and began pummelling him. Suddenly another Simba, dressed in a dashiki, stepped up behind Huggins and fatally shot him in the back. A gun battle ensued, in which Carter was also shot to death before the Simbas fled.



Black Panthers who had been present at the meeting were reluctant to supply information at first, but they cooperated fully with the police and the prosecutor in identifying the assailants and finding witnesses after the prosecutor spoke to Garry, who, the prosecutor later reported, "instructed the local Panthers to help us in our investigation." Two of the Simbas, George Phillip Stiner and Larry Joseph Stiner, were brought to trial on charges of conspiracy to commit murder, were convicted, largely on the basis of the testimony of five Black Panther witnesses, and sentenced to life imprisonment. A third Simba, Donald Hawkins, was also convicted of conspiracy to commit murder, and was sentenced to an indefinite term in the detention program of the California Youth Authority. Two other Simbas indicted in connection with the same killings—Harold Jones and Claude Hubert, who are alleged to have done the actual shooting—are still fugitives. (Karenga, who was on a speaking tour of Eastern cities at the time of these shootings, was subsequently arrested and indicted in Los Angeles on torture charges in another case.)

In the aftermath of the gun battle in Campbell Hall, two more Black Panthers were killed by members of the US organization, according to both the Black Panther Party and the police. "At about 3:30 P.M. on May 23rd in San Diego, California, Lt. John Savage, Black Panther Party, was murdered by a whitewashed Karangatang, a member of the US organization led by Ron (Everett) Karenga," the Black Panther newspaper reported, and it went on, "Mr. Karenga, better known as pork chop, is leading his culturalized pork chops in a futile attempt to destroy the Black Panther Party." The US member who shot Savage was eventually arraigned and pleaded guilty to a charge of manslaughter. A few weeks after Savage's death, another Panther, Sylvester Bell, who was sell-

Here's how to look for trouble in your trees—now.

Now, while your trees are bare of leaves, a careful look at them may reveal signs of future insect trouble or diseases.

Look for tough little shells tightly attached to branches and twigs. Destructive scale insects could be hiding there. Or you may spot overwintering egg masses, breeding places of other harmful insects.

See any? Act! Before severe damage results.

Get an early diagnosis from your local Davey representative. He will be able to recommend the spray formulation and proper scheduling for the most effective protection of your trees. A Davey safe-spray will seep in under the scales and into the egg clusters and destroy them.

Strengthen your trees' resistance to disease, too, with a deep-root feeding of specially formulated tree food. And pruning and removal of dead or broken branches will eliminate breeding places of insects and starting places of diseases.

So, look closely at what your trees are telling you! If you find any signs of troublemakers, call your local Davey representative for help. Look in the Yellow Pages under TREE SERVICE for Davey, the original and largest tree-saving service in the world. Or write to Dept. 6.

DAVEY TREE
KENT, OHIO 44240
Coast to Coast and Canada

fide et opera

You can reach Palm Beach Shores by plane in less than 2 1/2 hours. 1500 feet of the finest private beach on the Atlantic Ocean; only a few hundred yards from the warm gulf stream in the heart of the Florida Gold Coast is waiting for you.

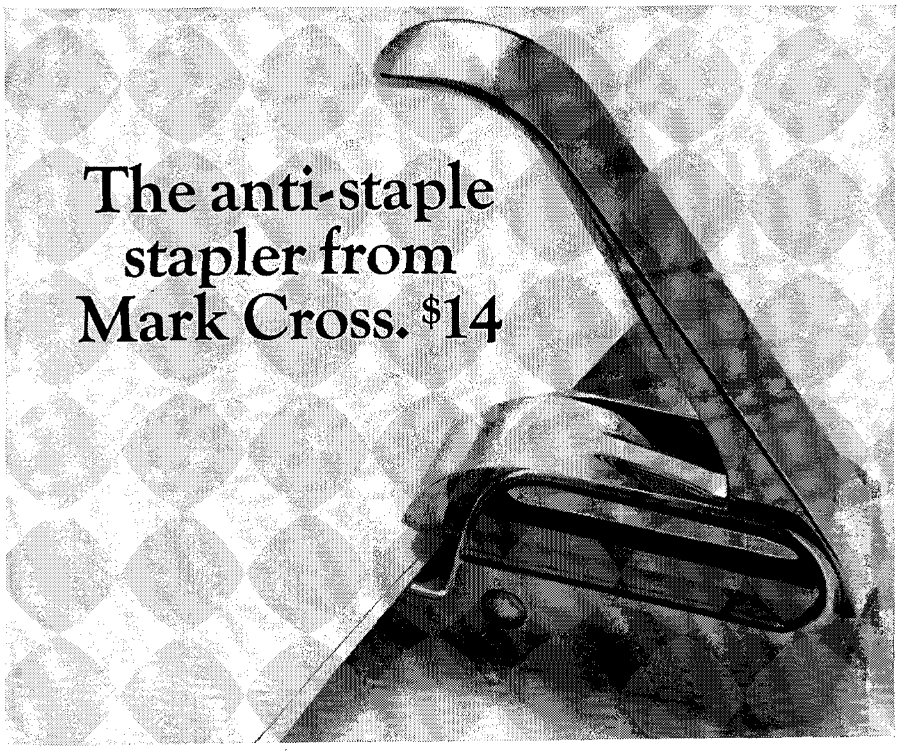
Luxurious accommodations, wonderful food and all the facilities to have fun-in-the-sun. Olympic size pool, Sauna Baths, Tennis Courts, Children's playground.

Exclusive guest privileges at the world famous PGA National Golf Club only minutes away. Deep sea fishing—Jai Alai—dog, horse and harness racing are close by. Palm Beach's exciting Worth Avenue shopping area is just across the inlet. For reservations write or phone Resident Manager.

Colonnades Beach Hotel

Box 12633, Palm Beach Shores, Fla. 33403

Phone 305-844-5221



Devilishly clever contraption. Joins papers together with a crimped seam, rather than clips or staples. (Papers can be separated without tearing.) Never needs refills. In bright chrome, 4½" long. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 90¢ postage beyond delivery area.)

MARK CROSS

New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Detroit/Bal Harbour, Fla.

ing the Black Panther newspaper in Otto Square in San Diego, was approached by three members of US, who, according to the Black Panther account of the incident, asked him, "Are you talking about us this week?" A fight broke out, during which Bell was joined by two fellow-Panthers, and one of the three members of US drew a gun and fatally shot Bell. The San Diego police arrested three members of US and indicted them for murder. One was convicted of murder, and the two others were convicted as accessories. Since Garry himself and the Panthers assisted the authorities in the identification and prosecution of some of those involved in the killings, his subsequent inclusion of these four names in his list of Panthers murdered by the police appears to be disingenuous.

The Case of Franko Diggs

Franko Diggs, forty, who was a captain in the Black Panther Party, was found fatally shot in the Watts section of Los Angeles on December 19, 1968. No witnesses to the shooting could be found, but the police identified the murder weapon from the bullets as a foreign-made 9-mm. automatic pistol. Almost a year later, when the Los Angeles police crime laboratory was doing routine ballistics tests on eighteen weapons seized in a raid on Black Panther headquarters early in 1969, it was found that one of the confiscated Panther automatics ballistically matched the bullet that had killed Diggs. The chain of ownership could not be established, however, so the owner at the time Diggs was shot could not be identified. According to the police, the crime remains unsolved, but Garry, almost a year after Diggs' death, added his name to the list of Black Panthers killed by police. A doubtful matter at best.

THE ten remaining Black Panthers on Garry's list were in fact killed by the police—five in 1968 and five in 1969. Whether these deaths were deliberate murders carried out as part of what Garry called a "national scheme" to wipe out the Panthers depends, of course, on the circumstances under which each of the deaths occurred.

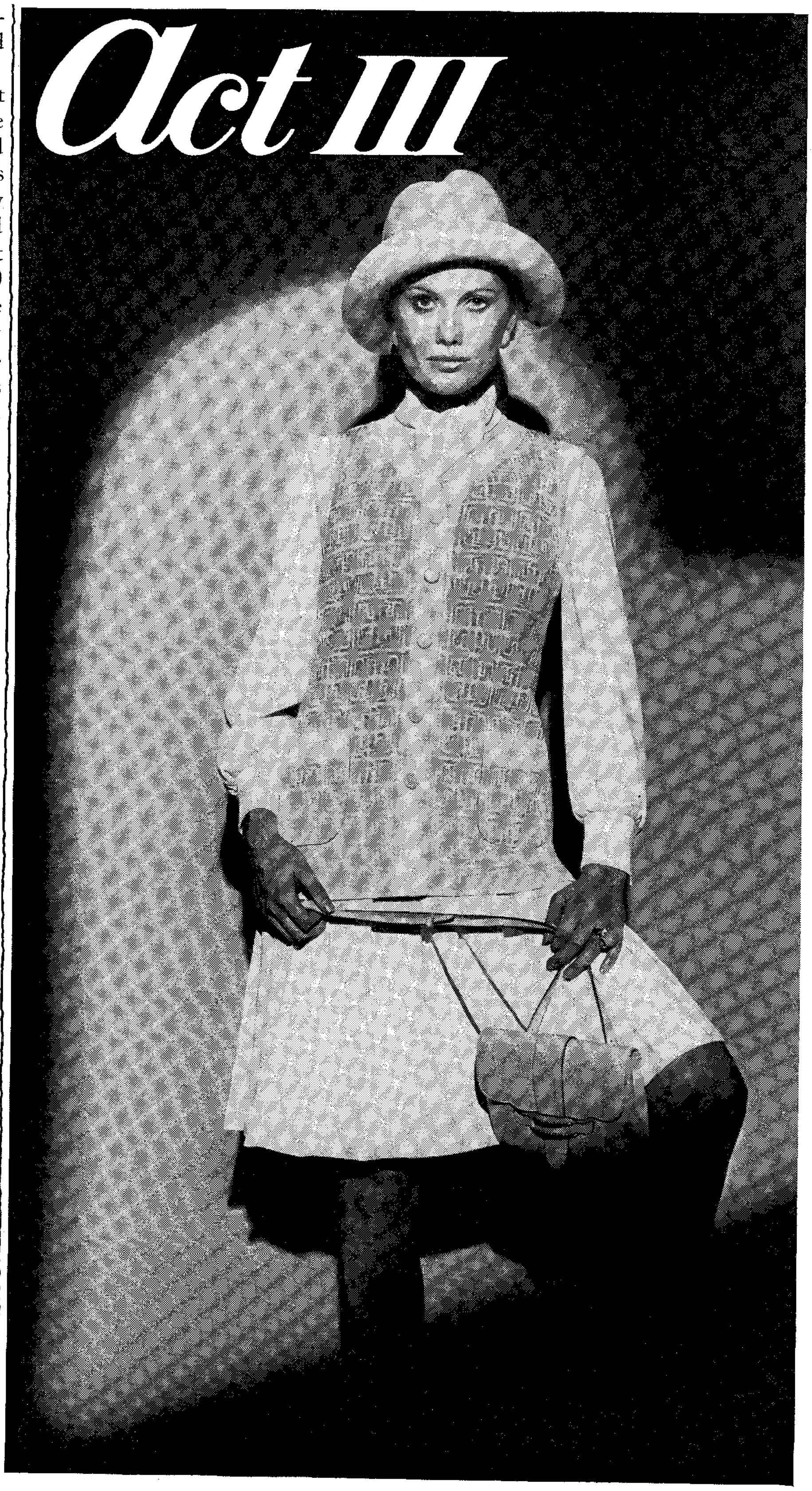
The Case of Larry Roberson

In summarizing the deaths of various Black Panthers, the *Times* quoted "sources in Chicago" as saying that Larry Roberson "died in jail after being wounded in [a] shoot-out during

[a] police raid"—a statement suggesting that he was shot during a planned police action against a Panther office.

The picture of what happened that can be pieced together from police records, independent witnesses, and even the Black Panther newspaper is very different. At 2:01 A.M. on July 16, 1969, the Chicago police received a "citizen's complaint" that a fruit stand had been burglarized at 610 California Street, in the West Side ghetto. A radio dispatcher routinely recorded this information on a computer card used for statistical analysis of complaints and crime patterns, and dispatched the patrol car that his electronic map indicated was nearest to the scene—Car No. 1124, manned by Officers Kenneth Gorles and Daniel Sampila. According to Sampila's subsequent report, the officers arrived at the fruit stand at about 2:05 A.M. and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Burman Jenkins, friends of its owner, who pointed out a hole in the door of the stand. The two policemen, led by Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, then followed a trail of apples and oranges to a passageway, where they found two empty fruit baskets. While the police were flashing a searchlight around, the group encountered Larry Roberson, twenty-one, and Grady Moore, twenty-eight, who identified themselves as "community leaders," and were told by Sampila to "mind their own business." The group, followed by Roberson and Moore, then returned to the fruit stand, where they were met by the Reverend Edmond Jones, who owned the fruit stand, and another of his friends, the Reverend Clarence Edward Stowers, who was the pastor at the nearby Mars Hill Missionary Baptist Church. A few minutes later, the two policemen and Jenkins were shot. In a statement Stowers made later, he described what happened this way:

> Reverend Jones, Mr. Jenkins, myself, and the two officers were standing there talking about boarding up the door. Two men walked up and started looking in the hole in the door and asking what had happened. The officers told them that everything was taken care of and they should leave. One of the men had his hand in his pocket, and the officer shined his light on the man. The man asked him why was he shining the light on him and don't be doing that. Then the shooting started. The officers had their guns in their holsters so it must have been the men that were shooting. One of the officers fell down and the other one got hit in the shoulder. I remember it was only one of the two men that was shooting. He turned and ran up the alley. I don't know where the other one went to. Well, anyway the policeman that had fallen to the ground



THE BIG CITY KNIT. Urbane. Onto-it. Illuminating the '71 direction of dress-dressing, with all the intuitive savvy at the command of designer Nancy Ebker. Never-a-care doubleknit Dacron® polyester crepe, crisply skirt-pleated beneath a sleeveless crepe-stroked jacquard textured cardigan vest. A look to launch immediate attraction reactions in sand, yellow, aqua, navy, with white. Sizes 6-16. About $60.
ACT III • Division of Jonathan Logan • 1411 Broadway, New York 10018

ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Brooklyn; ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON, Buffalo; CHARLES A. STEVENS, Chicago; B. SIEGEL CO., Detroit; and fine stores everywhere.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER DENVER WEST HANDBAG BY GUCCI JEWELRY BY ALEXIS KIRK HAT BY ADOLFO II

Double-knit
DAKS®
All the others are just slacks.

DAKS® double-knit trousers of Fortrel polyester. Geometrics, chevrons and other exciting patterns, tailored to our customary high standards in the U.S.A. For names of dealers, write Daks, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

started chasing the man up the alley and lots of shots were fired.

Jones gave a similar account of the incident:

> The policeman and Mr. Jenkins told Reverend Stowers and me that they hadn't found anything and that I could nail a board or something across the door. While we were talking two guys came across the playlot from Flournoy Street and started asking a lot of questions. The tall guy [Moore] went and looked in the door and the policeman told them that they had everything under control and for them to go about their business. The tall guy started mouthing at the policeman and then the other guy [Roberson] came up and hollered, "What's happening?" And he started shooting. One of the policemen [Sampila] fell to the ground right at my feet and the two guys started running. The policeman that had fallen by me got up and started chasing the man that was shooting at us. They ran down the alley and I heard more shots.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins agreed with this account, Mr. Jenkins adding:

> One man shouted something and started shooting . . . after the first shot one officer fell to his knees, the second shot hit officer Gorles, and the third shot hit me.

Roberson, pursued through the alley, was shot in the ankle, in the thigh, and in the abdomen by Sampila before he surrendered. According to the Chicago crime laboratory, the bullets that struck Gorles (in the left shoulder and collarbone), Sampila (in the head), and Jenkins (in the right side) all came from a .38-calibre snub-nosed Smith & Wesson taken from Roberson. This turned out to be a stolen weapon. Roberson was arrested on charges of attempted murder and was admitted to the Cermak Memorial Hospital, where he underwent surgery. Seven weeks later, he contracted jaundice and died in the Cook County Hospital.

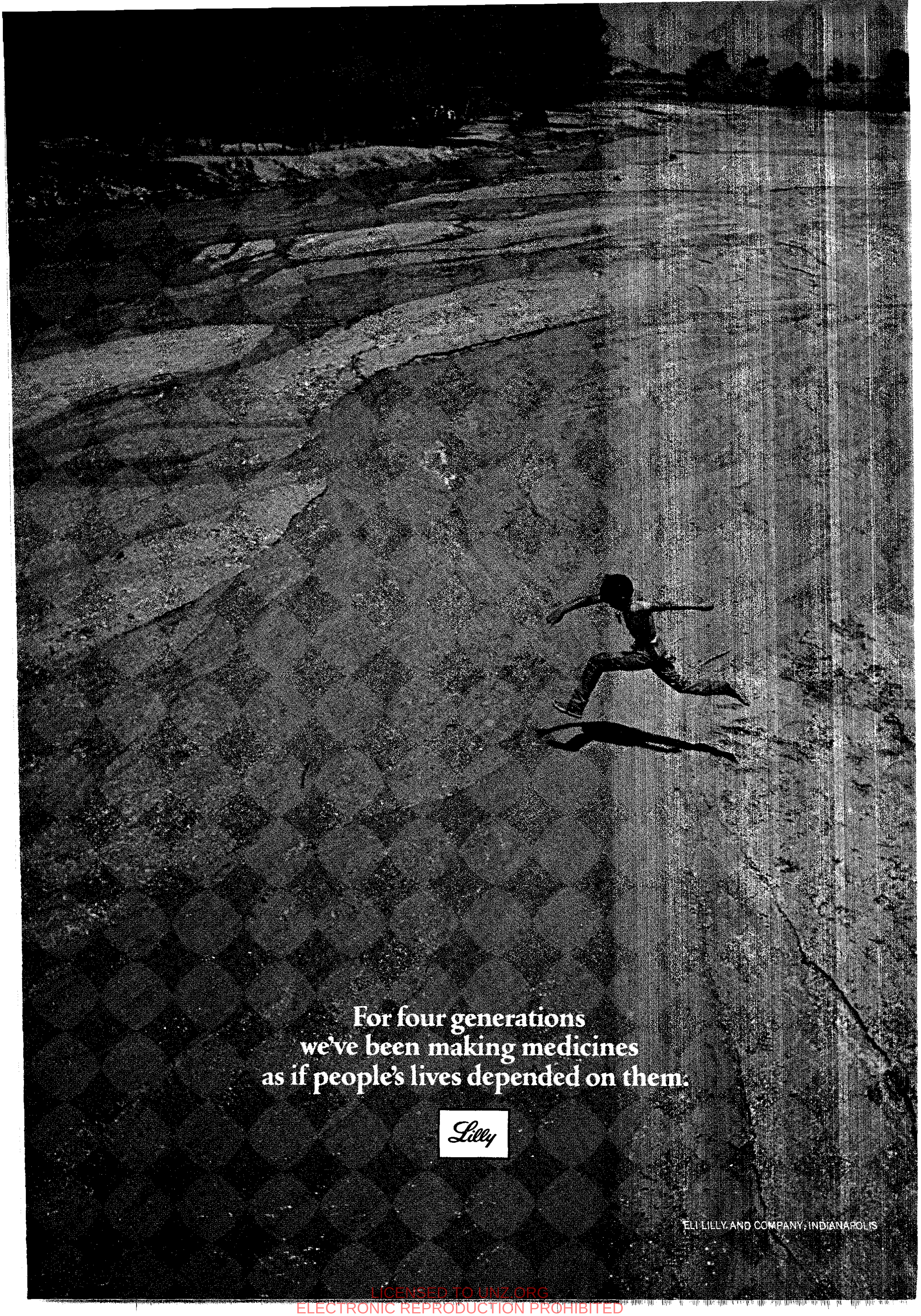
A somewhat different version of the incident was provided by the Black Panther newspaper, which reported, in August:

> On July 17, 1969, two brothers in the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther Party were returning to their community after finishing a day of revolutionary work for the people's Party. On this particular night they noticed the pigs had nine brothers on the wall next to a storefront, harassing them. Five of the brothers were in ages ranging from 50-62 years old. The pigs claimed they were answering a burglary in process call. Can you imagine men 50-62 years old burglarizing a store in their own community? Well, after investigating the matter and coming to the conclusion that this was just another racist act of harassment committed by the pigs on the people, Larry Roberson and Grady Moore walked over to the scene where the majority of the people had gone and asked an officer what was going on. The pig then demagogically replied "This is none of your damn business." Br. Larry then stated "I am a member of this community and even by your laws I have the right to know what's going on." The crazy pig then said "Smart bastard, you're under arrest for disorderly conduct." The people of the community immediately got between Larry and the pigs, and the pig drew his gun and ordered them aside while his pig partner radioed for help. Larry then (with the instructions from the people) was told to go home because the people hadn't seen him do anything, so he and Grady started away and the pig deliberately shot Larry in the leg. Grady grabbed Larry to help him to try to escape with his life. This whole area was sealed off with crazy, drunk, inhuman pigs. Larry was then cornered in an alley, unarmed and wounded. As the pig approached him, he oinked "I'll teach you and your partner how to interfere with pig matters." He then aimed at Larry's head. It was true that Larry was unarmed, but being a Panther and a stone revolutionary, he had educated the true power—the people. As the pig was ready to squeeze the trigger, the power of the people was demonstrated. A voice quoted Huey: "You racist pigs must withdraw immediately from the black community and cease this wanton murder and brutality of black people or face the wrath of the armed people." Then, the shots from the people rang out from everywhere for about 30 seconds; then it ceased. One pig shot in the head and one pig shot in the shoulder. Larry and Grady then started to make it when more pigs arrived. Larry and Grady turned and raised their hands. The pig that was shot in the shoulder raised his gun and shot Brother Larry in the stomach, thigh and leg trying to kill him. Grady evidently escaped death when the people in the community came out to witness the action. . . . Larry Roberson is proven to be a true revolutionary not by words but by deeds. He has shown his love for the people. He put his life on the line and in return the people released some revolutionary power.

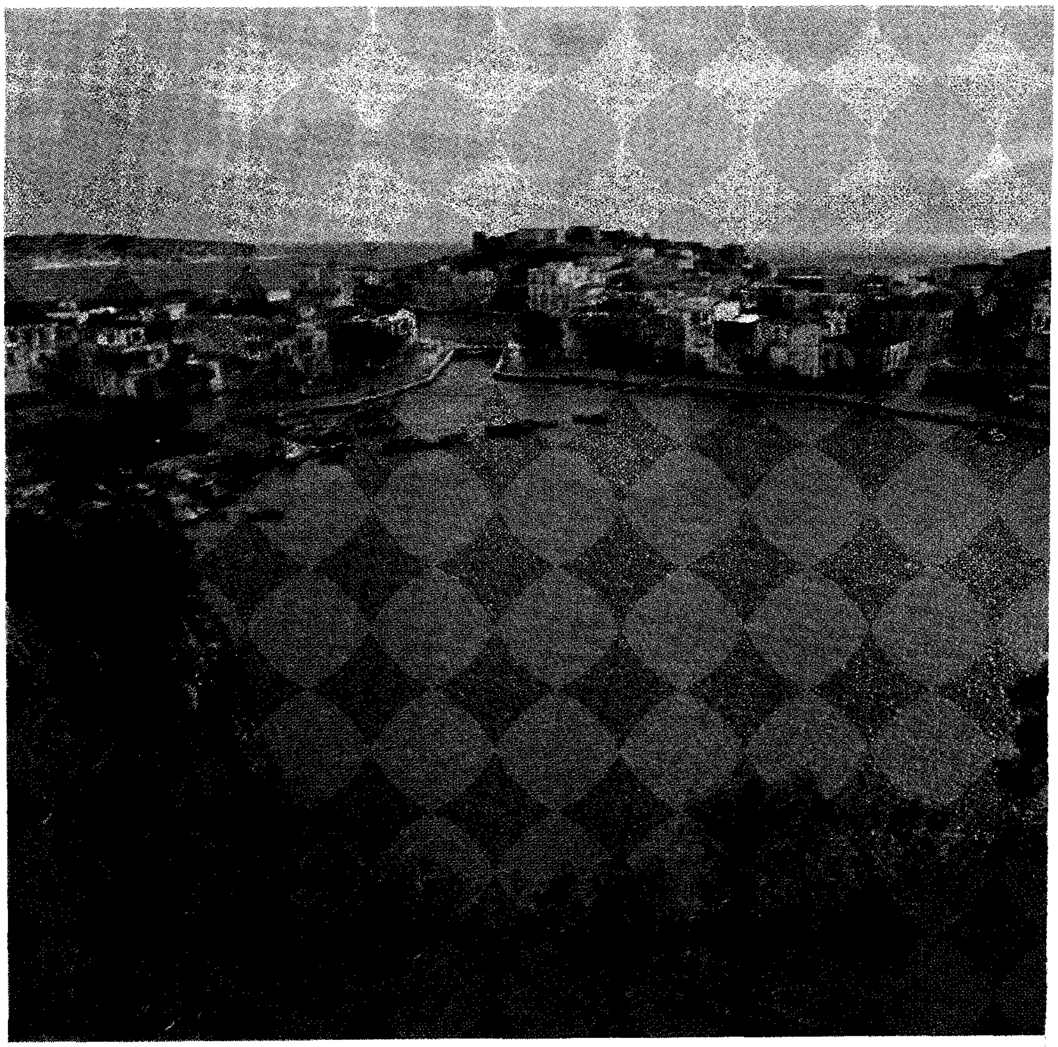
The statements that Roberson was unarmed and that the "people" did the shooting were contradicted by a subsequent report in the Black Panther newspaper, which said that "determined to defend himself even after being shot, Larry managed to get his gun out and wound two of the attacking maniacs." But the Panther version and the police version actually agree in a number of significant respects: the encounter was accidental; the Panthers approached the police rather than the other way around; and two police officers were shot *before* Roberson was seriously wounded in the abdomen.

THE CASE OF BOBBY HUTTON

According to *Life*, Bobby Hutton, the seventeen-year-old minister of finance of the Black Panther Party, was


For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.
Lilly
ELI LILLY AND COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

The Greek Isle of Crete. Olympic Airways' unbelievable alternative to Puerto Rico.



"Crete? I can't afford Crete!"

We thought you'd say that.

Because of the airfare, everybody assumes going to the Greek Isles is the impossible dream.

While this assumption is 100% logical, it's also 100% false.

Incredibly enough, Olympic can offer you three weeks in the Aegean for the price of two in the Caribbean.

How can this be?

$4 for a hotel is expensive.

Be extravagant. Check into the best hotel in town. On most of the Greek Isles it'll set you back about 120 Drachmas. That's around $4.

Of course, if you're on a budget, there are many hotels in the isles for less than $2 a night.

In Greece, a dollar goes so far you'll think someone made a mistake.

Dinner. For what you'd tip elsewhere.

In a Greek taverna nestled by the sea, you'll feast on lamb, pork, chicken, seafood, exotic cheeses.

To wash it down, *ouzo* or a fine wine called *kissamos*.

Such a meal sets you back $1.95.

After two weeks of this kind of living you've more than made up the difference in airfare.

Secluded white beaches; the blue Aegean.

On the sun-drenched beaches of Crete you'll be mingling with some fascinating Europeans.

The Aegean, you see, is Europe's playground.

You never heard of a Frenchman vacationing in Puerto Rico, did you?

Icarus used to fly here.

Crete, being Greece, is deep in mythology.

Icarus himself took off from Crete some 4,000 legendary years ago. But now Olympic has the sole concession.

In fact, Olympic is the only airline that flies to Crete as well as most of Greece and the Greek Isles.

Unbelievable alternatives to the Caribbean, Acapulco.

Olympic has new ideas on all the old places.

Talk to your travel agent. And for juicy brochures, write Olympic Airways, Dept. ST, 647 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Then, when you come to the isles, send your friends in Puerto Rico a postcard.

They'll hate you.

We fly you to the unbelievable alternatives. OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

Olympic Airways.
Now serving
42 cities.

Transatlantic:
(from New York, Chicago, Montreal)
Paris
Athens
Tel Aviv
Cairo
Nairobi
Johannesburg

In Europe:
Amsterdam
Brussels
Frankfurt
Geneva
Hamburg
London
Munich
Rome
Vienna
Zurich

In the Middle East:
Istanbul
Nicosia

Greece and the Greek Isles:
Athens
Agrinion
Alexandroupolis
Chania
Chios
Corfu
Drama
Heraklion
Ioannina
Kalamata
Kastoria
Kavala
Kos
Kozani
Larissa
Lefkas
Lemnos
Mytilene
Preveza
Pyrgos
Rethymnon
Rhodos
Samos
Thessaloniki
Volos

OLYMPIC
AIRWAYS

killed and Eldridge Cleaver was wounded in an "Oakland police ambush" in 1968. The *Times* quoted Garry as attributing Hutton's death to a "police ambush."

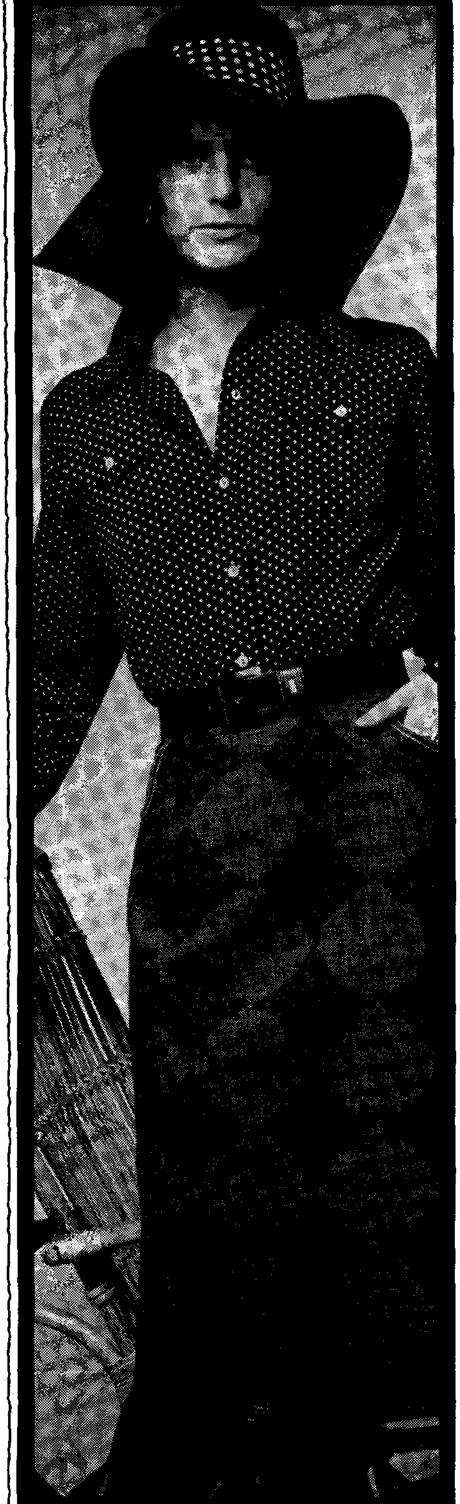
Shortly after 9 P.M. on April 6, 1968, Officers Nolan R. Darnell and Richard R. Jensen, while on routine patrol in the area of Oakland, California, that is predominantly inhabited by blacks, stopped their patrol car on Union Street next to a parked 1954 Ford when they caught a glimpse of a man crouching at the curb side of the car. In their report, they said that they suspected he might be trying to steal it. Moments later, while investigating the situation, both officers were hit by bullets fired from behind them. Afterward, forty-nine bullet holes were found in the police car, the rear window had "two large areas shot inward," and the side windows and the open door, next to which Darnell was standing at the time, had also been hit numerous times. According to medical reports prepared by Dr. William Mills, Jr., of Samuel Merritt Hospital, Darnell was wounded in the "upper right back." Jensen, apparently hit by a blast from a 12-gauge shotgun, suffered multiple wounds in the "lower right back," in the "right arm," and in the "right ankle and foot." According to Darnell, a number of men armed with shotguns and rifles ran from cars parked behind and ahead of the 1954 Ford, some of them through an alley into the block across the street, while Darnell urgently called for help on the police radio.

An account of the incident in the Black Panther newspaper said, "Several Panthers in cars in West Oakland on Saturday night, April 6th, were approached by two pigs and menaced with guns. When the Panthers tried to defend themselves, shooting began, and the Panthers ran into a nearby house. . . . Two pigs were wounded slightly." Four Black Panthers gave statements to the police in which they said that they had been patrolling the neighborhood with guns, in three cars, "to protect Negroes against police brutality," and had just parked their cars on Union Street in order to stow their weapons in a nearby house when the patrol car pulled up, but the four disclaimed any knowledge of how the shooting began. Cleaver later said in an interview that was published in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "I don't know how those cops got shot. There were so many bullets whizzing around maybe they shot themselves."

In any event, after the two police-

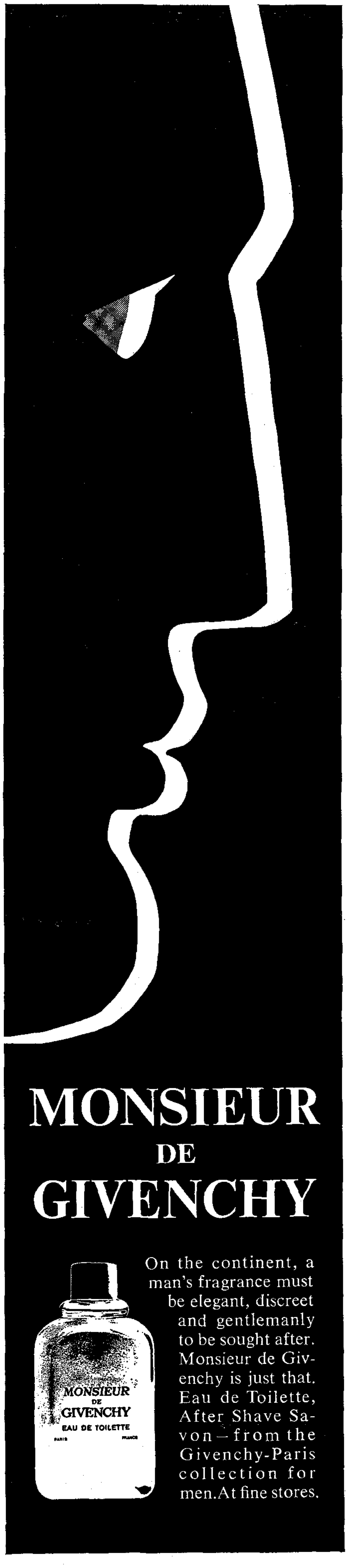
ALL TOGETHER

Fashionable addition: stitched, wrapped skirt in polyester and cotton chambray; navy, brown or red, about $20. All cotton sheer dotted shirt, navy or red, about $18. Sizes 6-16. Designed by Melba Hobson.



TANNERWAY

Cleveland, Gun & Tackle Shop/Houston, Norton Ditto/Orinda, Calif., Phairs/Princeton, Mayme Mead/Tallahassee, Carriage Shop. Or write: Tannerway, 530 Seventh Ave., N.Y., N.Y.



MONSIEUR
DE
GIVENCHY

On the continent, a man's fragrance must be elegant, discreet and gentlemanly to be sought after. Monsieur de Givenchy is just that. Eau de Toilette, After Shave Savon—from the Givenchy-Paris collection for men. At fine stores.

men were shot, police from other parts of West Oakland and even from nearby Emeryville, responding to the radio alarm, surrounded a building on Twenty-eighth Street that the Panthers had entered, and there ensued a ninety-minute gun battle, in which a third policeman was wounded. Finally, after an exploding tear-gas canister had set fire to the building, two Panthers emerged: Cleaver, naked, and wounded by a tear-gas shell, and Hutton, fully clothed. According to police witnesses, Hutton suddenly bolted down Twenty-eighth Street, whereupon at least half a dozen policemen opened fire, fatally wounding him. Cleaver, in the *Chronicle* interview, gave a different version of the shooting of Hutton. He admitted that Hutton had fired some shots at the police, but said that he himself "took Bobby's gun and threw it out"—out the window, that is—and that they both came out unarmed. "The cops told us to get up and start running for the squad car," Cleaver continued. "Bobby started running—he ran about ten yards—and they started shooting him." The grand jury, after hearing thirty-five witnesses, concluded that the police had "acted lawfully," shooting Hutton in the belief he was trying to escape.

Eight other Panthers, including Cleaver, who were allegedly involved in the shooting of the policemen were arrested that night and then were released on bail. Two of the eight were subsequently convicted of assault with deadly weapons; one was released to a juvenile court; one was tried and convicted for an unrelated armed robbery and sent to state prison; one, Cleaver, jumped bail and fled the country; two others, with the juvenile, are now on trial in Oakland; and other cases are still pending.

The Cases of Steven Bartholomew, Robert Lawrence, and Thomas Lewis

At about 4:45 P.M. on August 5, 1968, in a predominantly Negro section of Los Angeles, three Black Panthers were fatally shot and two policemen were wounded, one critically, in a shootout at Ham's Mobil Service Station.

Fifteen minutes earlier, Police Officers Rudy Limas and Norman J. Roberge were on a routine patrol when, according to their reports, they saw a black 1955 Ford with four men in it start up a private driveway, stop suddenly, then back down the driveway. Finding the movements suspicious, the policemen began following the Ford, whose occupants, Limas noted, kept "looking back." Limas then called the police communications center on the patrol car's radio and gave the Ford's license number, to ascertain whether it had been reported stolen. Before a reply could be received, the Ford pulled into Ham's service station and stopped by a gas pump. The police car stopped a few feet behind it, and Roberge, according to his statement, asked the driver of the Ford for his license. The driver, Roberge reported, "replied that he didn't have any driver's license," whereupon Roberge "instructed the driver to go back to the police car and place his hands on top of the police car." Roberge then ordered the three other suspects out of the Ford and over to the police car. "At this time," Roberge stated, "the suspects were standing in a row facing the police vehicle"—between the two police officers.

Limas gave the following description of what happened next: "Suddenly the guy in front of me, who I think was wearing a yellow shirt and dark pants, spun around and pointed a gun at me, and the others moved at the same time. The guy in the yellow shirt said, 'O.K., m——f——' and then he shot me." According to medical reports and testimony, Limas was shot in the abdomen and the thigh, with a bullet lodging in the hip. Roberge stated, "As I walked toward the police vehicle, I saw my partner, Officer Limas, standing to the left rear of the police vehicle on the other side of the group, facing me. Suddenly I heard some shots and I was knocked to the ground." According to the medical evidence, Roberge was shot in both legs. In the gun battle that followed, Limas fatally shot "the guy in the yellow shirt" and a second suspect, who was "trying to load a 9-mm. pistol," and Roberge "emptied" his gun at a third suspect. The fourth man who had been in the car fled on foot.

There were two independent witnesses to the shooting—the service-station attendants, Shoji Katayama and Eugene Oba. Katayama, who explained that he was "standing by the pumps . . . a few feet east of the Ford," also stated in a deposition:

> A black (4-door) Ford pulled into the station, pursued by a police car. . . . There

BUY A VOLVO IN EUROPE AND SAVE COMING AND GOING.

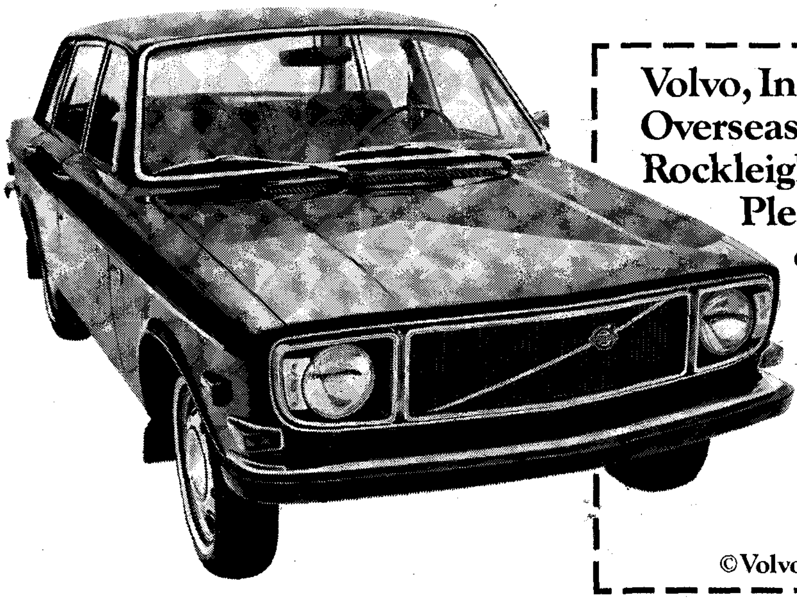
When you buy a Volvo and arrange to pick it up in Europe it costs you less than it would cost you here.

And by taking delivery on your Volvo in Europe you'll save what you'd otherwise spend to rent a car.

When you're ready to head home, we'll ship your Volvo from Gothenburg, Sweden to Newark, N.J., Baltimore, Md., or Portsmouth, Va., free. Or from any one of twenty-seven other European cities to any of eleven ports in the United States for a lot less than it would cost you to ship it yourself.

But you'll save the most where you need money the most. At home. Because Volvos are built to last. Exactly how long we can't guarantee. But we do know Volvos last an average of eleven years in Sweden. Which means that in three years you should be able to stop spending money on car payments. And start saving it for more trips to Europe.

For complete information on Volvo's overseas delivery and return shipment plan, mail this coupon or write to:
Volvo, Inc., Overseas Delivery Department, Rockleigh, N.J. 07647.



Volvo, Inc.
Overseas Delivery Department
Rockleigh, N.J. 07647
Please send more information on Volvo Overseas Delivery.

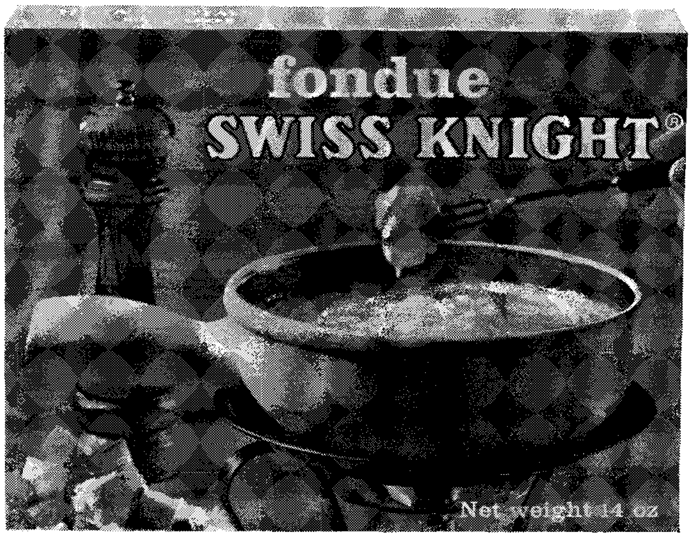
Name

Address

City State Zip

©Volvo, Inc., 1971. Dept. NYR-711

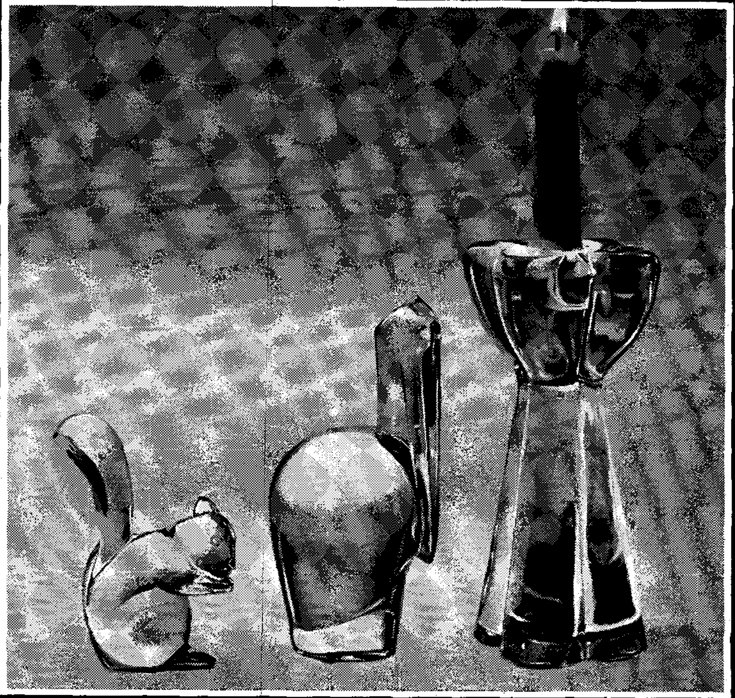
The original hot cheese dip... spirited from the Swiss



Imported Swiss Knight Fondue.® Made from an age-old recipe, using Swiss Gruyère and Emmental cheeses, white wine and Kirsch. Just takes 5 minutes . . . to heat up a bit of Switzerland. Bon appetit!

Gerber Cheese Co., Inc., Stamford, Connecticut 06905

BACCARAT...the crystal of Kings...since 1764



BACCARAT...for stemware...for gifts...from France

BACCARAT...for brides...for gourmets...for hostesses

BACCARAT, world-famous for its stemware and gourmet glasses is now also executing charming animals and small decorative objects that make delightful gifts for any occasion: the squirrel, 4½" high, $36; the pelican, 6½" high, $64; the 7¼" high candleholder, $30.

Write Dept. Y13 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

were 4 Negroes in the Ford. The driver and front passenger both got out and opened the hood of the car. The two officers immediately got out and ordered all four to the police car with their hands leaning on it. The driver of the Ford looked like to me he hesitated a while and was smoking a cigarette. As the driver with the cigarette came to the car, the Mexican officer [Limas] ordered him not to put out the cigarette [near the pumps], and at that point [I] heard a couple of shots and I looked up and saw the Mexican officer on the ground and the male Negro with the khaki shirt (Army type) with the gun in his hand. . . .

The other attendant, Oba, had been returning to the office when the shooting began. He gave a similar account of the incident, adding only that after the first round of shots he "saw the Caucasian officer [Roberge] shooting at the Negro men."

When the shooting stopped, a few minutes later, three men were dead or dying—Thomas Melvin Lewis, eighteen, "the guy in the yellow shirt;" Robert A. Lawrence, twenty-two; and Steven Kenneth Bartholomew, twenty-one. The Black Panther Party stated that they were all Black Panthers. The fourth suspect, who was subsequently identified by his palm prints on the police car as Anthony Reno Bartholomew, the nineteen-year-old brother of Steven, later surrendered voluntarily to a judge, and was arraigned on two counts of assault with intent to commit murder. Anthony Bartholomew's lawyer, Gary Bellow, a well-known civil-rights attorney who has handled a number of Black Panther cases in Los Angeles, noted in a memorandum filed with the court, "There is no dispute that the police officers, Norman Roberge and Rudy Limas, were criminally assaulted on August 5, 1968," but went on to argue that his client had not in fact taken part in the gun battle. Anthony Bartholomew was found not guilty.

THE CASE OF WALTER POPE

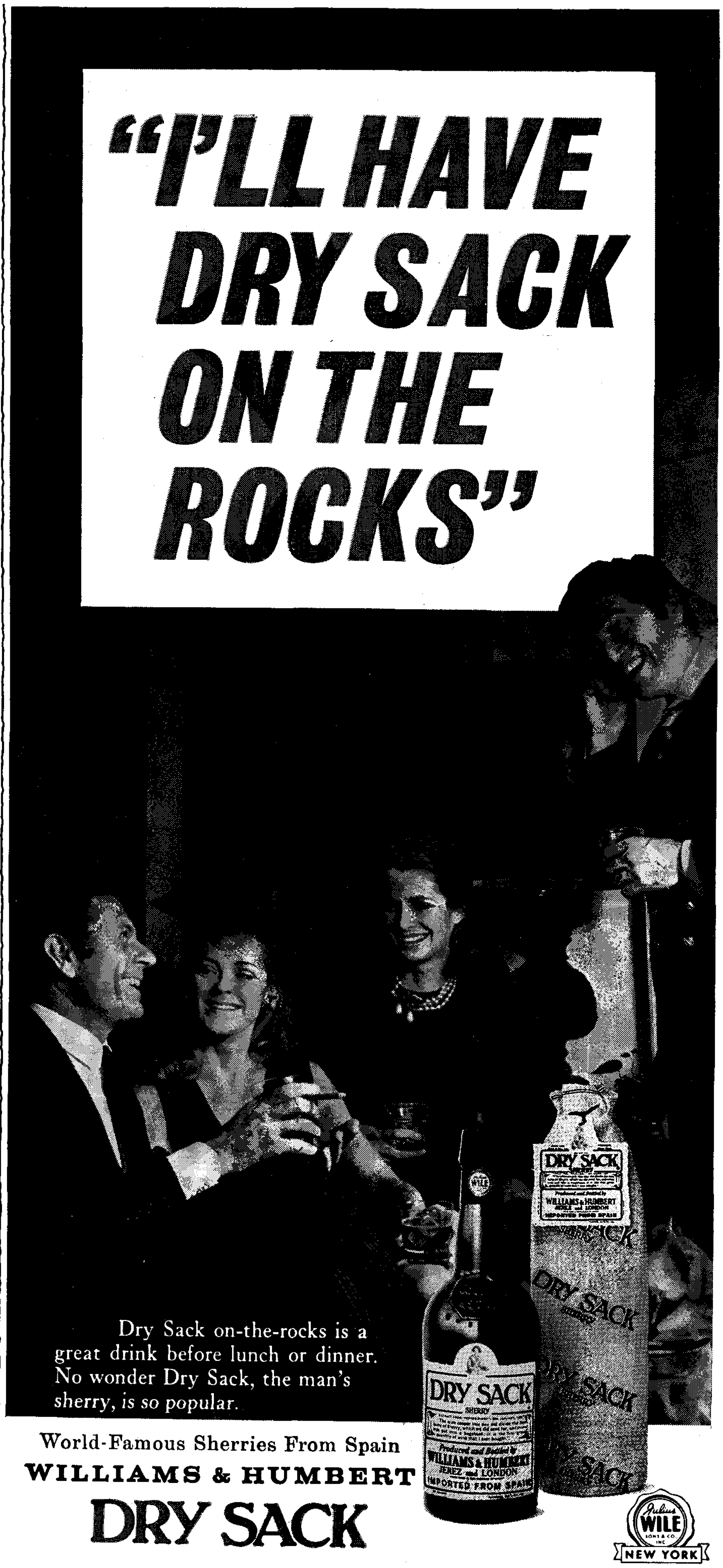
Walter Touré Pope, whom Garry listed simply as "killed by Metro Squad," was shot to death by Officer Alvin D. Moen in a vacant lot across from the Jack-in-the-Box drive-in restaurant in Los Angeles on October 18, 1969.

On that night, Officer Moen and his partner, Officer Don Mandella, were assigned to a robbery stakeout of the Jack-in-the-Box, which had been robbed fourteen times in the previous seven months. Sitting in an unmarked car, which they had parked in a lot across the street from the restaurant, the officers began their watch shortly after dark. At about 10:45 P.M., Moen later testified, he heard a noise behind him and "turned around and saw a man standing with what appeared to be a burp gun . . . pointed in my direction." Shouting, "Look out!" to Mandella, Moen, who was sitting behind the wheel, drew his service revolver. Then, according to his testimony, the man fired a shot, and Moen returned the fire. Suddenly, from the other side of the car, there came what Moen called "another loud explosion," which he identified as a shotgun blast. According to medical reports, Moen was hit in the back of the right shoulder and the back of the left hand by shotgun pellets. Although he was badly wounded, he managed to get out of the car, empty his revolver at the man with the burp gun, and then run to the restaurant for help. Mandella gave a similar account, testifying that after his partner shouted, "Look out!" two shotgun blasts were fired into the car from the passenger side as the man with the burp gun approached from the opposite side. Mandella then turned and fired three shots at the assailant with the shotgun, who fled. Picking up the microphone, he urgently requested assistance, saying that he and Moen had been "ambushed." When other policemen arrived, they found Walter Touré Pope, twenty, who was subsequently identified by the Black Panthers as their "distribution manager" for Los Angeles, shot to death beside the police car. He had a two-inch revolver tucked in his belt, and there was a .30-calibre carbine, or "burp gun," lying under his left arm. A sawed-off shotgun, both barrels of which had been fired, was found a few feet behind the police car. (Another Black Panther, Bruce Darryl Richards, eighteen, was arrested later that night at the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, where he was being treated for bullet wounds, and was charged with taking part in the assault. He pleaded not guilty but was subsequently convicted on two counts of assault with intent to commit murder.)

The only witnesses to the shooting were those who took part in it, and thus the question of who shot first may be open to doubt—although the medical evidence that Moen was hit by a shotgun blast in the back would seem to suggest that the police were approached from behind.

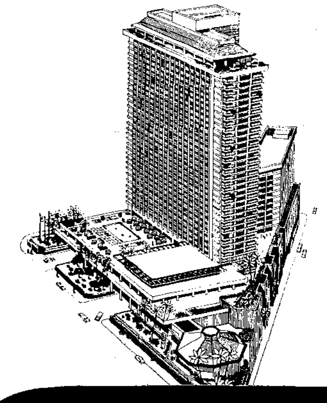
THE CASE OF WELTON ARMSTEAD

In Seattle, at about 4:10 P.M. on October 5, 1968, Welton Armstead, seventeen, was shot to death by a police officer in front of a house at 1706



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK



aloha

Hawaii's tallest resort at the entrance to Waikiki

An oasis in the Hawaiian Sun. Dining, dancing, entertainment, pool, beaches and historic Honolulu are all part of this very special place nearest the fun. Air-conditioned guest rooms from $8 per person, double occupancy.

ala moana hotel

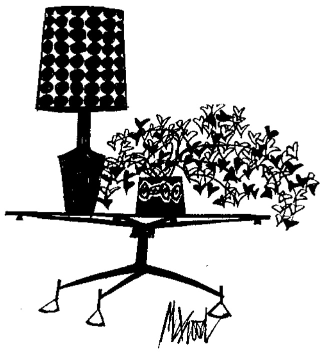
A Flagship★Hotel Subsidiary of American Airlines
operated in partnership with Dillingham Corporation
ATKINSON DR., HONOLULU, HAWAII 96814 • 808-955-4811

For Reservations contact your travel agent, American Airlines or phone toll-free American Express Space Bank dial 800-AE8-5000 from anywhere, except Tennessee, in continental United States. (In Tennessee dial 800-542-5115.)

Melrose Avenue. A few minutes earlier, Officers Erling Buttendahl and Charles Marshall, on a routine patrol, had received a radio message directing them to help Car No. 128 in a stolen-auto case at 1700 Melrose Avenue. When they arrived on the scene, they helped the policemen in Car No. 128 apprehend two of three suspects they had been pursuing. According to Buttendahl, while he was searching for the third suspect he came around the side of a house and was confronted by a man, later identified as Armstead, a Black Panther, standing next to the garage, "holding a rifle with both hands and pointing it" at him. According to the coroner's report, the armed man was asked four times to "drop the rifle" but refused to do so; instead, with one hand he grabbed the barrel of Buttendahl's revolver, raising his rifle with the other, whereupon, Buttendahl says, he himself fired, hitting Armstead in the midsection. An inquest jury, after hearing fourteen witnesses and considering the medical evidence, ruled the shooting "justifiable homicide." Garry does not dispute the fact that Armstead faced Buttendahl with a rifle.

THE CASE OF SPURGEON WINTERS

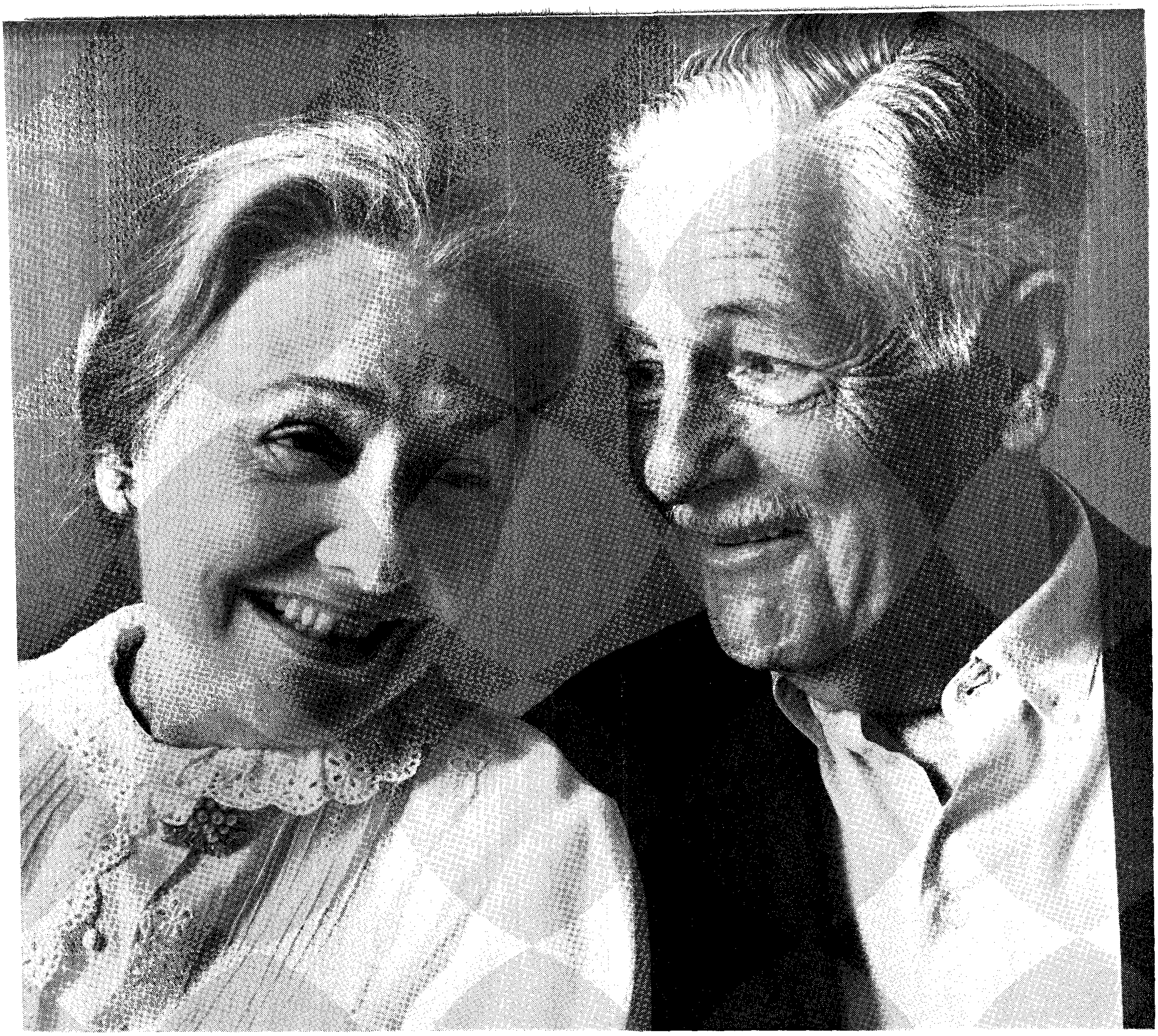
On November 13, 1969, Spurgeon (Jake) Winters was shot to death by police on Martin Luther King Drive on Chicago's South Side. Earlier that evening, James Caldwell, a black prison guard at the Cook County Jail, had told his wife, Ruby, that he needed some money to rent a room for the night, because "some guys are looking for me and they want to kill me." The night before, he had been in a brawl outside the Rumpus Room tavern with Lawrence (Lance) Bell, a Black Panther, and had taken Bell's gun from him, and he feared reprisal from Bell and his friends. A few hours after Caldwell parted from his wife, someone entered the building where they lived and began pounding on apartment doors and calling Caldwell's name. Looking out a front window after the pounding had stopped, Mrs. Caldwell saw what she subsequently described as "four or five men leaving my building . . . one of them . . . carrying a long gun." She then went across a connecting porch to her sister-in-law's apartment in an adjacent building, where she asked a friend, Lee Wesley, for advice. Wesley said, she later told police investigators, that she "didn't have any choice but to call the police," because "if James came back they would kill him." Wesley himself then called the police.



At 2:49 A.M., a police dispatcher received a report that there were "men on the street with shotguns," and at 2:53 P.M., according to the police computer cards and radio tapes, the dispatcher ordered the nearest patrol car, No. 226, manned by Officers John Gilhooly and Michael Brady, to 324 East Fifty-eighth Street, the sister-in-law's apartment. Three other policemen joined them at the sister-in-law's apartment, which was at the rear of the building, and all five were then taken, across the connecting porch, to Mrs. Caldwell's apartment, where, from the front window, Mrs. Caldwell and Wesley pointed out to them three men lurking in an abandoned building across the street. Leaving by the front door, the policemen crossed over to the vacant building, and Gilhooly started to go in through a gangway. Mrs. Caldwell stated, "We could hear the policeman by the gangway shouting 'Halt!' about three times. Then we heard a loud shot, and it sounded louder than a pistol shot. Then we heard some more shots. . . . Then we saw the policeman come out of the gangway. He was saying 'Oh! Oh!' and he was holding his face." Gilhooly was fatally wounded, a shotgun blast having severed his carotid artery and his jugular vein; Brady had suffered minor lacerations of the forehead from the ricochet of a shotgun blast.

Mrs. Caldwell called the police to report that a policeman had been shot. At 3:04 A.M., the dispatcher put out an emergency call: "Police officer needs help." Twenty-one patrol cars in the area immediately responded.

Another policeman was wounded almost immediately by shotgun blasts, according to police reports, and one police car was "demolished" by carbine fire. One of the gunmen, who was allegedly carrying a carbine, and who was later identified as Bell, was shot in cross fire, and was captured. Meanwhile, three policemen had chased another man, carrying a shotgun, down an alleyway paralleling Martin Luther King Drive. He wounded all three and, taking refuge under the porch of a house on the Drive, shot another policeman,



The Seymours just gave birth to a nine-year-old.

It was an extraordinary act of love. It sprang from the hearts of a 72-year-old man and his 60-year-old wife. It reached across hundreds of miles—from a New York City apartment to a town in the hills of Tennessee. And it will give new life to a red-haired, sad-eyed little girl named Linda.

John and Abby Seymour know the joy of raising a family. "We should," John explains. "We've got seven grandchildren. But we want to do more."

More means Save the Children Federation. An answer to Linda's cry for help. And help for Linda's family and the 70 other families in her Appalachian town.

Help is a $15.00 monthly check from the Seymours. Not a hand out, mind you, but a boost up so that families like Linda's can start to help themselves.

Now Linda can look forward to finishing grade school. Public education is free, but you've got to have clothes to wear to take advantage of it. A winter coat, shoes, and books cost money. Money Linda's parents don't have. Linda's father can't find a job. Her mother works as a seamstress and barely earns enough to feed her family. Now, Linda will have the things she needs. And more.

Like a new community center built by Linda's neighbors with a self-help loan from Save the Children. A place where a doctor and a dentist can have a clinic for the first time. And swings and slides. And a day care center where Linda can play safely. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation.

And for the Seymours, it's warm letters, exciting progress reports and wonderful photos from a little girl away from home.

The Seymours know there's more than one way to save a child. How about you?

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered witn the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ India
☐ American Indian
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Where the need is greatest
☐ Appalachia
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15.00 monthly
☐ $45.00 quarterly
☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $180.00 annually

☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $________.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name____

Address____

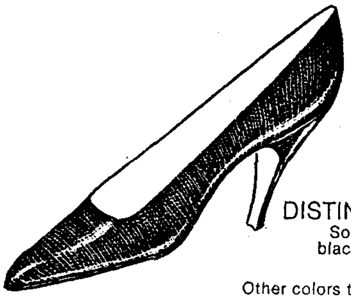
City____________________State________________Zip________

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

NY 2/13/1

Hand made
DeBusschere



DISTINGUE
Soft glove
black lizard
$110
Other colors to order

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

It's your bag, with initials to let the world know. Made for S.F.A. of crushed cowhide with sporty shoulder strap and stitching, your three initials stamped in silver leaf. Navy, white or bone, $21. Handbag Collections. Please print initials clearly, allow 10 days and add 75c for handling mail orders.
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Frank Rappaport, in the chest and head, killing him, and wounded another. Two policemen, including the one who had just been wounded, emptied their revolvers at him, fatally wounding him. The dead gunman was later identified as Spurgeon (Jake) Winters. In all, two policemen were killed and seven wounded or hurt. Bell was indicted by a grand jury for murder. The case is pending.

The Black Panther version of the incident was similar to the police version in a number of respects. A "special news bulletin" put out by the Illinois chapter stated:

> On November 13, 1969, Jake Winters stood face to face and toe to toe, his shotgun in his hand, with Pig Daley's murderous task force. He defined political power by blowing away racist pig Frank Rappaport and racist pig John Gilhooly and retired 8 other reactionary racist pigs before he was shot down.

The Black Panther newspaper reported the shootings this way:

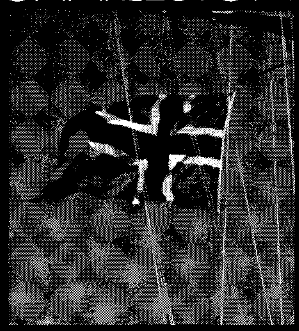
> Spurgeon (Jake) Winters, 19, member of the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther party, paid the most that one can pay towards the liberation of oppressed people—his life. At 3:30 A.M., November 13, Jake was murdered in a shoot-out in Chicago where three pigs were killed and seven were wounded. The shoot-out was precipitated by an ambush made by the Standing Army of Chicago (Chicago Police Department) on an abandoned building at 5801 S. Calumet. Arriving on the scene with the armaments and men (more than 1,000 policemen equipped with .12-gauge shotguns, M-1 carbines, .357 magnums, billy clubs, mace, tear gas, paddy wagons, helicopters, and canine units) for domestic warfare against the people in the Black colony, these fanatical pigs started their attack by opening fire on the brother in the building. Party comrade, Lance Bell, 20, was wounded by the pigs as they shot wildly in that area. . . . Jake defended himself as any person should do. In essence, he had no choice; it was kill or be killed.

There may be some room for doubt whether the police were in fact mounting an "ambush," as the Panthers claim, or were simply responding to a call originally issued in the belief that James Caldwell's life was in danger, but the Panthers and the police agree that after the police arrived at least eight policemen were shot before Winters was shot.

The Case of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark

The final case on Garry's list is certainly the most important one, since it is the one that prompted Garry to speak of a pattern of "genocide." It involves the fatal shooting of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark by policemen attached

WORLD FAMED
M/S SAGAFJORD
NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE FLAGSHIP
FROM
CHARLESTON



Cruise for 7-1/2 Days to the Caribbean* and Nassau April 21
Cruise for 4 Days to Bermuda May 3
John Miles is betting you will never have had a more exciting travel adventure ... join him at the perfect time of year on the largest, most luxurious ocean liner sailing from a Carolina port. Suites and choice staterooms now available. Contact us or your travel agent for literature/rates.
John Miles, Limited
Deluxe Travel Specialists
704/372-6800/112 South Tryon/Charlotte, N.C.
The M/S SAGAFJORD is under Norwegian registry.
*MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA; PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

LEATHER
THE STATESMAN Glove leather. Walnut shell. Swivels, tilts. Black, brass, gold, natural, tortoise brown, tangerine, saddle-tan, $285. Ottoman, $80. Pckg. Chg. $1. Exp. Col. No COD'S. Leathercrafter (N) 303 E. 51 St., N.Y. 10022. Branch: 177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y. Catalog 25¢.

CRAFTER

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place To Talk
While You Lunch
Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

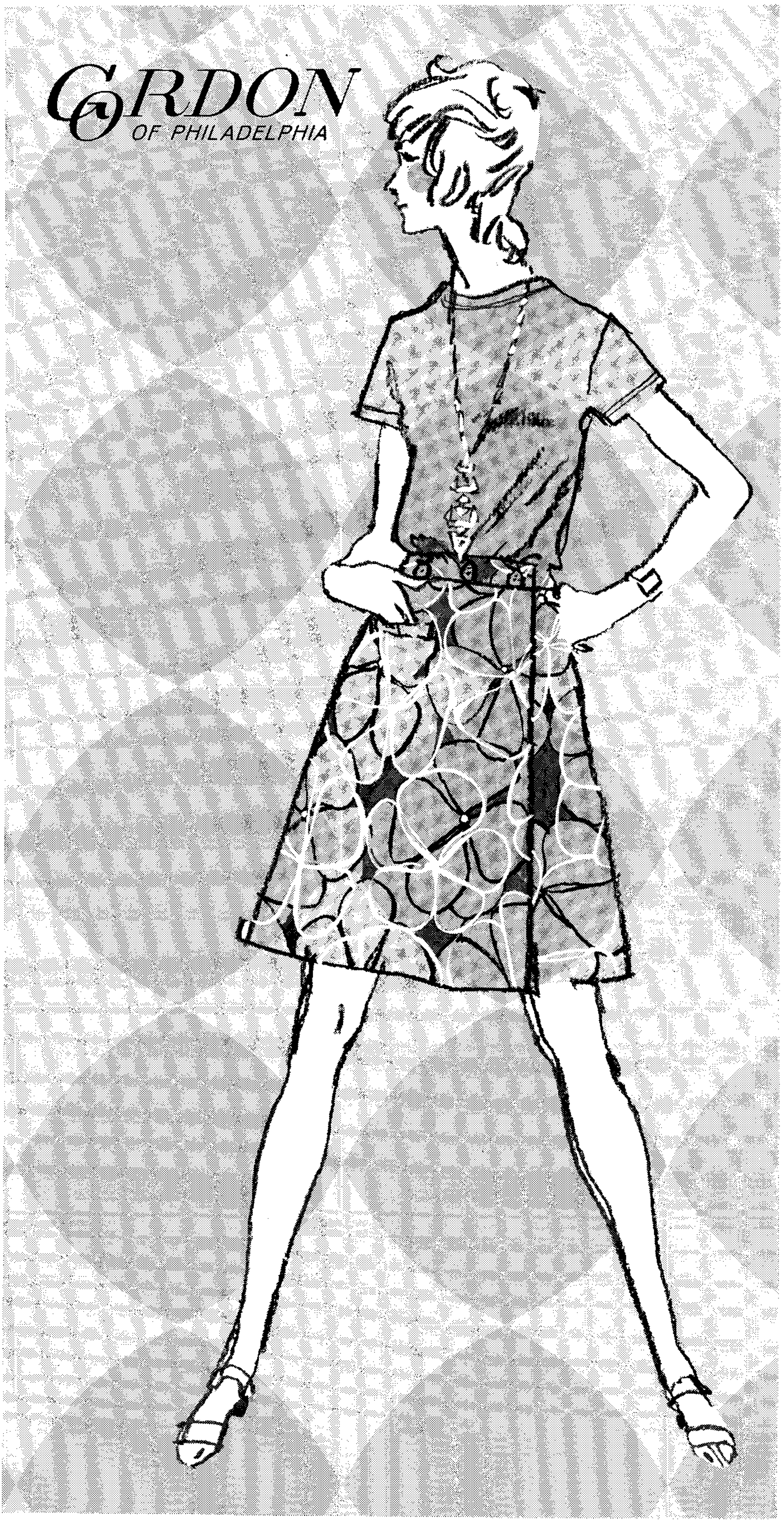
to the State's Attorney's office in Chicago on December 4, 1969. While there may be varying degrees of uncertainty about some of the other deaths on Garry's list, these two unquestionably resulted from a deliberately planned raid on a Black Panther headquarters.

On December 3rd, Sergeant Daniel Groth, a twelve-year veteran of the Chicago Police Department who had been assigned to the State's Attorney's Special Prosecutions Unit, told Assistant State's Attorney Richard S. Jalovec, who was in charge of the unit, that he had received information from a "confidential informer" that a cache of illegal weapons, including sawed-off shotguns, and also riot guns stolen from the Chicago police, was stored in a Black Panther apartment at 2337 West Monroe Street. Having received information from the Federal Bureau of Investigation just the day before that the Panthers had recently moved weapons to that address, Jalovec immediately ordered Groth to plan a raid on the Panther apartment, and Jalovec prepared a search-warrant complaint. Circuit Judge Robert Collins signed a warrant later that afternoon.

Groth and thirteen other policemen assigned to the Special Prosecutions Unit assembled at the State's Attorney's office at four the next morning. They were heavily armed: five had shotguns, one had a Thompson submachine gun, and one—James Davis, one of five black members of the raiding party—carried with him a .30-calibre carbine of his own. The raid was planned for dawn, to achieve the maximum surprise and minimum potential for neighborhood interference, according to Groth's later testimony.

The raiding party arrived at the West Monroe Street apartment in three cars and an unmarked panel truck, and Groth, Davis, and three of the other members proceeded to the front door of the apartment, which was on the first floor; six members went around to the back door; and the three remaining members were stationed at the front of the building. At approximately 4:40 A.M., Groth pounded on the apartment door with his revolver butt. There are markedly different versions of what happened next.

In the police version, which was published in the Chicago *Tribune*, Groth shouted, "This is the police! I have a warrant to search the premises!" and then, after a delay, had Davis kick the door open. The two men entered a small hallway, where they were faced with another closed door. Suddenly, the police said, a shotgun blast



GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

. . . the difference in this wrap culotte is our exclusive print . . . an intriguing in-depth interplay of flowers . . . plus Gordon's elegant tailoring. Arnel® and cotton, about $21. The coordinating pullover by Activair, of Antron® nylon knit, about $10.

At Lord & Taylor, all stores; The Talbots, Hingham, Mass.; Country Casuals, Tulsa, Okla.; Mary Lowe, Columbia, S.C.; or for the store nearest you, write Gordon Sales Associates, 1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

The Talbots

Sweet dreams. As beloved as ever is the spring version of our full-length granny nightgown by Lanz. Of cool polyester/cotton, it has cotton eyelet ruffles at neck, yoke and short puffed sleeves. Pink/blue/lilac/lime on white. Sizes S,M,L. $13.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT.QC, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Paris
in
detroit

Hotel Pontchartrain. Gem of the city's skyline, overlooking international Detroit River and Canada. Garden terrace and pool. Covered motor lobby and in-hotel garage. Award winning restaurants. Sumptuous rooms, each with river view. And everywhere . . . . the Pontchartrain flair.

Write or phone
Robert Cahill,
General Manager, Desk N,
Two Washington Blvd.
Detroit, Mi 48226
(313) 965-0200.

the Pontchartrain
DETROIT'S PREFERRED HOTEL

from inside was fired through this door and "narrowly missed the two policemen." Davis then plunged through the inner door into a darkened living room, with Groth behind him, as a "second round went right past" him. Groth fired two shots at a woman who, he said, had fired the second shotgun blast, while Davis, after also firing at the woman and wounding her, turned and shot to death a man sitting behind him with a shotgun, who was later identified as Mark Clark. Moments later, three of the members of the raiding party who had gone around to the back broke in through the kitchen door of the apartment. Despite a number of calls for a cease-fire from Groth, the Panthers kept firing shotgun blasts, according to the police version of the events, and a "fierce fire fight" ensued, in which Hampton was killed and four other Panthers and one policeman were wounded.

In the Panther version, as it was reported in the Washington *Post*, the police burst into the apartment almost simultaneously through the front and rear entrances, without first identifying themselves, and although no Panthers fired any shots whatever, the police opened fire, also without warning. A Black Panther spokesman was reported in the *Post* to have said that Mark Clark was fatally wounded as he attempted to dodge police submachine-gun fire, and others were wounded. Meanwhile, according to the spokesman, the police entering from the rear went immediately to Hampton's bedroom and fired into it, and Davis then went into the bedroom and fired more shots at Hampton. In *Chicago Today*, the Black Panther spokesman added that "Hampton was murdered in bed while he slept" by a policeman who "must have come in the back door and murdered him with a silencer." A few days later, a private autopsy, performed at the request of Hampton's family, concluded that hours before Hampton was shot to death he had been heavily drugged with Seconal, a barbiturate, which the spokesman deduced had been administered by a "pig agent" before the raid. The independent autopsy also concluded that the bullet that killed Hampton was missing, for the Panthers' pathologist found an entrance wound in the head but no exit wound and no bullet in the head. Lawyers for Panthers intimated that the missing bullet had been secretly extracted and disposed of by the police, because it constituted evidence of murder.

Judith Shahn

A third version was rendered by a federal grand jury that had been specially empanelled to investigate the December 4th shootings. After having all the physical evidence recovered by both the police and the Panthers analyzed by the F.B.I. Laboratory in Washington and evaluating additional ballistic evidence uncovered by the F.B.I., and after hearing all the witnesses willing to testify, the grand jury concluded, among other things, that the Chicago police investigation of the raid was "so seriously deficient that it suggests purposeful malfeasance."

When Groth and Davis forced their way in through the inner door, according to the grand jury's assessment of the events, a 12-gauge slug was fired from inside the apartment and passed through that door as it swung open to a forty-five-degree angle. There were indications that the shotgun was no more than fifteen inches from the opening door. A 12-gauge slug found at the scene proved consistent with a shotgun that was next to Mark Clark's body and was stained with blood of Clark's type; the slug was also found to match the hole in the door. Moreover, an empty shell found nearby was "positively identified" as having come from the shotgun. Piecing together the physical evidence, the jury posited that Mark Clark, sitting behind the door, fired a shotgun blast through the door just as the police burst in. This, however, was the only shot that could be definitely traced to a Panther weapon.

The grand jury concluded that Groth and Davis apparently came in shooting, for one pistol shot had been fired through the door. Davis shot Clark, who was sitting behind the door holding a shotgun, and a woman then in the room, Brenda Harris, who was holding another shotgun. Minutes later, after the officers claimed they heard a shotgun blast from a bedroom adjacent to the living room, the wall between the living room and the bedroom was "stitched" with forty-two shots from a carbine and a submachine gun. One of these bullets passed through the first bedroom into a second bedroom, where it fatally wounded Fred Hampton in the right forehead. Another bullet, apparently from the same volley, since it was travelling at the same angle, struck Hampton in the right cheek, and another struck him in the left shoulder. This last, the only bullet recovered from his body, proved to be a .30-calibre bullet from Davis's carbine. Aside from Hampton and Clark, four of the seven other Panthers in the apartment, as well as one police officer, were wounded by police gunfire in less than twelve minutes after the raid began. Eighty-three empty shells and fifty-six bullets were recovered from the apartment by the police, the Panthers, and the F.B.I., of which all but one shotgun slug and one shell had been fired from police weapons. Although the police steadfastly maintained that at least ten or fifteen shots were fired at them by Panthers, a painstaking reconstruction by the grand jury suggests that, following the first shot by Clark, police entering from the back of the apartment mistook Davis's and Groth's shots in the front of the apartment for Panther gunfire, and the police in the front of the apartment similarly mistook the "return" fire from the rear of the apartment for continuing resistance. According to the grand jury's version, the officers very probably fired through the living-room wall under the erroneous impression that they were in a gun battle with Panthers.

The grand jury also attempted to resolve conflicts between the findings of the Panthers' private autopsy and those of the police autopsy by ordering Hampton's body exhumed and yet a third autopsy performed, by an out-of-state medical examiner in the presence of both a Chicago pathologist from the coroner's office and a pathologist retained by the Hampton family. Two points were clarified by the third autopsy. First, despite the statement of the Panthers' pathologist that there was no exit wound for the fatal bullet that entered Hampton's forehead, this autopsy plainly showed an exit hole in front of the left ear when the sideburns were shaved. Second, the Panthers' claim that Hampton was heavily drugged with Seconal before the shooting was not supported either by this autopsy, which showed "no trace of drugs in the body," or by the report of the F.B.I. Laboratory in Washington, which had also tested the sample used in the Panthers' private autopsy. The toxicologist who performed the analysis for the Panthers told the grand jury that he had not performed the most specific test for Seconal, the gas-chromatography test, but had relied instead on a less sophisticated test, which re-

BERMUDA'S FAMOUS OCEANSIDE HOTEL IN PAGET • CY ELKINS, GEN. MGR.
WE ALSO HAVE THE PERFECT PLANS. OUR BERMUDA COMMUTER AND HEAVENLY HONEYMOON HOLIDAYS.
CALL OR WRITE FOR COLOR BROCHURES AND RATES: DEPT. CE-16

Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World.
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.; 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020. (212) JU 6-4500.
OTHER OFFICES IN BOSTON, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, MIAMI AND TORONTO.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Our sweater that has the look and feel of hand knitted wool yet is completely machine washable. 100% Acrylic; it holds its shape — has lots of body. A perfect gift too. White, pink, powder blue, yellow, navy, or red.
Sizes 34 thru 42 $15.00

Please add 75 cents for handling.
Mail orders carefully filled.

GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Tonight

. . . take your cocktails casually (in our oak paneled lounge). And your food seriously, with today's liveliest, literate conversation.

Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
Late Supper: 9:30 on.

THE Algonquin
"landmark of the literate"

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre and Dinner Guests (to 9:30 p.m.) enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)

quired some "subjective evaluation." In performing the gas-chromatography test on the same sample that the Panthers' toxicologist had used, the F.B.I. found no Seconal or other drugs in the sample but did find deterioration in the blood that could have been partially responsible for a mistaken analysis.

On the basis of the grand jury's meticulous investigation of the killings, it seems reasonable to conclude that Hampton was fatally shot not while he was "drugged" or by a policeman standing over him with a silencer, as the Panthers have claimed, but by a bullet fired by a police officer in the living room which had passed through two intervening walls at a time when no Panthers were firing at police.

ARE these ten cases of Black Panthers killed by police part of a nationally coördinated pattern? Although Hampton and Clark were the only Panthers killed as a direct result of a planned police raid, or even in a situation in which the police could reasonably be supposed to have had advance knowledge that they would confront Black Panthers, it still might be maintained that the police involved had instructions of some sort to kill Black Panthers whenever the opportunity presented itself. The theory broached by John Kifner in the *Times* that the Nixon Administration had, through the statements of public officials, "at least contributed to a climate of opinion among local police . . . that a virtual open season has been declared on the Panthers" seems historically inaccurate, since five of the ten Panther deaths that can be directly attributed to police action occurred before the Nixon Administration took office. And, as far as I have been able to determine, no Black Panthers have been killed by the police in the period of more than a year that has elapsed since the Hampton-Clark incident.

In all of the ten cases to which Garry's list has been reduced, at least some of the Panthers involved were armed and presented a threat to the police. Six of the ten Panthers were killed by seriously wounded policemen who clearly had reason to believe that their own lives were in jeopardy. In none of these cases, moreover, is there any positive evidence to support a belief that the wounded policemen knew they had been shot by Black Panthers. According to the evidence that *is* available, Bartholomew, Lawrence, and Lewis were stopped as burglary suspects; Pope approached a robbery stakeout at night; Winters opened fire when two

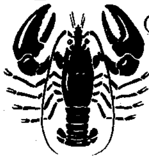
MAZALTOV'S
FLIGHTY BUTTERFLY Complete Kit $15

for the short flight

New from the master of original hand-painted needlepoint. Mazaltov's Miniatures. Each an exquisite 7" creation that takes only a few hours and costs only a few dollars. Kit includes painted canvas, Persian wools in eight vibrant colors, needles and instructions. Makes a perfect gift, starter piece or a change of pace for the needlepointer. Ideal entertainment for the short flight or waiting in line at customs. **At Mazaltov's, we've broken the needlepoint barrier.**

44-page full-color catalog $2.
MAZALTOV'S MINIATURES
Dept. M3 758 Madison Ave., New York 10021
MINIATURES
New York residents add sales tax. *(212) 628-6942*

Gloucester House



SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST
37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y.755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

FURNITURE FOR GRACIOUS LIVING
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

policemen entered an abandoned building to investigate a citizen's complaint; and although it is agreed that Roberson took it upon himself to challenge the behavior of the police investigating the burglary of a fruit stand, it is not reported that he identified himself as a Black Panther.

In the four remaining cases, the fatal shots were fired by policemen who had not themselves been wounded. A further distinction might be made to take account of the fact that in two of these deaths—those of Armstead and Clark—the police state that in each instance they were confronted by an adversary with a lethal weapon and had reason to presume that their own lives were endangered. Armstead pointed a rifle at a policeman and refused to disarm himself; Clark confronted a policeman with a shotgun, which, in fact, he had previously fired. In any event, there are two cases in which Black Panthers were killed by policemen whose lives were not being directly threatened by those men. These are the cases of Hutton, who was shot while allegedly running from the scene of a ninety-minute gun battle in which three policemen had been wounded, and Hampton, who was apparently hit by stray bullets in a reckless and uncontrolled fusillade.

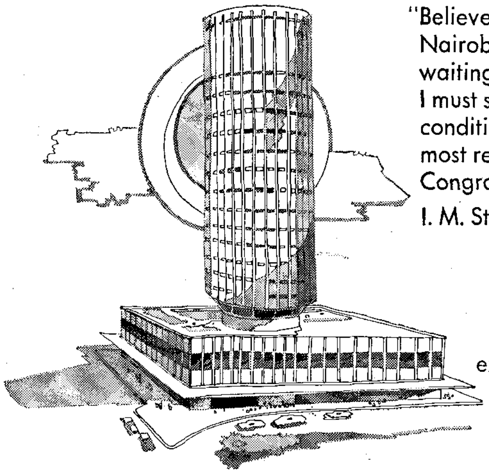
Four deaths, two deaths, even a single death must be the subject of the most serious concern. But the basic issues of public policy presented by the militancy of groups like the Panthers and by the sometimes brutal police treatment of angry and defiant black people in general can be neither understood nor resolved in an atmosphere of exaggerated charges—whether of "genocide" against the Panthers or of "guerrilla warfare" against the police—that are repeated, unverified, in the press and in consequence widely believed by the public. The idea that the police have declared a sort of open season on the Black Panthers is based principally, as far as I can determine, on the assumption that all the Panther deaths cited by Charles Garry—twenty-eight or twenty or ten—occurred under circumstances that were similar to the Hampton-Clark raid. This is an assumption that proves, on examination, to be false.

—Edward Jay Epstein

•

The specific gravity of iron is one and one-half times the size of Switzerland.
—*Ossining (N. Y.) Citizen Register.*

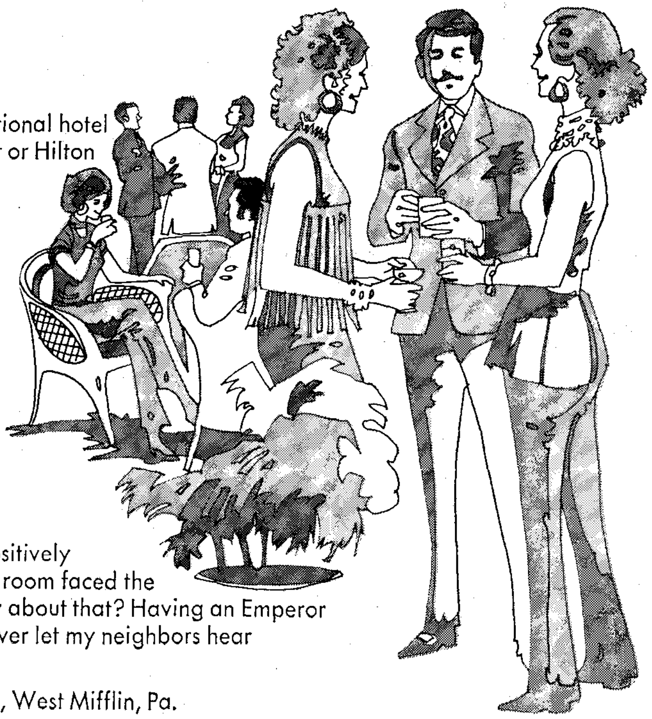
Makes us wish we were there.



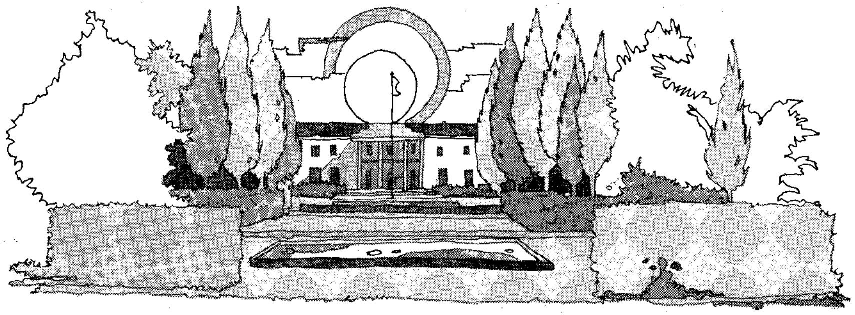
NAIROBI HILTON
"Believe it or not, my travels take me to Nairobi rather frequently and I've been waiting for the Hilton to be finished. Well, I must say, it was worth the wait. Fine air conditioning, the highest view and the most refreshing gin and tonics in Nairobi. Congratulations are in order."
I. M. Stobart, Middlesex, England

MADAGASCAR HILTON
"I read up on Madagascar, so I was expecting open markets, the jungle, the savannah. But nothing prepared me for the new Hilton. Boy, you fellows really get around, don't you!"
B. G. Southworth, Chicago, Ill.

For reservations at any Hilton International hotel call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.



ADDIS ABABA HILTON
"You made me feel positively regal! Why, even my room faced the Imperial Palace. How about that? Having an Emperor for a neighbor. I'll never let my neighbors hear the end of it!"
Miss Christina Derian, West Mifflin, Pa.

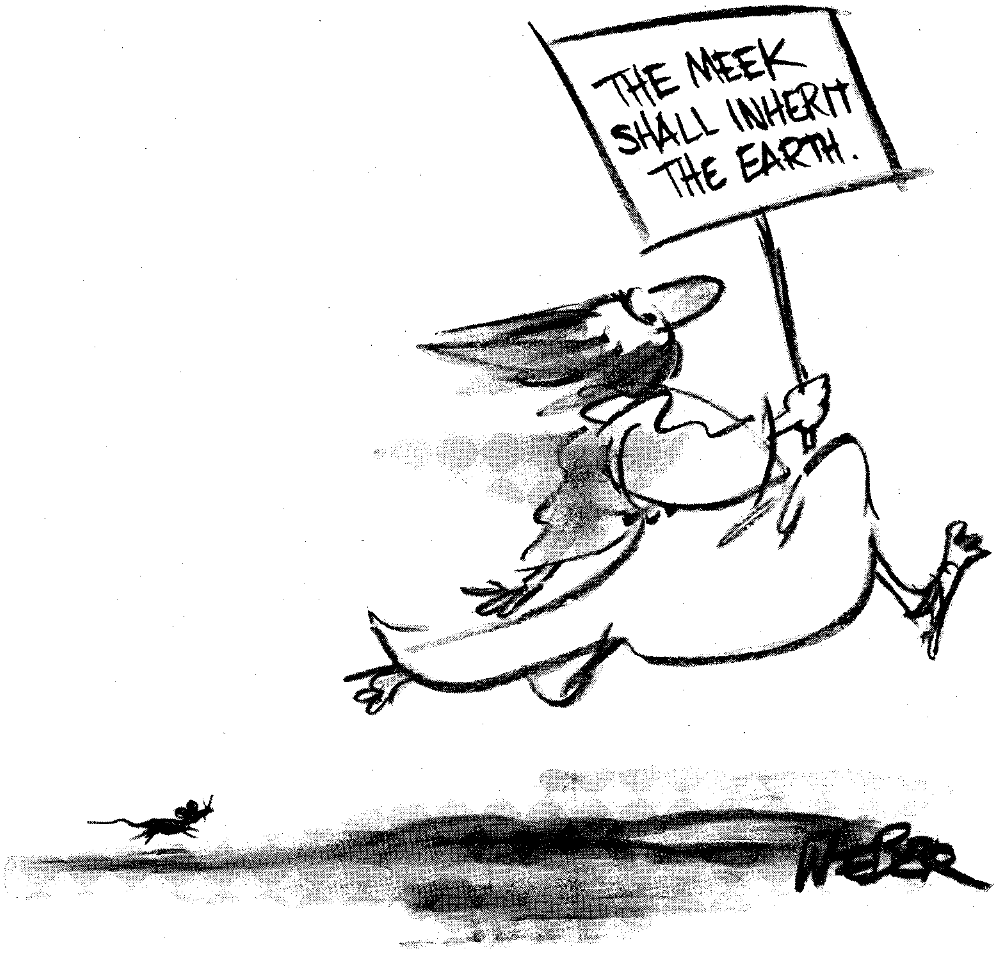


Once you stay at a Hilton International you'll find your own reasons for coming back.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

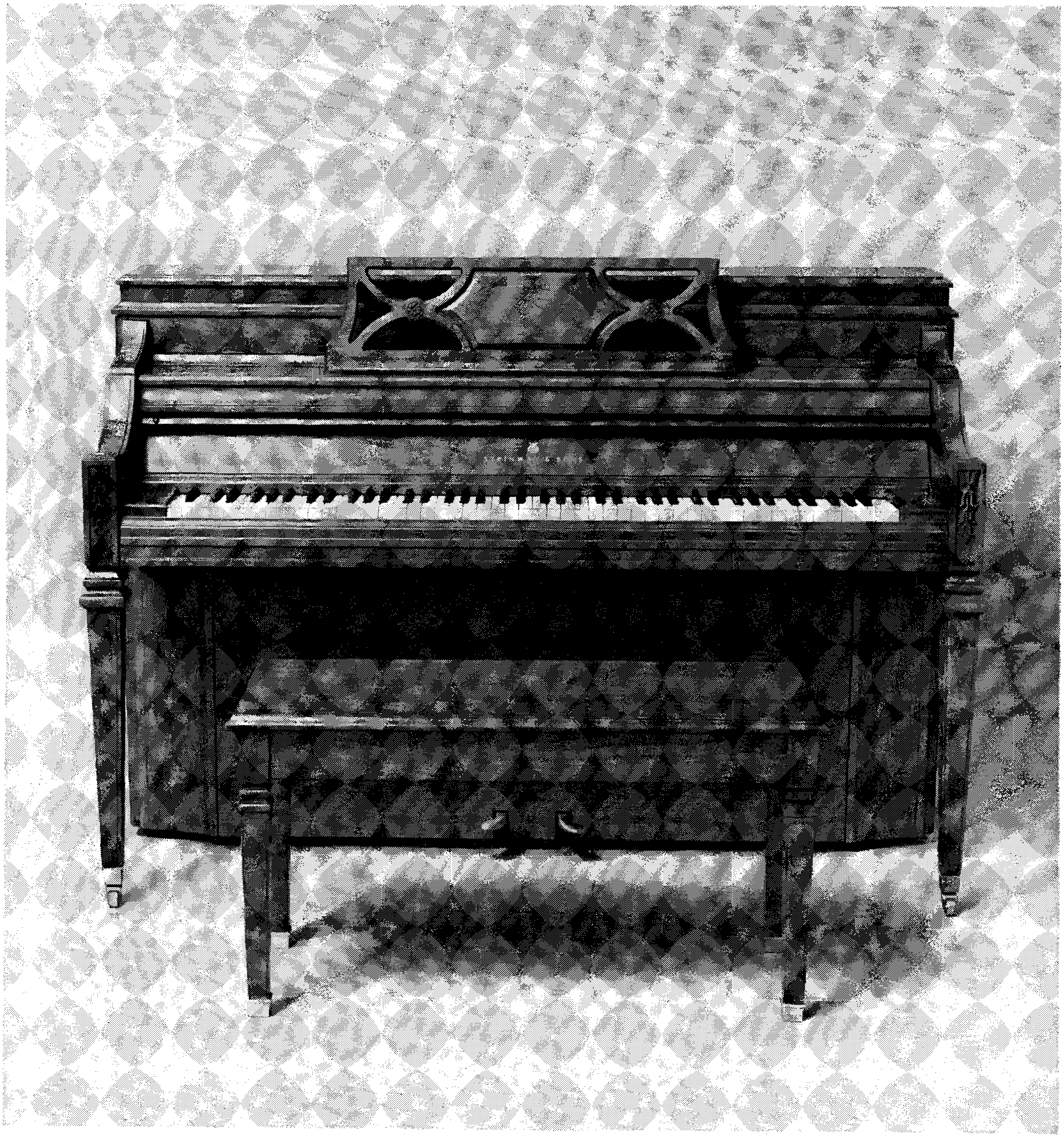
THE revival of Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party," which opened last week at the Forum and will run there in repertory with his one-acters "Landscape" and "Silence," is quite a credit to the Lincoln Center company—one of the best shows they have ever given us. Although the American cast's variety of synthetic English lower-middle-class accents is pretty astonishing (everybody seemed to give up in the middle of the second act, which was O.K. with me), and although none of the individual acting, with the possible exception of Betty Field's, as the blurry-witted landlady, is exactly memorable, the performance as a whole seemed more all-of-a-piece than the one done on Broadway in 1967. Most of the marvellous humor and the menace are intact. The play—Pinter's first full-length one and his first to be done in London thirteen years ago—is, as you cannot have forgotten, about a scruffy and extremely nervous fellow named Stanley, a former member of some presumably criminal organization, who is hiding out in a boarding house in an English seaside town. He is discovered there by two gangsters, Goldberg and McCann; tormented by them in various ways; forced to be the unwilling guest at a birthday party improvised in his honor, although it is not his birthday; and, finally, subjected to some unnamable offstage horror, which reduces him to a catatonic state before he is taken away by the sinister pair. The story gives Mr. Pinter plenty of room for his own invaluable brand of byplay—the off-the-cuff mental torture and the perilous, hair-raising teasing (including a breakneck third-degree inflicted on Stanley by Goldberg and McCann on the subject of Eno's Fruit Salts)—and, above all, for those wonderful, self-propelled comic monologues. Goldberg's bogus recollections of his father's deathbed could well be a tryout for one of Max's tender domestic reminiscences in "The Homecoming," and there are other hints of treasures in store from this most extraordinary English dramatist. The characters are a fascinating lot, and they must be extremely gratifying to the players assigned them. There is, needless to say, no firm ground under your feet at any moment during the action.


THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.
WEBER

I have a couple of reservations. It is probably impossible to import the lower-middle-class atmosphere of one country into another unless you import the cast to go with it (the very poor, however, seem to travel well, and as for the very rich, they are universal and travel all the time), but, whatever the reason, there is little sense of place in this production, which was otherwise intelligently directed by Jules Irving. Also, the play itself is not quite mysterious enough, its mystery being somewhat diminished by an uncharacteristic explicitness—uncharacteristic, that is, of Mr. Pinter's later work. We know that Goldberg and McCann are out to get Stanley because he has betrayed "the organization"—a secret that Mr. Pinter would never let us in on in one of his subsequent plays.

These objections and those accents aside, all goes well at the Forum, and very well when it comes to the costumes, designed by Joseph G. Aulisi. Robert Symonds, as Goldberg, sports a pair of pale-beige brogues piped in brown that I shall not soon forget. The limp, sort-of-Paisley, button-down-the-front ghastly housedress that Miss Field wears most of the time is entirely satisfactory, and her watermelon-pink taffeta party dress, puffing out in an insane way at the hem, is nothing short of triumphant.

ALMOST fifteen years have gone by since Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" opened on Broadway, with glorious Bert Lahr as Estragon. A new production opened Off Broadway, at the Sheridan Square, last week, and I found, to my surprise, that I didn't miss Bert Lahr after the first ten minutes or so (except that I miss Bert Lahr all the time). Now the evening is Beckett's. The performance is, in a way, more impersonal, and the play, in all its mystery, has become clear, once one has scraped off all the interpretations and opinions and rhapsodies that have adhered to it during the years it took to become a classic, and once one realizes that the play is, among other things, *about* mystery—a celebration of



This is a piano lesson.

A Steinway® vertical is a Steinway that runs up and down instead of back and forth.

It is smaller than a Steinway grand. So it requires less of your floor space and less of your money.

But it is, without reservation, a Steinway. And that makes it a better piano than anything else you can buy until you're ready for our grand.

The Steinway vertical is built by the same men who build the Steinway grand.

It shares with the Steinway grand, patented features, like the Steinway Diaphragmatic® Soundboard and Hexagrip Wrestplank.

It is tuned by the same hands and "voiced" by the same ears.

It is built with the same care and attention to excellence.

We don't build less *into* it. We simply build less *of* it.

End of lesson.

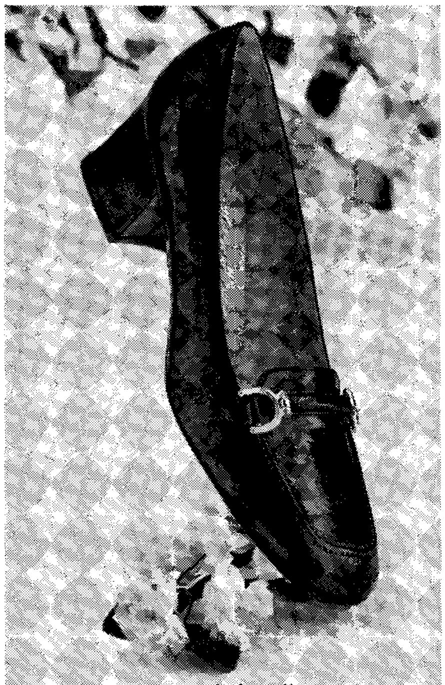
For more information please write John H. Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

It's not what you say...it's how you say it. Shakespeare proved it by re-writing an old Danish folk tale into the immortal Hamlet. The House of Birger Christensen proves it year after year...with immortal fur fashions...classics in their own right.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court



Our current crush for all your latest pants and things is soft crushed patent leather, shined with bits of bright metal. Black, bone, tan, navy, white, the pair, $23. In our Young Elite® Shoe Collections. Please add 75c handling charges on mail or phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

the mystery of man's unquenchable spirit in his inevitable predicament, and, in this case, of the resilient cheekiness and feeling and wonder of two derelicts. In the current production, without Mr. Lahr, the emphasis in the acting of the tramps has shifted. Vladimir, the comedian, is now the stronger of the parts—as much, it seems, by the grace of Beckett as by that of Henderson Forsythe, who plays him—and it is Estragon, the clown and patsy, who is the supporting one. Casting Mr. Forsythe as Vladimir was astonishing and, as it turns out, very shrewd indeed. Wearing gold-rimmed spectacles halfway down his nose, and with a quizzical expression on his face, he succeeds even in looking Irish. Legs wide apart, he staggers around the stage, and yet always seems detached and in charge, managing somehow to hold panic at bay with jokes and songs and dances, and doing justice to the poetry of his lines. His evident relish for the role is one of the most attractive elements in his performance. Paul B. Price's clowning is not so good, but his Estragon, all tantrums and affection, does complement Mr. Forsythe's Vladimir to a certain extent. Edward Winter (of all people!), in ruddy makeup and baldpate wig, plays the rich Pozzo with appropriate brutality and expansiveness in Act I, and with appropriate endurance of his blindness in Act II. The character of Lucky, the slave, exhausted to subhumanity by his burdens, his neck rubbed raw and bleeding by the rope around it, has always been too much for me, and again was so distressing that I could barely bring myself to look at him, but when I did I admired Anthony Holland in the part. This scrupulously faithful production is a credit to Alan Schneider, its director; William Ritman, its scenic designer; and everyone else concerned. My own interest in the play never let up; I found it full of wit and surprises (although not moving), whereas the first time around I loved Bert Lahr but thought "Waiting for Godot" was just a whimsical, deliberately obscure, and pretentious bore. It could never be my play, but I do see now why it means so much to so many other people.

—EDITH OLIVER

* * *

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a U.P.I. dispatch*]

KANSAS CITY, MO. (UPI)—FORMER PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN, AWAITING A POSSIBLE VISIT FROM VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO T. AGNEW, GOT OUT OF HIS HOSPITAL BED WEDNESDAY AND SAID HE WANTS TO GO HOME.

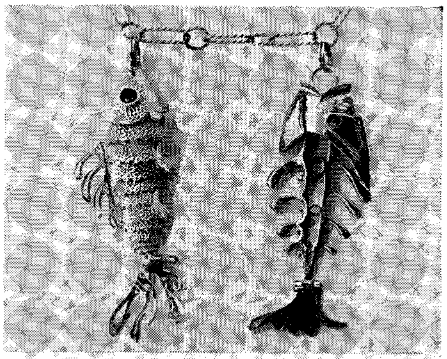
Cruise the Caribbean with us

Just a sleep in the sun, it's not.

Contact your Travel Agent
or any office of Canadian Pacific.

CP Ships

Empress of Canada British Registry



Before & After. Delightful 18K gold, flexible pendants from Italy, 2½″ long. Goldfish $89. Skeleton $85.50. 28″ textured link chain $34.75. Postage included. Sold separately if you must. Duty, if any, payable on receipt.

Write for our illustrated Price List

"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C.&M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735 DEPT. N
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801
You may charge to your American Express Card

VACATION RENTAL—
CORNWALL, ENGLAND

Secluded thatched cottage, 5 minutes to beach. Six rooms (3BR). Fully equipped—modern conveniences! Peaceful English gardens. Picturesque, historic Devon and Cornish coastal villages, moors, pubs, minutes away by auto or R.R. Available by month (@$475 mo.), season or longer. For details write M. Weber, 314 N. West Ave., Wenonah, N.J. 08090

THE RACE TRACK

One for True North

TAKING one thing with another, you couldn't ask for a better performance than True North's victory in the Seminole Handicap at Hialeah last Saturday. After two runs at shorter distances close behind Lion Sleeps, winner of his last six starts, True North was at concert pitch for the mile and a furlong. What also helped was that he was so well handled by Bobby Woodhouse, the up-and-comingest of the younger riders; Bobby is a son of Hedley Woodhouse, who, though he must be around fifty, is still booting in winners himself. Twelve ran for the Seminole, and Forum, the speed horse of the lot, set the early pace, until Never Bow took over. Meanwhile, True North was running fourth or fifth, and closest to the rails. As I watched the race on TV, Woodhouse appeared unflustered, waiting for an opening. It didn't come until the turn into the stretch, but when it did he sent his mount through the gap. In a dozen strides True North was in front, going on to pass the post two lengths ahead of Native Royalty. Twogundan was third. Owned by C. V. Whitney, True North is a five-year-old chestnut gelding by Native Dancer. Last season, his form was nothing to cheer about, but George Poole, who is training him, has certainly moved him up. Older racegoers will remember, I'm sure, another True North, owned by the Howe Stable, and a wizard over the straight Widener Course at Belmont Park. In the 1945 Fall Highweight Handicap, he carried 140 pounds and ran the six furlongs in 1:08⅘. They don't make them like that anymore.

At Hialeah earlier last week, Jim French had better racing luck in the Bahamas Stakes (which he won) than in the Hibiscus (in which he was fourth) in his progress toward the Flamingo, the first jackpot of the season for three-year-olds, on March 3rd. At that, he came from last place to take the Bahamas by a head from Twist the Axe. He had a break, too, for His Majesty, the hot favorite, stumbled during the running, finally finishing third. If you're interested in pedigrees, Jim French is by Graustark, who was hailed as a wonder horse early in 1966, and who broke down in the Blue Grass Stakes, just before the Kentucky Derby. His Majesty, by Ribot out of Flower Bowl, is a full brother of Graustark.

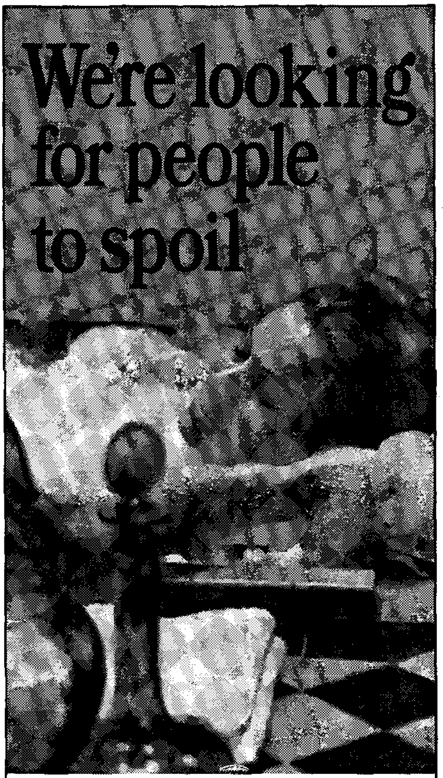
ACK ACK, bought recently by Buddy Fogelson and his wife, Greer Garson, from the estate of Harry F. Guggenheim for a reported $500,000 (horses are going up!), made a quick return on the investment. Giving weight all around, he won by nearly a length from Delaware Chief in the San Pasqual Handicap at Santa Anita last week. Figonero was third, and Jungle Savage—running without his copper bracelets, no doubt—was fourth. Ack Ack's share of the purse was $33,300. And a note on Butazolidin, the horse medication: Earlier that afternoon, Page, a six-year-old selling-plater, who gets the stuff regularly, won his sixth race in succession at the meeting, running six furlongs in 1:08⅕ and equalling the track mark for the distance he set last month.

CLOSINGS AND OPENINGS: Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park ended a financially most successful season last Saturday, with a crowd of 24,988 that bet $2,867,258 on the card of nine races. (Attendance at Hialeah on Seminole Day was 23,588, and the handle on ten races was $2,613,049.) Chompion, who raced for C. V. Whitney before he was sold to Colonial Farms for $107,000 last fall, and who liked the soft going, won the Quaker Handicap by lengths, and $33,720 in prize money. . . . Pimlico closed until April 19th. It didn't do so well. Too many horseplayers from the big city stopped off in Philadelphia. Now Bowie will get them until the Big A opens on March 8th, which won't be long now. . . . And New York is going to have a longer season. Governor Rockefeller has asked the legislature to lengthen the present one fifteen days. It's my Best Bet of the Year that the measure will pass. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"Eugene Oregon," Tchaikovsky's opera based on Pushkin's "Novel in Verse," will be shown at 7 tonight in 123 Science. There is no charge for the film which is presented by the Russian Department Film Series.—*Oregon Emerald, University of Oregon.*

A lot of people would be glad to pay.



at Murrieta Hot Springs.

You are catered to beyond your wildest dreams. For a precious few days, you will become the total center of interest. Your physical beauty and potential are of prime concern. Women can slim down, gain, change a hairdo, and learn the very latest in skin care. Men can shape up, play golf, tennis, swim or just rest. A unique dietary program, under the close supervision of renowned chef, Harmony McCoy, is a major part of our program.

Now you can own at Murrieta: condominiums, private hotel suites, mobile home sites. Property management is available. We invite your inquiry.

Murrieta HOT SPRINGS

NY

Murrieta, California 92362. Phone: (714) 677-2311
In Los Angeles area, (213) 879-3991

☐ Spa rates and information
☐ Property ownership information

Name

Address

City

State Zip

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND AND IT COMES OUT

HERE.
AND HERE.

These new Dual Dimension speakers have an exponential treble horn that fires upward, a high-compliance woofer that fires downward, and twin deflector cones—to drive the sound up, down and all around.

You're surrounded with a new kind of brighter, richer, more perfectly *balanced stereo anywhere in the room.*

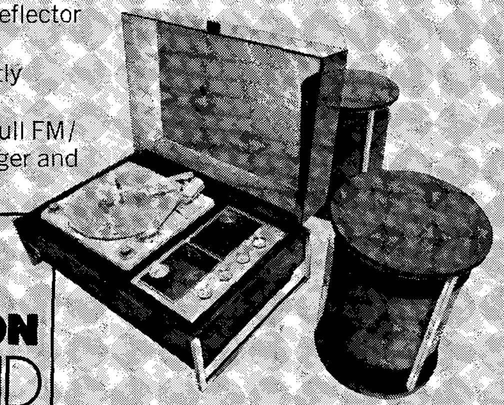
The Dual Dimension system comes with 100 watts of peak music power, full FM/AM and Stereo FM. The system includes Zenith's Stereo Precision record changer and Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm that won't ever accidentally ruin your records.

And there's a full line of Circle of Sound® systems to choose from, including stereo, stereo FM radio, and *new component-styled stereo.*

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.

ZENITH®

NEW DUAL DIMENSION
CIRCLE OF SOUND


QUADRILLE, MODEL B595.

U.S. JOURNAL: IMPERIAL COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

FOUR DOCTORS WITH VIEWS ON A CLINIC

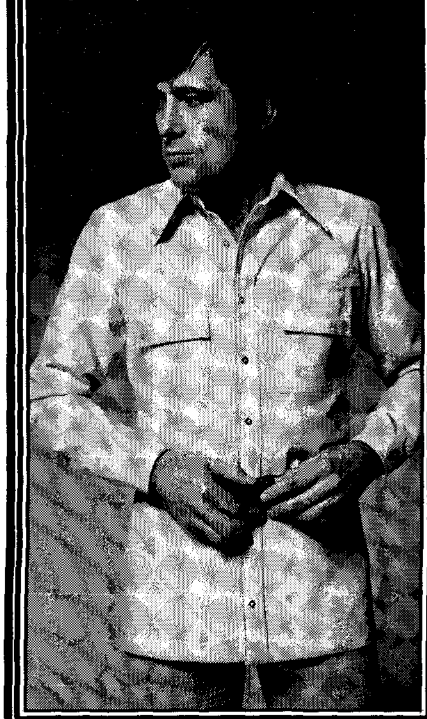
WILLIAM C. WILSON, M.D.

Dr. Wilson has done some shooting. The requisite wall-to-wall carpeting that covers the floor of his waiting room is in turn covered by a zebra-skin rug, a lion-skin rug, and a leopard-skin rug. In Dr. Wilson's own office, the head of a huge Cape buffalo stares past a case of rifles at a wall on which the usual collection of medical credentials is accompanied by a framed display that includes the Silver Star and the combat infantryman's badge—awards the Doctor won in a conflict he ordinarily refers to as "World War Deuce." If he is asked when the horrifying summer heat for which the Imperial Valley is known lets up enough for normal human activity to be resumed, he is likely to say, "Around the first week of dove season." The Imperial Valley is an awesomely fertile patch of irrigated farmland in the desert of southeastern California, between the Mexican border and nothing. A lot of doctors—and even more doctors' wives—find the prospect of living there unappealing, despite a doctor-patient ratio that makes a lucrative practice almost inevitable. Brawley, where Dr. Wilson has his office, is an unexciting town of about thirteen thousand people, and El Centro, the county seat of Imperial County, isn't much larger. In the place where the welcoming signs of most American towns would say something like "Brussels Sprout Capital of the World" or "A Nice Place to Live," the welcoming sign of Westmorland, a few miles north of Brawley, says "Sixty-five Miles to the Next Town." Dr. Wilson, who is from Ohio, says he likes living in the Imperial Valley. He and a number of other doctors enjoy riding motorcycles in the desert. He has a good practice. He can go to San Diego, two hours away, on the weekends, and he has been on enough African safaris to provide trophies for more wall space than he has available. "If you make a good enough living," Dr. Wilson has said, "you can live in Hell and fly out."

Since the appearance of the Clinica de Salubridad de Campesinos, Dr. Wilson has not had to fly out of the Valley for conflict. When the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare granted a Mexican-American community organization three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars last June to establish a medical clinic in Brawley for farm workers, Dr. Wilson's name led the signatures on a letter of protest sent to the Secretary of H.E.W. Dr. Wilson is among the plaintiffs gathered together by a Brawley pharmacist to ask that a federal judge enjoin the clinic from operating. When the three physicians on the clinic staff arrived in Brawley, Dr. Wilson, as chief of staff of Pioneers Memorial Hospital, was against giving them the customary hospital-staff privileges. Doctors opposed to the clinic have said that it amounts to socialized medicine, that it was established without adequate consultation with local doctors or county officials, that the need for it has not been adequately demonstrated, and that its sponsors include radicals and militants and "card-carrying Communists"—the words Anglos in the Valley ordinarily use to describe followers of Cesar Chavez, who is trying to organize the local lettuce workers. When Chavez's organizers go to the border-crossing at Calexico before dawn to present their case to the thousands of Green Carders who cross every day to work in the fields at wages too low to support a domestic worker, an organization called the Citizens Committee for Agriculture often shows up to demonstrate against the demonstrators, and a number of the citizens are usually wives of Imperial County doctors. The counter-picketing operation is carried on more or less like a commando raid, with intelligence sources informing the counter-demonstrators at the last minute if the enemy seems to be planning an appearance. Dr. Wilson says the women get a big kick out of it.

Despite the letter Dr. Wilson signed, and despite a couple of similarly critical resolutions by the Imperial County Board of Supervisors, the Secretary of H.E.W. declined to hold up the clinic's funds. The judge who heard the court case refused to grant a preliminary injunction and so far has not granted a permanent injunction. The clinic is now in operation, although Dr. Wilson points out that on a busy day he sees more patients than all three clinic

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Natural cotton canvas is the great stuff our jacket is made of. We've cut it shirt-shape with a center vent to wear unbelted as is, or with your own belt added. Small to extra-large sizes, $20. Men's Furnishings Collections. Add 75c for handling mail, phone orders.



PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

See your travel agent or our representative:
Leonard P. Brickett, One Palmer Square, Princeton,
N.J. 08540 Tel. (609) 924-5084 Cable: Lenbrick

Barrie Ltd.®
CASUAL
Moccasin

$16.95
Postpaid
Sizes 6 to 13
D Width

FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Made from soft cowhide for comfort • Genuine hand-sewn vamps • White rubber sole for flexibility • In Brown ☐. *Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N–NEW HAVEN.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET NW, WASHINGTON, D.C.

doctors put together. The clinic doctors now have staff privileges at Pioneers Memorial Hospital, the privileges having been granted shortly after it was hinted that the clinic would be willing to take the matter to court. But Dr. Wilson remains combative. When the privileges were granted, he said that it was "with reluctance and reservation." He now says that the law may require giving the clinic doctors staff privileges but that it does not require talking to them.

DAVID FLANAGAN, M.D.

DR. FLANAGAN and his family seem like the kind of new neighbors people on the block always welcome enthusiastically—a friendly and obviously well-brought-up young couple with some cherubic blond children—but when they moved to Brawley this fall nobody came around bearing coffee cake. Dr. Flanagan is one of the three physicians on the staff of the Clínica de Salubridad de Campesinos. The Flanagans live in the nicest neighborhood in Brawley—the section favored by the prosperous owners of lettuce fields and cattle-feed lots—and some of the neighbors assume that they must be Communists, or at least dupes of the Communists. Not everybody in Brawley feels strongly about the clinic, but the Flanagans, like the first Negro couple in a white suburb, never know what response a neighborly "hello" is likely to get. One woman in the neighborhood did invite the Flanagans to a dance that was to take place at the Planters Hotel in two weeks' time, but they heard nothing more about it until ten minutes before the dance started, when the woman called to say that, as it had turned out, there were no extra tickets available. Marsha Flanagan, who made a phone call to confirm her suspicion that there were plenty of tickets available, still finds it puzzling that such a thing could happen. Until they came to Brawley, the Flanagans had no experience in being snubbed.

Recalling what kind of reception he expected from members of his own profession in Brawley, Dr. Flanagan says, "I thought I'd go around to see them and they'd say 'Isn't that socialized medicine?' and I'd explain what we were trying to do and they'd see we weren't beatniks or anything and that would be it." In some cases, Brawley doctors who oppose the clinic in theory do have a more or less normal professional relationship with Dr. Flanagan and the other clinic doctors. But some of the doctors Dr. Flanagan phoned to make an appointment for a

Greater
future income
can be the goal
of a $5,000 portfolio
placed under
management now

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

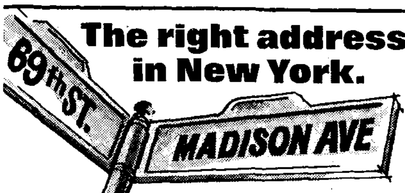
Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. N93.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • ***Incorporated 1936***

The right address
in New York.



A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000

AT HOME GOLF

Pro Golf
Pro Golf

PROGOLF is the challenging new game of skill that lets one to four people play golf at home in any kind of weather. For the experienced golfer as well as the novice. **$7.50.** At all Hoffritz stores. By mail, 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards. $1 for catalog.

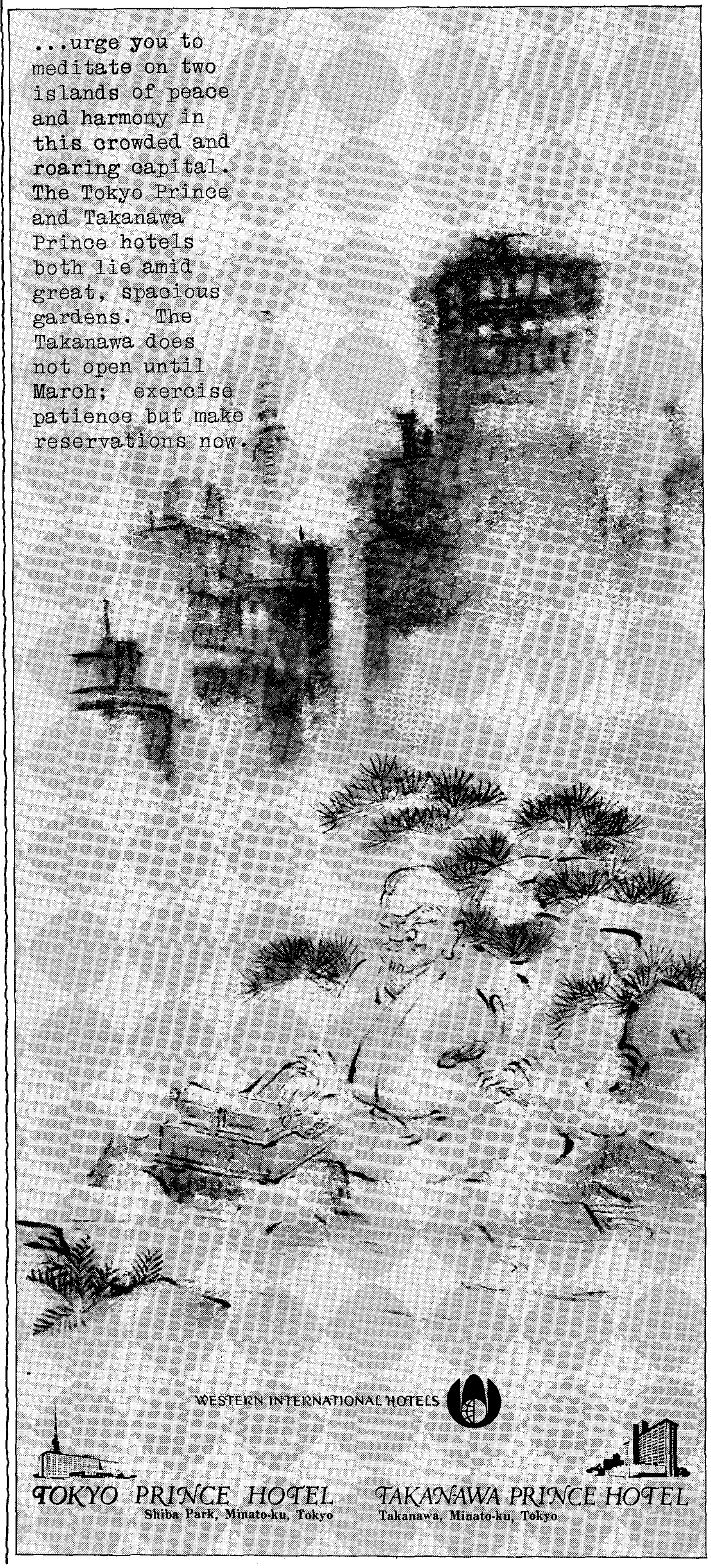
HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N-3, N.Y.C. 10003

courtesy call said they were too busy to see him, and some of them are still too busy to speak to him in the hospital corridors.

Dr. Flanagan is aware that most of the physicians in town can't conceive of why any well-trained doctor who isn't a Communist or a dupe or something worse would come to Brawley, California, to work for twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The county hospital, near El Centro, where a doctor could have the opportunity to treat the poor for about the same salary, has funds for four doctors but has always had trouble retaining even one. To someone like Dr. Flanagan, coming to the Clínica seemed natural. The Cornell Medical Center, in New York City, where he had been a resident in orthopedic surgery, is the kind of place where it is normal for doctors and medical students to discuss "community medicine." Dr. Flanagan heard about the clinic from a friend who had helped set it up, a lawyer for the California Rural Legal Assistance office in El Centro. He says that, having always planned to do something like clinic work for a year or two after his residency, he decided to postpone the one year he had left of a resident's long hours and commuting and fighting the city. Unlike some of the Brawley doctors, he saw nothing startling about the clinic's being run by a board dominated by farm workers or being sponsored by an organization militant enough to have supported the grape boycott. (When one of the other clinic doctors, formerly a doctor with Project HOPE, was asked at a public hearing why doctors wouldn't work at the county hospital but would work at the clinic, he said they were interested in being responsible to "a community of people instead of a hierarchy of people.") To Dr. Flanagan, in fact, coming to Brawley seems so natural that it is not quite explainable. His friend in the California Rural Legal Assistance office, who has had similar problems trying to explain to local lawyers why he might want to practice poor-people's law in El Centro, has told Dr. Flanagan that the only way he might satisfy the curiosity and suspicion of local medical practitioners is to tell them that he couldn't get a job anyplace else.

ELMER C. WERNER, M.D.

DR. WERNER is the leading obstetrician of Imperial County, California. His office, in a modern building on the outskirts of El Centro, is identified by a sign that says "Elmer C.



...urge you to meditate on two islands of peace and harmony in this crowded and roaring capital. The Tokyo Prince and Takanawa Prince hotels both lie amid great, spacious gardens. The Takanawa does not open until March; exercise patience but make reservations now.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

TOKYO PRINCE HOTEL
Shiba Park, Minato-ku, Tokyo

TAKANAWA PRINCE HOTEL
Takanawa, Minato-ku, Tokyo

Werner Medical Corporation." In Imperial County, people often comment on the décor of Dr. Werner's suite of offices. The glass panel next to the door is implanted with a picture of a stork and an arrangement of diaper pins. The waiting room has Shocking-pink wall-to-wall carpeting, a light-pink chiffon curtain, and furniture that includes two brocade love seats.

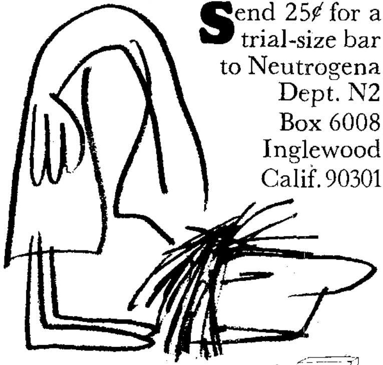
During Dr. Werner's term as president of the Imperial County Medical Society, the society passed a resolution asking that funds be withheld from the clinic until a thorough survey of county health needs had been taken. But apparently some of the doctors from El Centro went along with the resolution more or less as a matter of support for their colleagues in Brawley. Dr. Werner believes that El Centro doctors are less concerned about the clinic not only because they are fifteen miles away but also because more of them are specialists who would be less threatened economically by a clinic even if it turned out to be the "foot in the door" that doctors always fear. He doesn't actually believe that the clinic poses much of an economic threat to doctors in Brawley. There have never been enough doctors in Imperial County. Since a recent announcement by the state that the Medi-Cal fees given doctors for treating poor patients would be reduced, some doctors have been saying that they will accept no new Medi-Cal patients. Anglos who can afford to pay regular fees often complain about having to wait for an appointment. "In this county," Dr. Werner says, "any doctor who is willing to answer his phone is busy."

Dr. Werner thinks of himself as having been caught in the middle of the clinic dispute. He has been criticized for not making a strong attack against the clinic as president of the Medical Society and for not opposing it as a member of the Comprehensive Health Planning Association of San Diego and Imperial Counties, which approved the grant application. Like a lot of people around the country who serve on school boards or health boards or planning boards, Dr. Werner's views were changed somewhat from those of his constituents by the very act of representing them—by seeing, in his case, health problems that the leading obstetrician in the county ordinarily might have dismissed as the fancies of those who would encourage socialized medicine. Dr. Werner is convinced that there is a need for more health care in Imperial County among the poor; he says he only regrets that the county

When your face feels as tired as your feet, is it all in your head?

It could be the soap you're using that leaves your face feeling taut, tight, and tired. Then try Neutrogena. It's a clear, amber bar designed to help you overcome the niceties of over-civilization like smog, soot, and air-conditioning. It's made with only the most neutral, natural ingredients. Washing with it is the next best thing to running barefoot in a park. And you won't get mugged.

Send 25¢ for a trial-size bar to Neutrogena, Dept. N2, Box 6008, Inglewood, Calif. 90301.



Neutrogena® the under-discovered soap.

Less than 400 miles from New York City is a delightful French boutique called Montréal.

Reservations—Tel: (514) 878-2332
Hôtel Bonaventure
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

The Pierre
Is a World of its own. Welcome.
5TH AVE. & 61 STREET • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

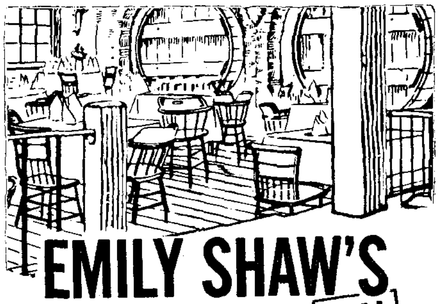
Sheraton on Kauai, Hawaii

The Sheraton-Kauai is perfect Polynesia... from the golden sands of Poipu Beach to the three tropical lagoons. Nestled among the swaying palms, you'll find it's the perfect place to relax and get to know the real Hawaii... amidst the tropical splendor of the Garden Isle.

For reservations, call 800-325-3535 (toll free) or have your travel agent call for you.

Sheraton-Kauai Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
O.C. SMITH
Kirk Lightsey, Musical Conductor
MORTY STORM
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8 P.M., 11 P.M. AND 2 A.M.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900



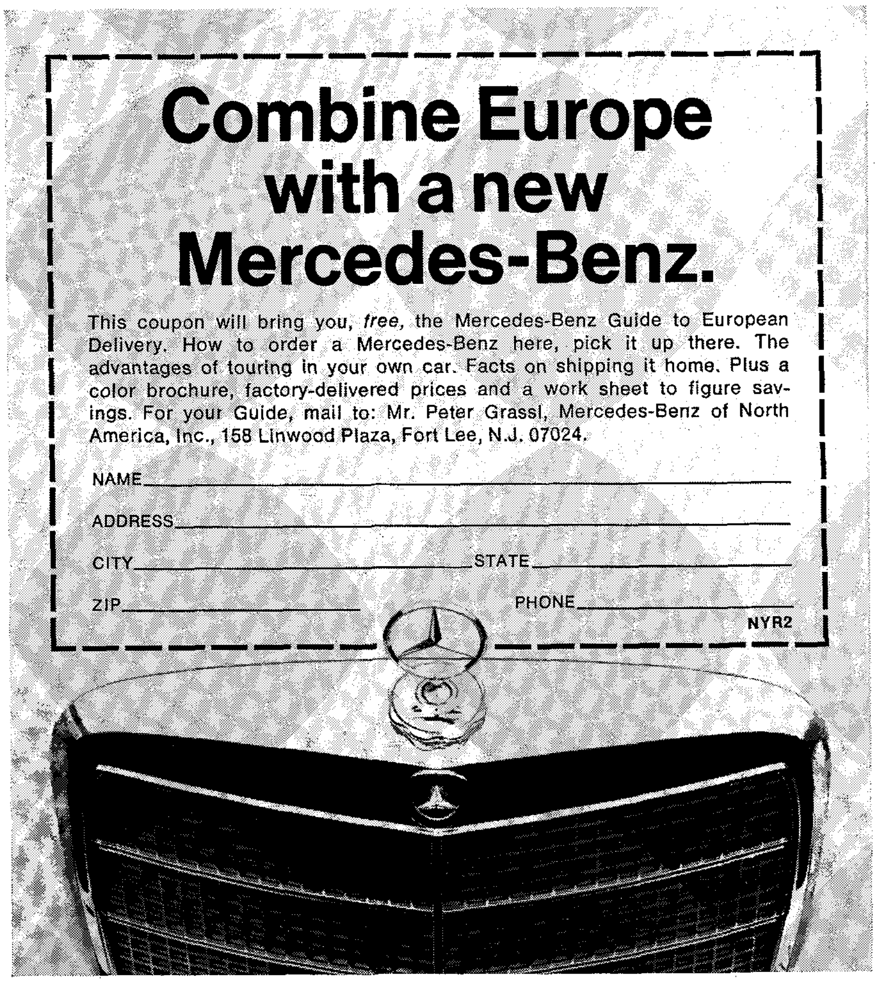
EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

officials or the local doctors didn't take the initiative in dealing with the problem themselves. Still, Dr. Werner has never spoken in favor of the clinic. He is not a supporter of the sort of politics that Anglos in Imperial County associate with a clinic founded by "militants" and given a Spanish name. Dr. Werner has been a Citizen for Agriculture at the border once or twice himself. One of the leaders of the Citizens Committee for Agriculture is his wife, who also decorated Dr. Werner's office.

BEN YELLEN, M.D.

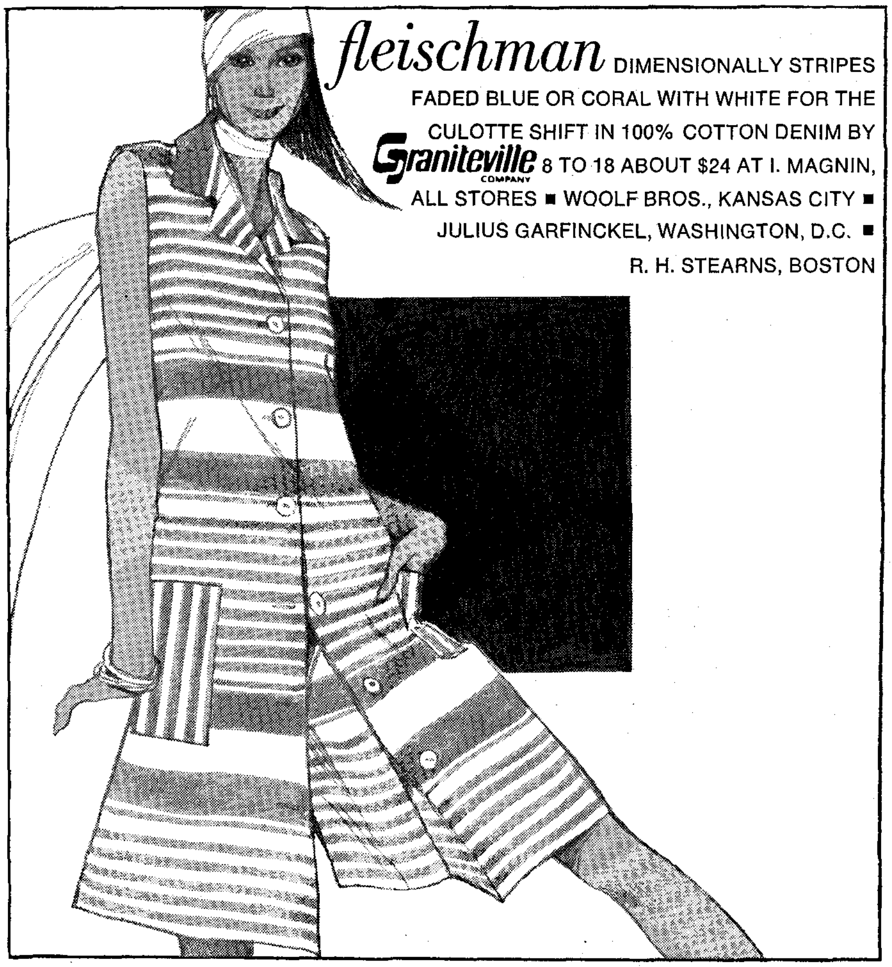
"I'VE been fighting these sons of bitches for years," Dr. Yellen often says, in a strong Brooklyn accent. "God, what fights we've had!" Dr. Yellen is a short man in his sixties. He usually wears a short-sleeved white shirt, suspenders, baggy pants, and a leather pencil case hanging from his belt. When talking to someone about what goes on in Imperial County, he speaks in the manner of a dedicated but irascible teacher half resigned to finding most students too dense to understand what they're being told. "Pay attention!" he'll shout. "Pay attention, goddam it! Listen!" When trying particularly hard to make a point—which is the only way he ever tries to make a point—Dr. Yellen is likely to get as close as possible to the listener and shout as loud as he can. Then he'll switch suddenly to a nasal, conspiratorial tone offered out of the side of his mouth—keeping his hand on the listener's arm the way comedians on talk shows sometimes keep their hand on the host's arm to avoid being interrupted before they get the punch line out. If the listener should venture to disagree, Dr. Yellen sits back in his chair and shakes his head in despair, as if reminded once again of the kind of lunkheads he often has to deal with. Then, after a moment or two of silence, he bounces up and says, "These are the lies those bastards will tell you! I tell you facts! Now, pay attention!" The normal response of Dr. Yellen to seeing, say, a woman and two children in his waiting room is to storm out and shout, "All right, who's sick?"

If Dr. Yellen lived in Hell, he would sleep in the back room—which is the arrangement he once had in Brawley, where a small concrete building on a side street used to serve as both an office and a place to live. He is a bachelor and a loner. His favorite targets in combat are the rich growers, who are the most powerful people in the Valley, and the Imperial Irrigation District, which is the most powerful in-


Combine Europe with a new Mercedes-Benz.

This coupon will bring you, *free*, the Mercedes-Benz Guide to European Delivery. How to order a Mercedes-Benz here, pick it up there. The advantages of touring in your own car. Facts on shipping it home. Plus a color brochure, factory-delivered prices and a work sheet to figure savings. For your Guide, mail to: Mr. Peter Grassl, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
ZIP PHONE
NYR2


fleischman DIMENSIONALLY STRIPES FADED BLUE OR CORAL WITH WHITE FOR THE CULOTTE SHIFT IN 100% COTTON DENIM BY Graniteville COMPANY 8 TO 18 ABOUT $24 AT I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES ■ WOOLF BROS., KANSAS CITY ■ JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON, D.C. ■ R. H. STEARNS, BOSTON

FLEISCHMAN ■ SAN FRANCISCO

LOAFAROUNDS™
our
Packable
Trackables

Our
water weights!
Only 16 oz. the
average men's pair.

From the sportscar circuits of Europe, we bring you the driving shoe of champions!

They've become our everyday shoes for relaxing, beachcombing, country club-ing and just plain loafing around, indoors or out.

Yesterday's craftsmanship today in supple copper colored calf. Genuine moccasin construction with handsewn vamp seams. Patented "Carro" soles provide positive non-slip grip.

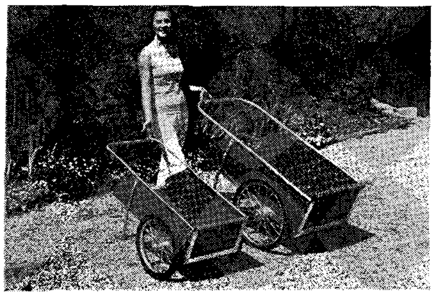
Travel favorites, they stowaway in their colorful drawstring bag on those rare occasions when you're not wearing them! When ordering by mail state men's or women's and size for perfect fit.

$25 add $1 post on mail orders.
Also available in White at $26
N.Y. Residents Add Tax

N44

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

© HUNTING WORLD
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022



Makes Fun Of Work!

New, Vermont-Made Wheelbarrow-Cart is so perfectly balanced on two big wheels, so easy to roll, you guide it with just one hand even with 300 lb. loads! No Backstrain! No Struggle! No Load fall out! Several models include one for indoor-outdoor use and build-yourself kits. Handsome, rugged, handcrafted appearance. Perfect (gift) for any him, her, family, or business. For FREE CATALOG by first class mail, write now to Garden Way Research Associates, Dept. 5012, Charlotte, Vermont 05445.

If you think saying
VERDICCHIO
is tough, wait till
you try saying
FAZI-BATTAGLIA

It's not easy. But to enjoy the full flavor of Verdicchio wine at its finest, order by its full name: FAZI-BATTAGLIA Verdicchio. *White, dry, superb. Serve well-chilled.*

Imported by: Mediterranean Importing Co., Inc.
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

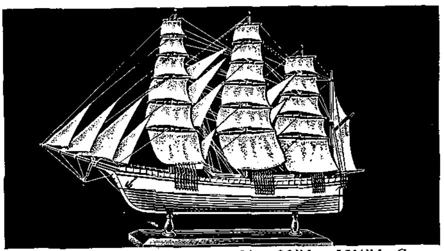
stitution in the Valley. In a newsletter that he publishes, Dr. Yellen regularly accuses the Irrigation District of swindling the taxpayers on water and electricity rates, among other things, and accuses the growers of swindles so numerous that a single newsletter is never adequate for listing them. He has gone to federal court to try to compel government enforcement of the 1902 law that brought irrigation to the Valley—a law that was meant to encourage small farming by providing government-financed irrigation only to farmers who held no more than a hundred and sixty acres for each member of the family. He takes joy in reminding anyone who will listen how much government money rich growers who supposedly hate government programs are being paid for not growing crops on land made fertile by government irrigation. On the desk and tables of his office, the medical literature is buried under copies of the *Congressional Record* and letters from senatorial subcommittees and legal briefs and copies of his newsletters with headlines like "$14,000,000 YEARLY ELECTRICITY SWINDLE" and "THE SWINDLERS ARE WORRIED." Dr. Yellen has been in Brawley for about thirty years now, but nobody refers to him as "good old Doc Yellen."

Although by background Dr. Yellen might seem to be the one doctor in Brawley who would be openly enthusiastic about a clinic for poor farm workers, he is in fact one of the most vigorous plaintiffs in the lawsuit against it—perhaps the first time he has ever agreed with ten other citizens of Brawley at the same time on any subject. The clinic has been given funds under a law that applies principally to migrant workers, and Dr. Yellen maintains that because of the availability of Green Carders there are virtually no migrant workers left in Imperial County—a theory that was strongly rebutted by California Rural Legal Assistance lawyers when the case came to court. It is agreed by both sides that if any doctor in Brawley could be hurt financially by the clinic it would be Dr. Yellen, whose patients are mostly poor Mexican-Americans, and whose fees are mostly collected from the Medi-Cal program. In an effort to placate local doctors, the clinic organizers announced at the start that the clinic would not take patients who are eligible for Medi-Cal (a lot of farm workers being ineligible, for one reason or another), but Dr. Yellen sees no reason to believe them. "They'll cripple me!" he shouts. "The bastards!"

Arizona's famous Camelback Inn... where Spring is Special!

The desert is a festival of flowers and at Camelback Inn there's always something doing under the sun . . . golf on our 6,687 yard course (ask about our Golfer's Delight package), tennis, swimming, dancing and entertainment. Luxurious accommodations. American or European plan.

Marriott's
Camelback Inn
P.O. Box 70
Scottsdale, Arizona 85252
(602) 947-3561



Above: Clipper Ship Great Republic: 20" l. x 13½" h. Complete kit with carved wood hull, sewn sails, all fittings and mounting board. Complete $19.95 plus 75¢ shipping.

SHIP MODELS

Ships played a part in the family history of most of us. Perhaps that's why a ship model is so warming to have and so lovely to look at.

Our new fully illustrated 128 page catalog shows over 40 Historic Sailing Ships—all available in kit form and some as finished models. Also shown are more than 100 pictures of Ships and Sea — figureheads, Brass Cannons, and decorative marine items by the score. Catalog price 25¢. Send check or M.O. to:

PRESTON'S
86-J Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N.Y. 11944
SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

SAVE YOUR HEART WITH... STAIR-GLIDE

Rental-Purchase Plan Available
Installs quickly • Will not mar stairway • Tax deductible when recommended by physician • Costs about 8c a wk. to operate • Guaranteed.

Used by thousands: Cardiac Patients, Sr. Citizens, Post Operatives, Arthritics, and as a Wife-Saver.
Write For Free Brochure

AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
201 W. 80th Terr. Dept. NY213
Kansas City, Mo. 64114

Dr. Yellen is frank to admit that for the first time in any of his crusades he has a personal stake in the outcome. But he insists that his interest is in keeping people from diverting money from true migrant workers. He is proud to have attacked the California Rural Legal Assistance people long before the clinic issue came up. He believes that the C.R.L.A. should have taken up an electricity-rate case that he was forced to pay a private attorney to handle, and that it has ignored the white poor, and that it should be worried about practical matters like water rates rather than about whether Mexican-American schoolchildren can be forbidden to wear "Mexican-American Liberation" buttons to school—points of view that produce newsletter headlines like "CALIFORNIA RURAL LEGAL ASSISTANCE CHEATS THE POOR" and "EL CENTRO C.R.L.A. STINKS." In discussing Dr. Yellen, C.R.L.A. lawyers sometimes sound the way a group of modern engineers might sound talking about a mechanic who worked hard taking care of an old machine but reacted to a new one by attacking it with his wrench. The clinic, after all, may be a challenge not only to Dr. Yellen's income but to his standing as the Valley's lone radical ("You'd think they'd ask one doctor what he thought! I've been fighting all alone here. I'm not entitled?") and to his brand of medical care ("Why should anybody go there? They're better doctors? They've got a monopoly on brains?"). Dr. Yellen says he is not through fighting; he is thinking of complaining to the General Accounting Office about misuse of federal funds. "I don't give a goddam if the bastards claim to be bleeding hearts," he says. "If what they do don't sit right with me, I'll take their hides off them."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—Eight persons who were fined $200 apiece for staging a naked demonstration against commercialized sex are seeking a Supreme Court ruling that it is not unlawfully lewd to be publicly nude.—*Wilmington (Del.) Morning News.*

. . . and only a prude would want to intrude.

•

CORRECTION

The Strasburg Lions Club annually sponsors an eye screening program at the local schools and not an ice cream program as stated in an article on the club's playground.—*Strasburg (Va.) Northern Virginia Daily.*

It's never too late to change.

BONWIT TELLER

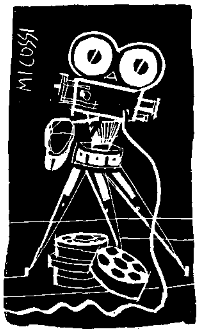
For your spring change—
Bonwit's own Denim!
Keeping up with fashion's new
look and your change too is our
exclusive French purse in blue
denim with lush leather hide
trimming in red or white.
Bond Street's design, 8.00
Also available: Matching Credit Card
Case, 5.50 Cosmetic Case, 6.50
Purse Accessories
Bonwit Teller
Mail and phone. Please add
1.25 for delivery charge
outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

Let it be clean and clear and honest with
Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blood and Sand

BIG, ambitious historical-adventure movies used to be overrated; now they're more likely to be underrated. "The Last Valley," made by James Clavell, a novelist turned movie director, certainly isn't a work of art, but it's not really a bad movie, either, and one gets involved in how it develops and how it's going to work out. The setting is Germany during the Thirty Years' War. Omar Sharif, a Heidelberg professor running away from war and plague and starvation, stumbles into a hidden valley, an Eden where life is green and tranquil, and the peasants might, as is all too evident, have posed for Bruegel (the elder—I think). Michael Caine, the leader of a band of brutal mercenaries, discovers the valley, too, and prepares to pillage and destroy it, but he is persuaded by Sharif to stay there with his men and live peacefully through the winter. It's as if the soldiers from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had moved into Shangri-La. The interest in the film is in the details of the adjustment of the villagers to the soldiers—how the villagers are persuaded to provide whores for the soldiers, and so on—and the suspense factor is: What will happen when spring comes?



Caine, who holds most of the movie together, has the gift of conveying what his character is thinking without excess motion. He plays his role with a slight, tricky Germanic but not quite identifiable accent, which he uses to ironic effect. At first, it seems just a star turn, because many of the actors are unaccented, but it gives Caine a style in which to play the role (as Brando's accent gave him one in "The Young Lions"), and I suspect that the role wouldn't work at all without it. We need the faint foreignness in his voice to be able to accept the convention that we're in the seventeenth century. It's a distanced performance, not intended to be taken realistically; the character who is seen against the fields and the open landscapes speaks as a voice from the world that has already lost this fertile valley. Clean air these days has the ambience of a polemic. Caine and Sharif play intelligent, essentially modern men—our representatives—looking at the conflicts in the world outside the valley and the quality of the life of fat burghers and bigots inside the valley. Clavell is less successful with the inhabitants of the valley; they seem guided by plot necessities rather than by their own drives. Sadistic priests are becoming a movie cliché, and Per Oscarsson's role as the local Savonarola is overdrawn and too theatrically intense; Nigel Davenport is unnecessarily cold as the peasant leader. As a burgher paterfamilias, Arthur O'Connell is unmistakably an actor in makeup, even at a distance in a crowd. Are there awards for negative achievement? Rarely has an actor been so conspicuous in such a small role.

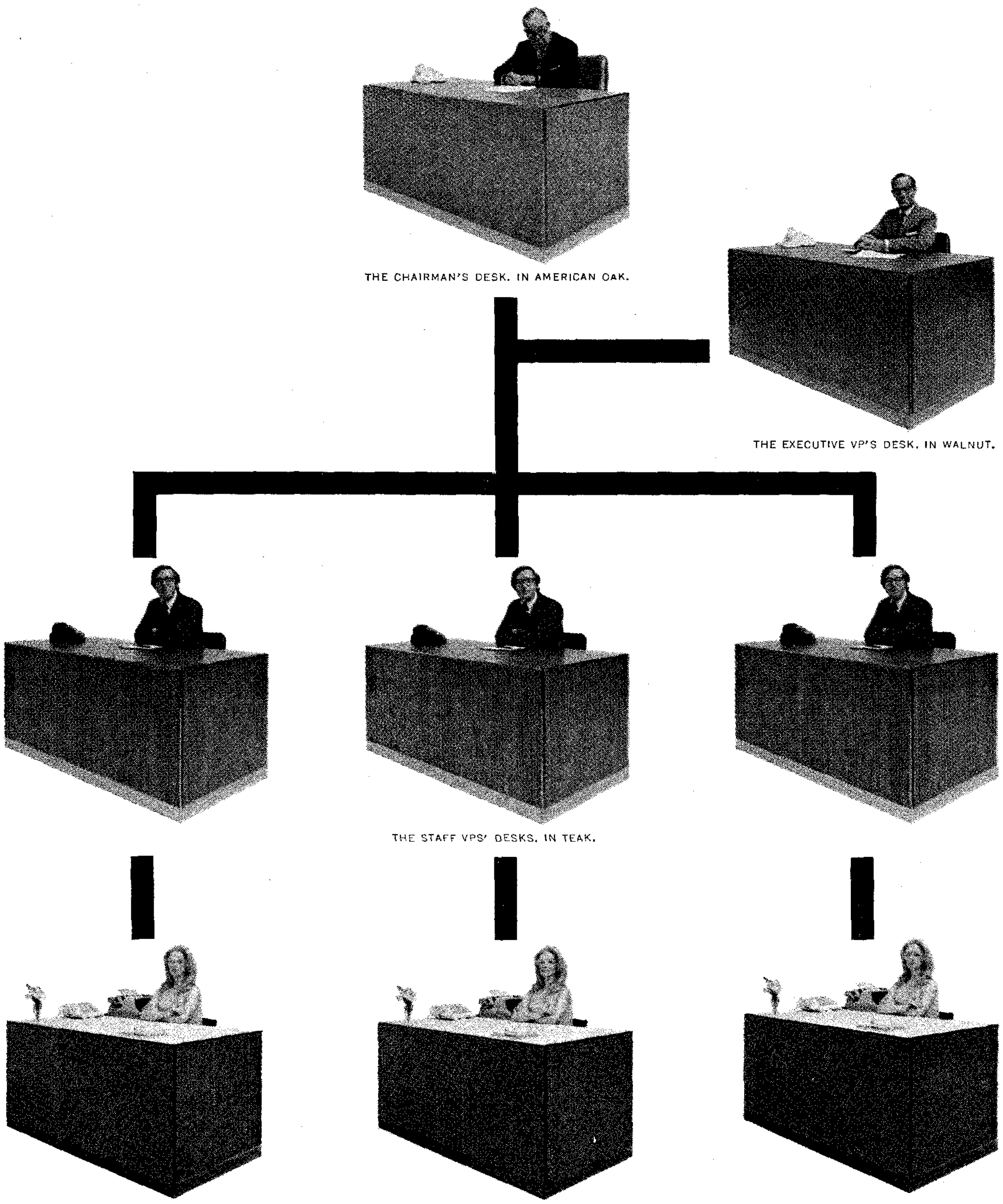
Sharif is a great sufferer: he seems to get more beautiful when he looks vaguely ill. What a Camille he'd be! Even in this setting, in which the greenish hue of his skin makes one fear he's about to topple over with plague, he's handsomely *spiritual*. He's more convincing in his loner role than in his usual lover role, because he isn't a very outgoing performer. But we never find out what has made the professor a survivor, and when he stands by and does nothing while a woman suspected of witchcraft is tortured, the picture disintegrates, because we no longer know what Clavell intends the professor to represent. Is Clavell saying that no humane course of action is possible unless one has sufficient power to back it up, and that power is obtained only through inhumanity? That's a hell of a message. The movie is an allegory without a point, finally, because Clavell doesn't seem clear about whether this last refuge will survive, or whether it should. He has got himself into a fix by making the last valley both Vietnam and Switzerland. In the past few years, movie people have been raiding history for analogies with Vietnam. Understandably, they feel they must say something about it in their movies, but who knows what to say anymore? Clavell comes out better than most, because he's a storyteller and he doesn't push the analogy, but he's caught in the same bind as the others: the attempted historical parallels are never really parallel, and so the meanings are befuddled. At the end of "The Last Valley," a series of implausible events wipe out the movie instead of resolving it. Increasingly, adventure-epics have come to reflect a sense of hopelessness.

I haven't heard a good movie score in such a long time that it seems rather odd for me to complain of this score, by John Barry, but it has that infatuation with one theme that separates movie-business composers from composers, and it's the kind of mood music that tells you it's a big mood up there on the screen. The thick, rich musical sludge makes the movie seem more self-importantly middlebrow and old-fashioned than necessary. Audiences have begun to laugh now when movies open with the promotional ballad during the titles, because the unconcealed cynicism of the song-plugging provides a wry contrast to the counter-culture lyrics. But, at least, crassness doesn't inflate a movie. This score is in the old Hollywood tradition of grandiose scoring for big movies: it says "Listen to me;" it practically says "Reserved-seat hard ticket." There is a core of feeling in "The Last Valley," so that even when the picture is platitudinous, it's still often powerful; it deserves a simpler score.

The film's brutality got too much for me a few times, and too much for the people around me. There were gasps and a whispered "Oh, Jesus!" The Motion Picture Association Rating Board gave the picture a wholesome family GP, of course—apparently on the assumption that if women are raped and torn apart and men are impaled and threatened with castration, kids will find it harmless entertainment, but that consensual sex is obscene. Well, there's a crazy logic to it.

"PUZZLE OF A DOWNFALL CHILD"—the title is enough to warn one that this is going to be literary in the worst way. Once the movie gets started and it turns out to be about a movie being planned about the anguished life of a high-fashion model (Faye Dunaway), it's hard to know what's worse—that she calls herself Lou Andreas Sand or that her real name is Emily. When Lou Andreas Sand goes to her isolated beach house in the off season, one prepares for bogus desperation. She's a lapsed Catholic, striving for grace and sleeping with strangers. (Lapsed ladies strive for grace in the damnedest places.) Lou Andreas-Emily was molested by old men, or perhaps she enticed them; as a teen-ager, she was in love with a priest. She has nervous breakdowns and fantasies; she slashes her wrists; she lives on medication. In fact, her life could be the one described in the book-jacket copy for Joan Didion's "Play It As It Lays": "Immediately and deeply

These are one desk.



THE CHAIRMAN'S DESK. IN AMERICAN OAK.

THE EXECUTIVE VP'S DESK. IN WALNUT.

THE STAFF VPS' DESKS. IN TEAK.

THE SECRETARIES' DESKS. IN ENAMELED METAL.

The Davis Allen Desk.

The Davis Allen Desk doesn't look like other desks you can buy. In fact, one Davis Allen Desk doesn't even look like another. You could furnish a whole office with the one desk, and by changing colors, and woods, and tops, and accessories never get monotonous. Yet because the desks are structurally the same, regardless of size, you'd keep the same character and design integrity from one part of the office to another. The Davis Allen Desk also takes account of electricity. Wires from telephones and typewriters don't run across the desk to mar the appearance. They run into the desk itself. The end panels of the desk are easily removed without tools and provide access to outlets in the desk as well as on the floor. As you can see, the Davis Allen Desk is virtually custom made. You could say it's the first custom-made desk made on the production line. The Davis Allen Desk. Part of a collection by The General Fireproofing Company, Youngstown, Ohio 44501. GF Business Equipment.

Europe's best buy isn't for sale in Europe.

It's called Eurailpass, and you must buy it before you leave this country. Then this best buy gives you three weeks or more of unlimited First Class train travel in 13 European countries* from $110.

Relax and make new friends.

We've just told you the only catch about Eurailpass. You can't get it in Europe. So buy yours before you leave. Either the three week version for $110, the one month one for $140, the two month one for $200, or three months $230.

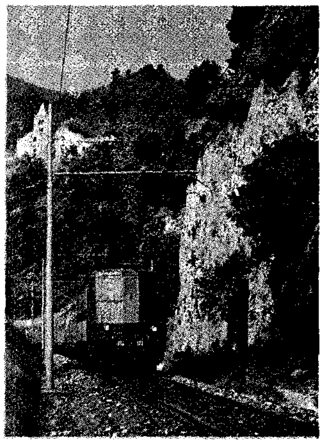
Last year, over 80,000 Americans discovered Europe with Eurailpass, and discovered that we'd sold them too much for their money. For in addition to unlimited First Class train travel on over 100,000 miles of railroads, your Eurailpass also entitles you to free or reduced fares on many river and lake cruises and sea ferries, also on certain motor coach routes.

The trains of Europe are superb. They provide you with what is often the quickest and most convenient method of travel. Express trains commonly exceed 100 miles an hour, and the schedules give you frequent and punctual trains from city center to city center. The trains are also clean, comfortable, and modern. And First Class is downright luxurious. Express trains carry dining cars, bar cars and sleeping cars on overnight journeys. And the crack Trans Europe Express trains are air conditioned and some even have vista-dome cars with reclining seats.

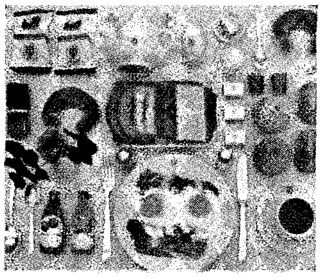
Students! Here's 1971's greatest travel bargain! Our new Student-Railpass gives you two months of unlimited Second Class travel for a modest $125. And there's very little second class about Second Class in Europe.

You can't get Eurailpass or Student-Railpass in Europe. So see your Travel Agent. Ask about Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. And clip coupon for Eurailpass folder with map.

Country to country dinner.

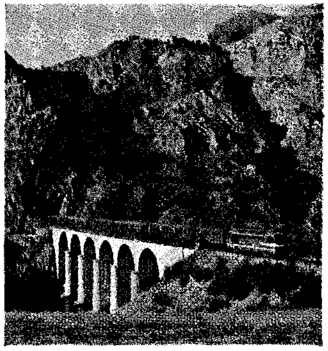


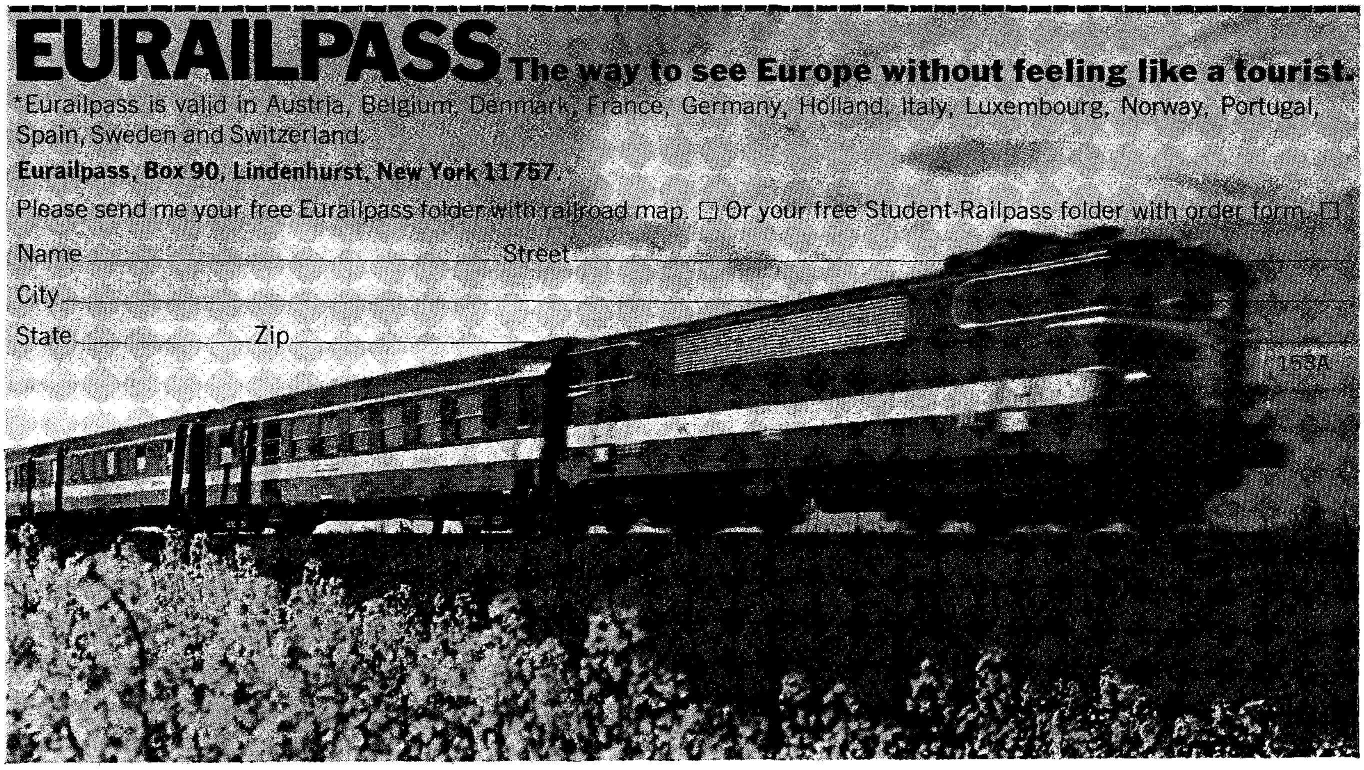
Always fast, always punctual.



Fine food at moderate cost.

Breathtaking views en route.





EURAILPASS **The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.**

*Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 90, Lindenhurst, New York 11757.

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐ Or your free Student-Railpass folder with order form. ☐

Name__________ Street__________

City__________

State__________ Zip__________

153A

recognizable as a young woman of our times . . . an emotional drifter who has become almost anesthetized against pain and pleasure . . . set in a place beyond good and evil . . . figuratively in the landscape of the arid soul . . . probing into the lives of the affluent, disoriented people." Lou Andreas has everything that that girl has except a neurally damaged daughter. Hasn't Carol Burnett already played this role?

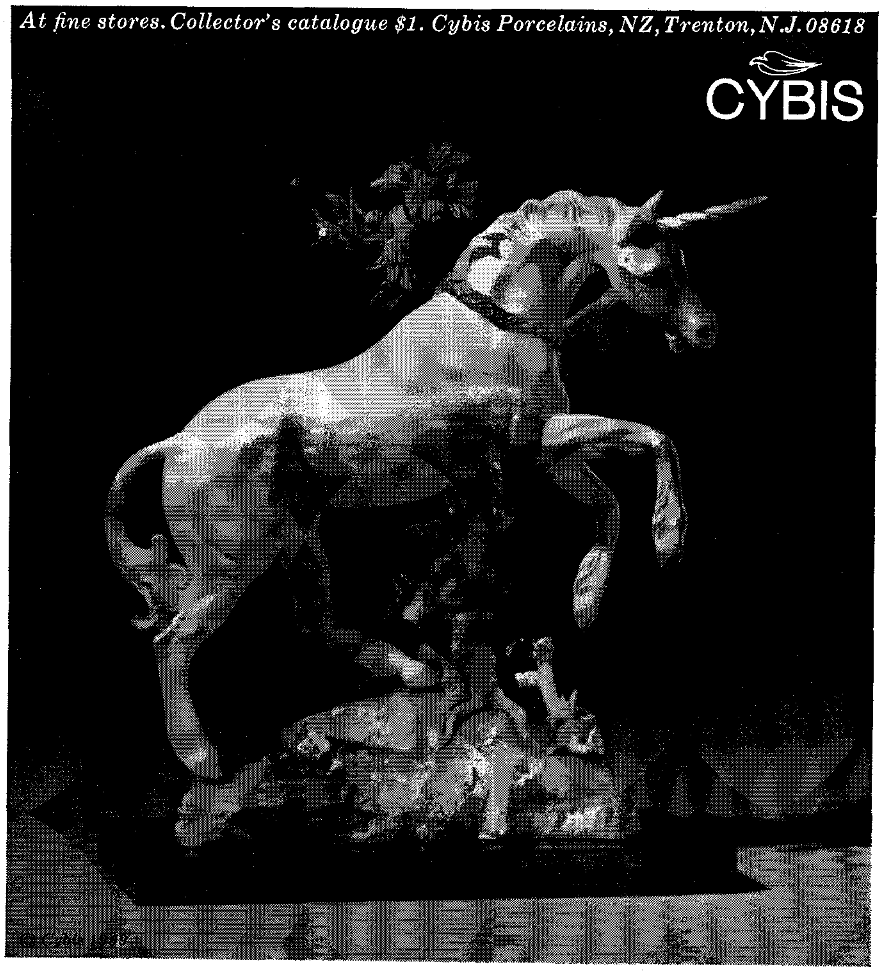
From what we can piece together (out of teaser-flashbacks of traumas and messy relationships), Lou Andreas seems to have been prematurely alienated. But then why is the movie so obsessed with the sins of the brittle, empty, cruel people who (it says) surround a gorgeous, successful high-fashion model? If she wasn't destroyed by this high-pitched decadence, why doesn't the movie show us what did destroy her? (I know the answer, and so do you.) I have a constitutional aversion to movies about beautiful women whose souls have been lost, stolen, or destroyed, especially when it isn't made clear—and it never is—whether the heroine had a soul in the first place.

After looking at the heroine's teeny marble features for almost two hours—with the camera hardly ever leaving her face—we're offered the conceit that perhaps she's an empty wreck because every time someone takes a picture of her she loses a piece of her soul. (At twenty-four frames a second, this movie must have devastated Miss Dunaway.) There is a sense in which that primitive concept of soul-stealing is very important in modern life—the sense that John Grierson, the Scottish documentarian, gave it when he said, "You may take a part of a man's soul away by making a picture of him. You may take a part of his privacy away." But the movie doesn't descend to this level of sanity; its true concern is the high-flown chic of soullessness. Carol Eastman's scripts—she wrote "Five Easy Pieces" under the name Adrien Joyce and "Puzzle of a Downfall Child" under the name Adrian Joyce—are *tributes* to alienation. The smart cues for the knowledgeable are there just to make us feel we're getting something really hip. Miss Eastman cleverly puts the blame for selecting the name Lou Andreas on the girl herself. But why would a girl take the name of one of the most neurotic women in modern history—a woman whose most lasting accomplishment is that she persuaded Rilke to change his first name from René to Rainer? The film isn't designed so that we can see into the Dun-

SleepAway is Selig
with overnight accommodations.

You just reach inside a Selig SleepAway sofa and pull out the best innerspring mattress and mechanism your money can buy. All hidden so well, you can't tell a SleepAway from any other Selig sofa. See the Selig SleepAway sofa with Regular, Super Queen and King Size beds. Write for free brochure and name of store nearest you, Selig Manufacturing Co., Dept. SA3, Leominster, Mass.

SELIG



At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NZ, Trenton, N.J. 08618

CYBIS

BOX OFFICE OPENS MON. FEB. 22
PREVIEWS BEGIN THURS. MAR. 4
OPENS MON. EVG. MAR. 8

DIANA RIGG KEITH MICHELL
in
Abelard & Heloise
by
RONALD MILLAR
(Inspired by "Peter Abelard" by Helen Waddell and the letters of Heloise and Abelard)
with
RONALD RADD
Directed by
ROBIN PHILLIPS
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $8.50; Mezz. $7.50, 6.90, 5.75. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: Orch. $6.50; Mezz. $5.75, 5.50, 4.80.
BROOKS ATKINSON THEATRE
256 W. 47th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Magnificent South Sea Pearl Ring garlanded by 18K white gold leaves embellished with ¾ carat diamonds (approx.). $495.

Duty, if any, payable on receipt.

Cardow
Box 359, Dept. N
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
00801

WOW, THE WATER'S WONDERFUL IN WEST INDIES.
Just be sure it's distilled fresh daily by
MECO
Mechanical Equipment Co., New Orleans

away character—it's designed so that we *can't.*

Obfuscation is the aim (as obfuscation was also, I think, at least partly the aim with the Nicholson character in "Five Easy Pieces"). The tipoff to the misery-glorifying process in the Eastman scripts is that the protagonists are sadder than anyone else but are not subject to ordinary human motivation; they're too special to have motives—they're way beyond that. They're out of control; doomed, like Miss Didion's heroine; beyond help and beyond our understanding. The model has been psychologically mutilated by life. And, as in "Red Desert," the mystery of damaged beauty—in "Five Easy Pieces" it's damaged talent—is what is supposed to engage us.

I speak of the scenarist here rather than the director, Jerry Schatzberg, because, even though he initiated the project, this script is so similar to the script of "Five Easy Pieces." Aaron (Barry Primus), the photographer who's planning the movie about Lou Andreas, is taping her story first; the script is primary here, too. It's a script that tries to be deep with toy ideas. If one discovered that this script had been written by consulting astrological charts, it would come as no surprise. The soul-stealing photographs are on the same level as the dimpled chin as the mark of God's disfavor in "Five Easy Pieces." Unmotivated misery is another dimple. "Five Easy Pieces" depended heavily on Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" for its structure and several of its episodes, and, to a much lesser degree, on "East of Eden." This time, Miss Eastman has borrowed primarily from Bergman's "Summer Interlude" (about an aging ballerina who goes to the island where she grew up) and Bergman's "Dreams" (about a fashion editor and a model who take a trip) and "Citizen Kane." Miss Eastman combines suggestions, cross-references, and little borrowings from old movies—not only as the French directors do, for homages and inside jokes, but for a fancy cultural *tone*. If a movie could become a work of art by association, "Puzzle of a Downfall Child" would be one. But it's not enough to take your characters to remote islands; you must also have talent. The hysterical, fractured style of the film bears an unhappy resemblance to "The Arrangement;" this is hardly likely to be intentional.

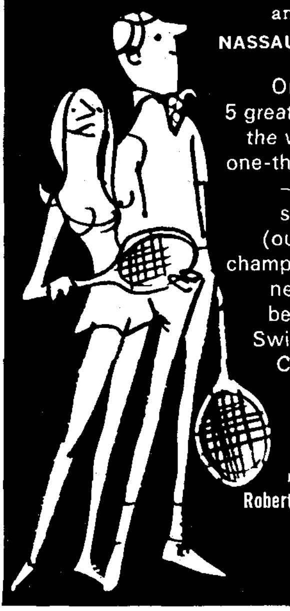
Yet, despite the frenzy, the movie is bloodless and inbred. The characters seem to be the walking dead from old movies, echoing old dialogue. Is the

The last act is the best one. After-theater supper in The Gold Room.

Music by the Lester Lanin Duo.

The Barclay
Just off Park Avenue
at 111 East 48th Street
PL 5-5900

IN NASSAU—23 ACRES OF ISLAND PLEASURES
THE Emerald Beach
SEASIDE PLANTATION
and HOTEL
NASSAU, BAHAMAS



On one of the 5 great beaches of the world—fully one-third of a mile—ALL water sports, tennis (our own pro), championship golf nearby. Down beat night life. Swing a little—C'mon down.

See your Travel Agent or call our representatives
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York:
586-4500

PAINTING IN PROVENCE
6-week Summer course & Workshop. June 22-Aug. 1 for adults. $525 includes tuition, room, demi-pension, field trips to Avignon, Arles, Nîmes and Marseille. Special arrangements & charges for private accommodation. Charter flight extra.

Write airmail
N. Bayley-Benney
Director, Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Université, 13—Aix-en-Provence, France

All levels of painting with recognized artists in the countryside of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Picasso in an ancient French University town.

character of the vicious photographer Falco (Emerick Bronson) changed if one catches the reference to Tony Curtis's Falco in "Sweet Smell of Success"? Perhaps Schatzberg and Eastman are hedging their bets, and "Puzzle of a Downfall Child" is designed to succeed as a movie-memory game if it flops as a movie. When Viveca Lindfors, as a super-rich photographer, trips and falls down, it's the only moment in the film that looks spontaneous, and it's the only good moment.

Faye Dunaway plays the neurosis rather charmlessly; she lays it on too thick. And she has developed some dotty vocal mannerisms. She says every line the same affected way she spoke in "Little Big Man"—stretching the line with pauses, never contracting short words, clinging to syllables. It sounds neurotic, all right, but it's as tedious as a neurotic narcissist offscreen. What Aaron and the others see in Lou Andreas isn't so mysterious, though. It's the same thing that causes Faye Dunaway to get cast in so many movies: Faye Dunaway is a perfect, almost archetypal *shiksa*, and so, to many, as remote in her own way as the unreachable heroines Godard used to use. She has the right quality for the role; the "model" in advertising art is the Jewish (and other ethnic groups') dream of the American princess. But the potentially interesting subject is the comedy of why they are drawn to her. —PAULINE KAEL

•

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

[*From the Columbus (Ohio) Citizen-Journal*]

MIDDLETOWN, O. (UPI)—A paper company dumped a large quantity of dye into the Miami River, turning it red in spots from here 30 miles south to the Ohio River at Cincinnati, it was revealed Thursday.

The Crystal Tissue Co. here said the dye had been used on gift wrappings and was dumped into the river because there was no way to trap the coloring.

Stanley Reed, president of the company, said the plant flushes 2.5 million gallons of waste water into the river every day.

Reed and John Burdsall, the company's president for manufacturing, said the dye was not poisonous but would not disclose its chemical makeup because it was a "trade secret."

They said the only harm that would apparently be done to the river was the change in color.

"This is really not unusual because it has probably happened a thousand times before in the last 10 or 15 years," said Reed.

"We are as concerned about the environment as much as anybody," said Reed, "within economic reason."

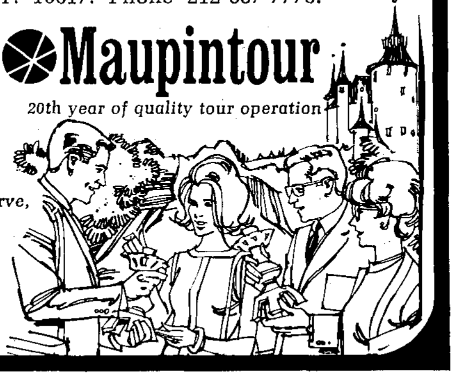
MAUPINTOUR
UNHURRIED
HOLIDAYS...
LEAVE CARES
AT HOME!

SPAIN

SPAIN/PORTUGAL/TANGIER, 15 Days. Estoril and Lisbon. Madrid, Seville, Cordoba, Granada, Malaga. Weekly. $668. **SPAIN/PORTUGAL BY MOTORCOACH.** 22 days. Easy paced but comprehensive. Weekly. From $748. **SPAIN/MALLORCA/PORTUGAL.** 22 Days. Air travel for more time in Madrid, Barcelona, Palma, Formentor, and Lisbon (the Ritz!) plus Andalucia, Costa del Sol. Weekly. $958. **MOROCCO/CANARIES/MADEIRA.** 22 Days. The Algarve, too. Four days at Reid's on Madeira. Monthly. From $1138. **NEW! 15-DAY MOROCCO/CANARY ISLES.** From $738. **ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT** or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Phone 212-687-7773.

ASK ABOUT THESE
1971 MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ *Siberia/Central Asia,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *Spain/Portugal,*
☐ *Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient,*
☐ *South America.*

Maupintour
20th year of quality tour operation



Europe on
35 miles per gallon.

If you see Europe in the 35 mile per gallon Renault 10, or the 30 mile per gallon Renault 16, you'll have more money to see Europe with.

And the savings start even before the first tankful of gas. You can buy a U.S. specification Renault 10 for only $1466, the Renault 16 for $2008.

We'll arrange delivery almost anywhere in Europe. And when you're ready to send it home, we'll pay $50 towards shipping costs.

If you just want a Renault while you're there, we'll be happy to buy it back on our Finance-Purchase-Repurchase plan. That way, 6 weeks full use of a new Renault, for example, comes to only $327.

And no mileage charge.

Road Love. It works in Europe, too.

Visit your local Renault dealer or write:

Renault Inc., Overseas Delivery Dept., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet on how to buy a Renault 10 or a Renault 16 for delivery in Europe.
Name________________
Address________________
City__________ State_______

ROAD LOVE
RENAULT
NY-2

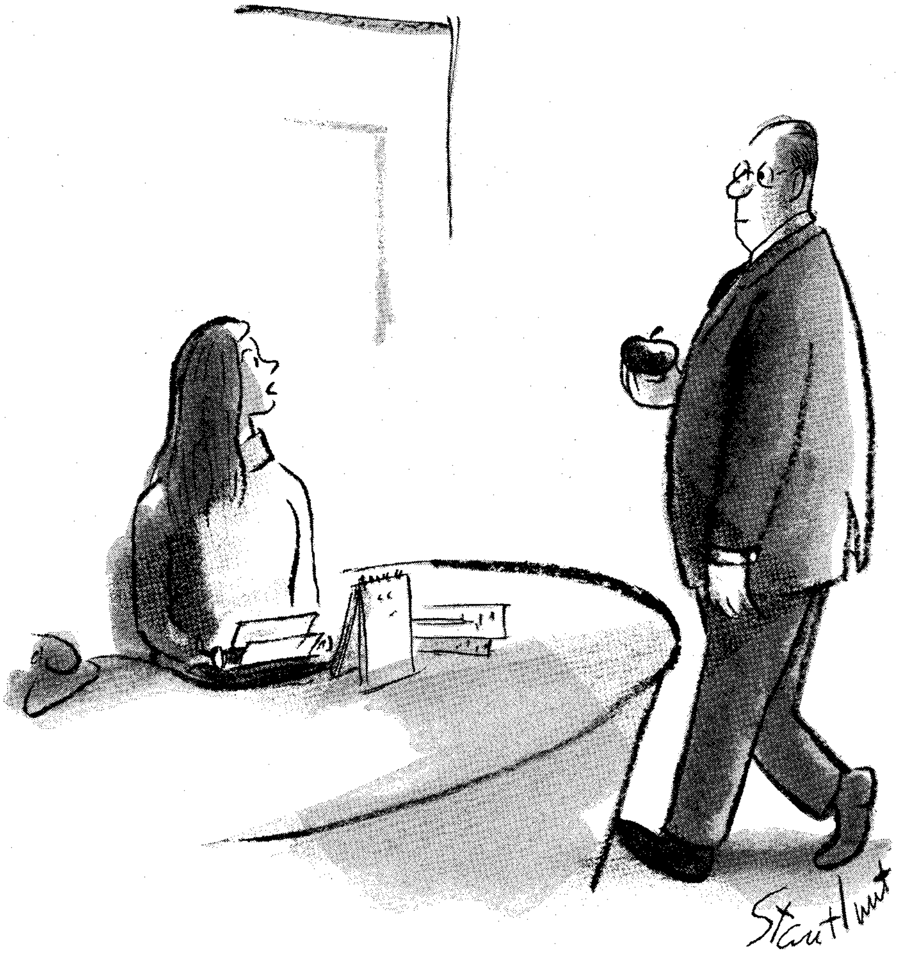
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

LAST year's "19th-Century America" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, which showed, along with paintings and sculpture, hundreds of specimens of furniture and decorative objects of unparalleled hideousness and ornateness, was an instructive event for a student of design. Although it had not been the curators' intention to shock people with these examples of Victorian taste (the catalogue reads as if they were trying to sell them), one came away from the show with an almost exhilarating sense of the depths to which nineteenth-century design had sunk when William Morris and his fellow-reformers appeared on the scene. Like the illustrations in Nikolaus Pevsner's "Pioneers of Modern Design, from William Morris to Walter Gropius"—the classic reference work, in which the origins of twentieth-century functionalism are traced to the efforts of a succession of turn-of-the-century reformers—the rooms of furniture at the Metropolitan impressed one with the visual benefits of being alive today rather than a hundred years ago. At the same time, the visitor to "19th-Century America" could not but be aware of what the museum had left out. The show was exclusively (and, to many people's minds, unjustifiably) devoted to what has been called the cultivated tradition. I took the occasion to write in these columns about Shaker furniture, citing it as an instance of the vernacular tradition that had been neglected by the exhibition; I could as well have cited nineteenth-century American ship and carriage design, farmer's and carpenter's tools, scientific instruments, industrial machines, and anonymous articles of daily use, all of which contrast sharply with the flowery expressions of the ruling taste and seem as "modern" as the productions of twentieth-century functionalists. But I was troubled by these questions: If the vernacular forms already existed (and they existed in Europe as well as here), why did the "pioneers" have to invent new ones? Why, if such things as Thonet's bentwood chairs were available, was William Morris (as Pevsner and other writers have reported) unable to find any furniture in London for his studio that didn't violate his sense of honesty and simplicity (and so was reduced to making his peculiar and far from functional pieces)? How do the vernacular and technical forms of the nineteenth century fit into the progression that (presumably) led from Morris to the Bauhaus?

The answer given by Herwin Schaefer in his quietly radical new work, "Nineteenth Century Modern, the Functional Tradition in Victorian Design" (Praeger), is that the "pioneers'" influence on the design revolution has been greatly exaggerated, and that the real shaping force was indeed the body of technical, industrial, scientific, and vernacular design that coexisted throughout the nineteenth century with the genteel horrors we more commonly associate with the Victorian age. The functional tradition "was the one indispensable basis, the all-important precondition for the genesis of modern functional design in the twentieth century; it was the grass roots of modern functional design," Schaefer writes. "The efforts of reformers and pioneers, be they piously medievalizing or aesthetically artistic, pale to insignificance beside the strength and consistency of this tradition which furnished the solid core of modern design." To support his thesis, Schaefer has assembled hundreds of drawings and photographs of objects made in the nineteenth century—scientific instruments, machines, vehicles, glass, pottery, and furniture—which impress the viewer with their beautiful plainness and unquestionably look more modern than do the artistic productions of Morris, Voysey, Mackintosh, Riemerschmid, and other turn-of-the-century reformers.

Schaefer makes an illuminating distinction between the functional *tradition* and the functional *style*. The former is timeless and "denotes an approach to design, the direct, practical, and best solution of a problem regardless of technique." The latter is fixed in time, and though it was "based on the verbal claim of functional fitness and sought its legitimacy in the practice and pronouncements of the functional tradition of the nineteenth century . . . in reality, it was a style of geometric forms subject to the ruling canons of Cubism, later modified by streamlining,



"Mr. Graybin, I doubt that taking an apple to Mr. Kirkmeyer every morning will help you much in the event of an upper-echelon shakeout."

Kashmir-Oct.20

Always a special place in my heart for Kashmir.

Its loveliness matched by its people.

My heart goes out to craftsmen working on the most exquisite embroidery.

Fashioning papier-mache, silver, wood, with innate artistry.

My houseboat on Dal Lake costs me only $8 a day.

A staff of attentive servants.

My own Shikara (gondola) to take me everywhere.
My boatman a blue-eyed child.

Gulmarg.
Fantastic view of the high Himalayas.

But Pahalgam is different.
A less gentle beauty.

A murmuring river.
Glaciers.

Ajanta-Oct.25

Caves.
Fantastic treasure.

A forgotten world.

Who are these people who live forever captive in shadows?

Long lidded eyes.
A sensuous mouth.

Startlingly modern coiffures.
2000 years old.

There is color and movement here in this other world.

Hewn from rock.
Discovered only in the last century.

Bombay-Oct.29

The Taj Mahal Hotel.
Comfort.

And so uniquely Indian.
Bombay is a modern cosmopolitan city.

But the contrasts amazed me.
The beach is beautiful.

I lie on silver sand.
So peaceful, I fall asleep to the rustling of palm trees.

See India.
It's another world.

For information please contact The Government of India Tourist Office, N. Y., 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market St. Also Canada; Mexico.

Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________________
State __________ Zip ________
My Travel Agent is ____________________

Art objects courtesy of SONA.

MARTELL
J&F MARTELL COGNAC
MARTELL
FONDÉE EN 1715
J&F. Martell
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU C°
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Exquisite Martell. There's nothing lost in translation.

No matter how you interpret Martell, it never loses its meaning. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, superb. And these beautiful qualities come through any way you serve it. The original is for purists—in the snifter. But see for yourself how Martell translates your favorite drink into something eloquent.

© 1968

MARTELL…THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

in both cases often unreasoned and unrelated to function but adopted for their emotional appeal." Schaefer says that the true functional tradition was just as thoroughly "submerged" during the reign—from 1920 to 1940—of the Functionalist, or International, Style as it was during the Victorian age. Now, in "what might be called the post modern era in design . . . the age of faith is over," he writes. "Instead of dedication, at least in theory, to pure, rational, functional form on the part of informed opinion, we now have a confusing permissiveness, which not only produces but also accepts the bizarre and decorative as well as the rational and meaningful form." He adds, "As in the nineteenth century, functional design is, once more, often better the further it is removed from the general consumer."

Schaefer corrects the common impression that the beauty of nineteenth-century machines and instruments went unnoticed by their contemporaries and was "discovered" only by twentieth-century designers and museum directors. He produces evidence of the aesthetic appreciation that nineteenth-century instruments and machines evoked both within the engineering profession and among the lay public. Nineteenth-century ship, carriage, and locomotive design was similarly admired. But it was only in this century that nineteenth-century functional furniture and consumer goods were unearthed as aesthetic objects. Even Morris distinguished between "the necessary workday furniture" and "what I should call state-furniture," on which "we need not spare ornament . . . but may make them as elegant and elaborate as we can with carving, inlaying or painting." In the typical nineteenth-century view (I quote here from an essay in one of the catalogues of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851), "Ornament is not a luxury, but, in a certain stage of the mind, an absolute necessity. When manufactures have attained a high mechanical perfection, or have completely met the necessities of the body, the energy that brought them to that perfection must either stagnate or be continued in a higher province—that of Taste; for there is a state of cultivation when the mind must revolt at a mere crude utility. So it is a natural propensity to decorate or embellish whatever is useful or agreeable to us." A. J. Downing, whose "The Architecture of Country Houses" (1850) exerted great influence throughout nineteenth-century America, wrote reprovingly of "persons who, because the Useful and

Those who love to cruise the Greek Isles & Turkey, can now sail daily!

We've sailed some of the loveliest people to some of the loveliest islands during the past, in our traditional, hospitable manner. This year we'd love to include you among them! It's really a breeze since we have now adjusted our schedule to meet yours, with a cruise every day of the week sailing from Piraeus to the Greek Isles and Turkey.

We've thought of everything . . . our ships feature accommodations from the comfortable to the luxurious; shipboard activities and entertainment; a gourmet cuisine and service in the grand style! ! We even rounded out our rates to fit every pocket and tailored our itineraries with the most exciting places in the Aegean Sea and Turkey. PLUS wonderful shore excursions that you will remember for a long time to come! Choose the one that suits you, and prolong your holiday of fun! See your travel agent or call us.

Greek Registry

MON. **mts Galaxy** 3-day Greek Isle Cruises
TUES. **mts Kentavros** 4-day Greek Isle & Turkey Cruises
WED. **mts Aegean Star** 4-day Greek Isle Cruises
THUR. **mts Galaxy** 4-day Greek Isle & Turkey Cruises
FRI. **tss Orion** 7-day Greek Isle & Turkey Cruises
SAT. **mts Kentavros** 3-day Greek Isle Cruises
SUN. **mts Aegean Star** 3-day Greek Isle Cruises

"K" Lines - Hellenic Cruises
521 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Tel. (212) 972-9480

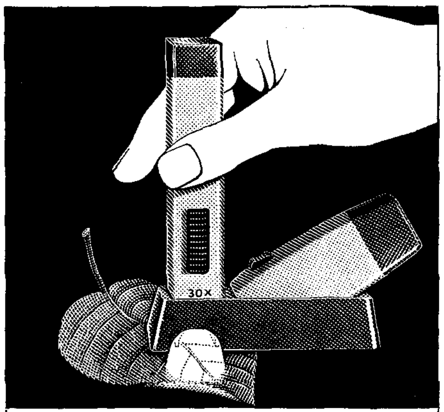
MONEY GROWS FASTER IN MEXICO

Contact us for information on Mexican investment opportunities. Supervised accounts offer unusual possibilities for capital growth or secure monthly income at rates in excess of what may now be available to you. At no obligation, write: E. C. Latham, President, Mexletter Investment Counsel, Hamburgo 165, Mexico 6, D. F., Mexico.

MEXLETTER

Villa Marbona

Enjoy "Naples In New York"
Finest Italian-Neapolitan Cuisine
Luncheon * Cocktails * Dinner-Piano Nitely
Chef Owner—MARIO BONARELLI
55 East 10 St. (Cor. B'way) Res: 477-0740



LUMISCOPE
ILLUMINATED 30x MICROSCOPE SYSTEM

Your first look through **LUMISCOPE** will evoke a gasp of surprise and disbelief! Here, in a brilliantly illuminated field you will discover the mini-structure of inanimate and living things. You needn't restrict yourself to static observations. Have you ever watched life within a drop of water? Or the subtle color changes as electricity courses through a resistance wire? These and other fascinating sights can be visible to you with **LUMISCOPE.** The System consists of the Microscope, light attachment (may be used separately as a flashlight), stand and batteries– in fitted case.

Send me: ☐ Standard **LUMISCOPE** $14.95.
☐ Measuring **L'SCOPE** (3mm reticle) $19.95.
I enclose this amount (plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. residents add 5%. Refund in 2 WEEKS if not delighted.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

ZIP ____________________

NY0213
584 Washington St. San Francisco, 94111 **haverhill's**

the Beautiful, in some arts, may be most intimately combined, imagine that they are identical." Downing went on to argue that "a head of grain, one of the most useful of vegetable forms, is not so beautiful as a rose; an ass, one of the most useful of animals, is not so beautiful as a gazelle; a cotton mill, one of the most useful of modern structures, is not so beautiful as the Temple of Vesta," and concluded that "the Beautiful is, intrinsically, something quite distinct from the Useful."

Today, a head of grain is regarded as more beautiful than a rose by many people, and beauty and utility are felt to be inseparable. The change in seeing (the design revolution) goes beyond design itself and derives from the great social changes that were germinating in the early days of this century. From that time, ornament has been associated with wasteful luxuriousness, "conspicuous consumption," political conservatism, and social regression. In his brilliant, eccentric essay "Ornament and Crime," written in 1908, the Austrian architect Adolf Loos declared, "I have discovered the following truth and present it to the world: *cultural evolution is equivalent to the removal of ornament from articles of daily use.*" Loos wrote that since ornament "is no longer a natural product of our civilization, it accordingly represents backwardness or degeneration," and pointed out that "the producers of ornament must work twenty hours to earn the wages a modern worker gets in eight. . . . If I pay as much for a smooth box as for a decorated one, the difference in labour time belongs to the worker. And if there were no ornament at all—a circumstance that will perhaps come true in a few millennia—a man would work only four hours instead of eight, for half the work done at present is still for ornamentation." In "Technics and Civilization" (1934), Lewis Mumford noted that "the modern technics, by its own essential nature, imposes a great purification of aesthetics: that is, it strips off from the object all the barnacles of association, all the sentimental and pecuniary values which have nothing whatever to do with aesthetic form, and it focuses attention upon the object itself." Mumford went on to pinpoint "the real social distinction of modern technics," which is that "it tends to eliminate social distinctions. Its immediate goal is effective work. Its means are standardization: the emphasis of the generic and the typical: in short, conspicuous economy. Its ultimate aim

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
INTRODUCING

An Elegant Hotel in the Grand Tradition

NOW ON EMBASSY ROW
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

New York Call: (212) 725-9081
Chicago Call: (312) 372-9240
Los Angeles Call: (213) 485-1233
San Francisco Call: (415) 781-8676
Boston Ask Operator: Enterprise 7700
Miami Ask Operator: WX 7700

The Embassy Row Hotel

2015 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D. C. 20036
(202) 265-1600

A Treadway Inn

GENERAL HOTELS CORPORATION

A portrait should be more than a likeness—it should also capture the likeness of the spirit

C. C. Price Gallery represents today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors. Visit or write the gallery and select the artist for your family and executive portraits.

Write for FREE 4-color brochure.

C. C. PRICE
THE UNIQUE PORTRAIT GALLERY
30 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

CHINACRAFT OF LONDON, the fine china and crystal specialists, have in their three centrally located stores in Oxford Street, Knightsbridge and Burlington Arcade, the finest choice of tableware, crystal and gift items. You'll find such famous names as Wedgwood, Doulton, Worcester, Aynsley, Crown Derby, Minton and Coalport. If you can't come to London, we'll come to you. We'll send our full colour catalogue, together with information on ordering by mail and our guaranteed delivery service.
CHINACRAFT LIMITED 499 Oxford Street, London, ENGLAND.

There are uncompromising travelers who have been shamelessly spoiled by the other Ritz at Place Vendome.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

Siambelli 50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

Post-Holiday Vacation

Relax and unwind near Phoenix in matchless accommodations. Play the two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Write for colorful brochure and golfers holiday plan! Reade Whitwell, V.P.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
". . . the summer experience was a total success."
—Rod Serling
Art • Music
Writing
Theater
Dance • Film
Summer residential program. Coed. Ages 14-19. June 28-Aug. 9
H. Y. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK, Box 801, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

is leisure—that is, the release of other organic capacities."

It has been noted as one of the ironies of our (so-called) machine age that the leisure time created by the short workday is filled by many persons not by the exercise of organic capacities but by the making of objects almost as hideous and ornate as those of the Victorian age (woodworking magazines and catalogues are full of things like Gothic TV trays and French Provincial paper-towel holders), and that the workingman's home is furnished not with functional furniture but with pieces contrived in one of the spurious "traditional" styles. In "Ornament and Crime," Loos accounted for this phenomenon by distinguishing between an élite who had risen above ornament and the masses who still required it. "We have art, which has replaced ornament," he wrote. "We go to Beethoven and 'Tristan' after the cares of the day. My shoemaker can't. I must not take away his joy, as I have nothing to replace it with." In this country, we don't like to make cultural distinctions between citizens—we are always after our shoemakers (and longshoremen and clerks and short-order cooks) to *go* to the opera and museums and Great Books courses. But even in Europe the crux of the matter is surely economic rather than cultural. It is precisely the "barnacles of association" adhering to a "Mediterranean" bedroom suite that recommend it to the person who is himself not free of money problems. For a slum dweller, the associations of luxury that inform an ornate piece of furniture represent progress and a sense of rising in life. If we remember that the functional objects of the past were used by abjectly poor people in most cases, it is nothing to wonder at that people who are still getting out from under are unimpressed by their plain beauty and, given the choice of a priceless Early American ladder-back chair or a worthless new "rococo" sofa, would opt for the latter. "The object itself" is a luxury of the well-to-do.

And yet even financially secure "design-oriented" people are not impervious to extra-functional considerations in their choice of things to surround themselves with. If we no longer use our possessions to display our wealth and stuffiness, we now assign other values. The cold, austere, geometric rooms of the Functional thirties and forties represented an attempt to bring middle-class life into a kind of symbolic alignment with public events. Events proved too harsh, and the attempt was aban-

The 3 Bermudas

"Bermuda Town," "Bermuda Country" and "Bermuda Sports."

You get all three when you stay at Harmony Hall in Paget, a delightful group of pink cottages set in 7½ acres of fragrant English gardens.

You not only have the best "Bermuda Country" accommodations, but are also automatically a guest of the Belmont Hotel & Golf Club and Bermudiana Hotel, where you'll find the best "Bermuda Sports" and "Bermuda Town" on the island.

It's like getting 3 Bermudas for the price of one.

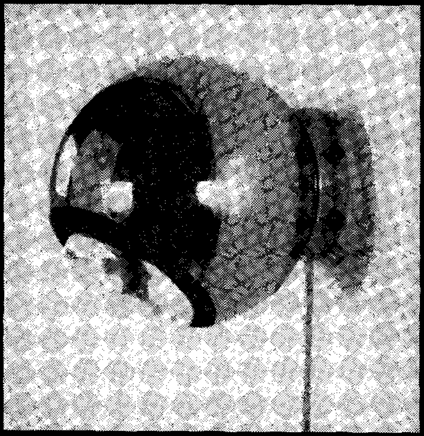
And you're a member of our Beach Club on the south shore, too.

Harmony Hall
Paget, Bermuda

For information see your travel agent or contact:
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC., *International Representatives*
Dept. N-2, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020 • Tel: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto and London, England

THE WALL TO WALL, WALL LAMP.

We give you not one, but two magnetic back plates for this wall lamp. Tired of lighting one location? Pluck! Off comes the 4½" diameter polished chrome head. Zonk! It's on its other back plate in another wall location. This versatile 3 piece unit is $19.90. It takes a 50-watt reflector bulb. If you want to add more walls to this lamp's repertoire, buy additional back plates. They're only $3.50 each.

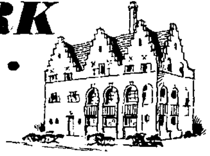


SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 postage.

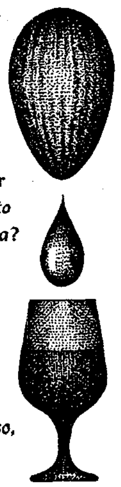
GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-152, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

SAILING for BOYS
Pleasant Bay Cape Cod
A great experience in a magnificent environment for boys, eight through fourteen. Expert training in Sailing, Racing, Survival and swimming. Supplementary Land Sports and Overnight Sailing and Canoeing Expeditions.
June 24th to August 19th.
VIKING
Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



Courtenay...
another heirloom collection
in solid wood... by Davis.
DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



ALMOND FLAVOR LIQUEUR?
Yes. Amaretto. From Italy. A delicious new possibility for your after-dinner thoughts. The flavor of rare select almonds. Somewhat costly—but worth it. At fine liquor stores. And the wisest of Italian restaurants. Before, after or during the espresso enjoy: Amaretto di Saronno. *Liquore alla mandorla? Si: Amaretto. Dall'Italia. Per un nuovo, gradevole dopo-cena. Un distillato di squisite mandorle selezionate (ecco perchè costa un tantino di più). Nelle bottiglierie di lusso e nei più rinomati ristoranti italiani. Prima, dopo o durante il vostro espresso, concedetevi un:*
AMARETTO
di SARONNO
Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C. 56 proof

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

doned. Today's eclectic, *tchotchka*-filled rooms represent a retreat from public realities into private life. We hang antique weathervanes on our walls and put Shaker yarn boxes on our coffee tables, and are comforted by their reassuring associations. But it doesn't really work. A weathervane, however functional-looking, becomes a mere ornament when hung on a wall, just as a Shaker box becomes an absurdity when filled with filter-tip cigarettes. Our homes are handsome but unwholesome; they lack strength and substance. The furniture and household objects that are manufactured today are similarly reflective of something the matter; they have a vague, equivocal modernity. At the Museum of Modern Art's recent exhibition of new additions to its design collection, one received a sense of confusion and faddishness. The one striking exception—a truly beautiful, serenely functional object—was W. D. Randall, Jr.'s, vicious stainless-steel-and-brass attack-survival knife, designed in 1963.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

WINTER

his gloves were meant
for better hands
his hands for better gloves

the story of his life
gets smaller and disappears

when spring arrives
who will support the cause of snow
hanging like a sound from a trumpet
frozen in the distance

and how can water live that way
without asking permission of anybody
a quiet voice with a short memory

who can it love
attracting light
and the moss beneath it
as soft as a snail's foot

the eyes of stones
even if they cannot see will listen
with all the senses of their colors

and ghosts of sycamores
will wait for darkness
when they can embrace each other
like smoke

but winter has looked
into so many houses

he knows that when you are poor
nothing is ever enough
and when you are rich it is the same

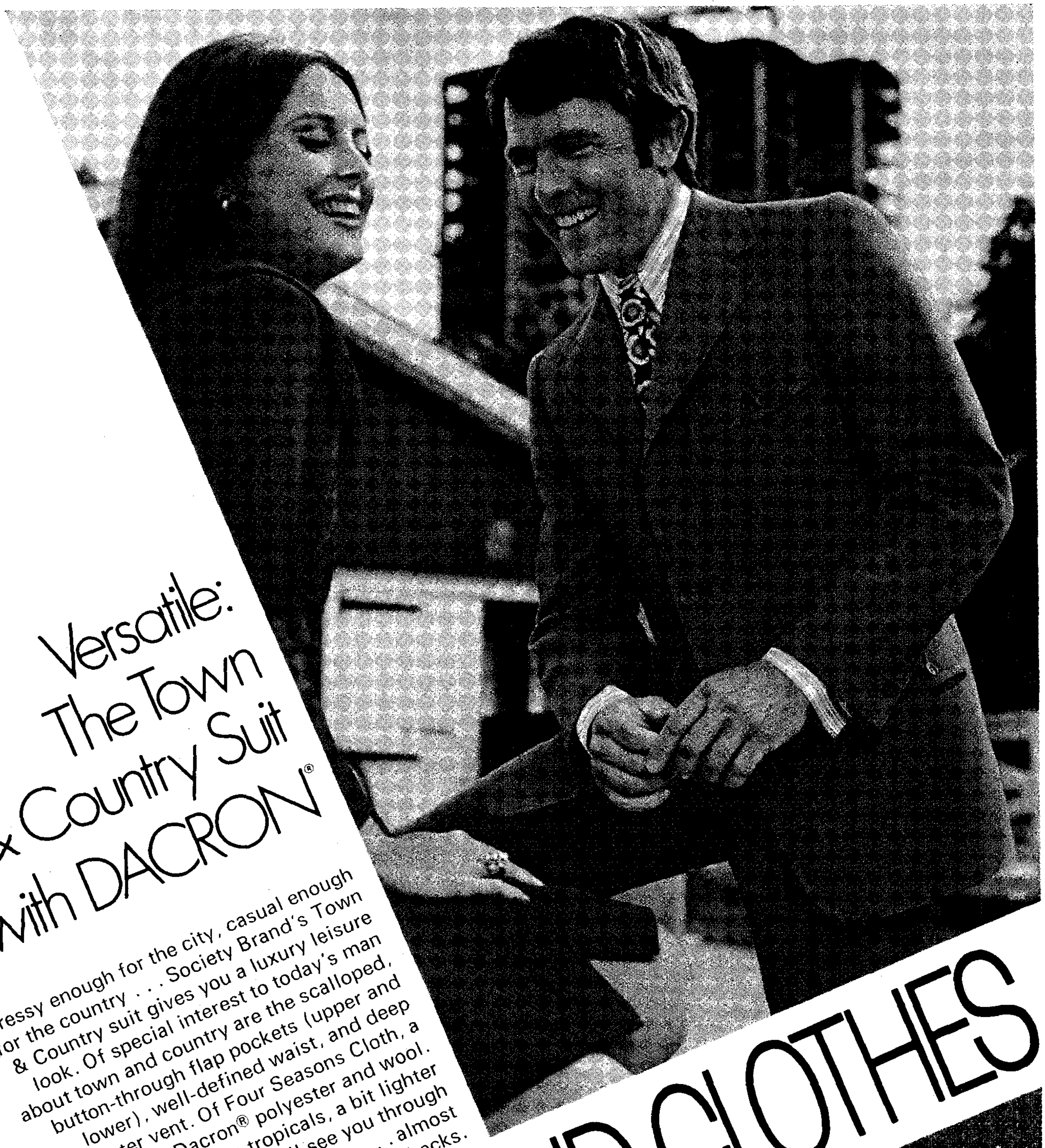
—RICHARD SHELTON

Come join the fun
at the Lido Biltmore
Smart, sophisticated, swinging... Lido Biltmore is where you can join with the "fun people" for a memorable time. Swim in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, loll on private white sand beach, sunbathe and socialize by sparkling pool. Enjoy all water sports, plus great golf on 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. The very best in cuisine, service, hospitality and accommodations.
So come, join in the fun.
THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
For rates, reservations, color folder, see travel agent or call our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (212) 581-6595.

Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS
64 W. 10th ST.
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Mon. - Fri.
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

STRAPARAMA®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

EL DENVER® are quite the Fashion . . quite!
Hand Woven Ties
Coast-to-Coast in many of the Finest Stores!
LOS WIGWAM WEAVERS
1073 Santa Fe Drive • Denver, Colorado 80204



Versatile: The Town & Country Suit with DACRON®

Dressy enough for the city, casual enough for the country . . . Society Brand's Town & Country suit gives you a luxury leisure look. Of special interest to today's man about town and country are the scalloped, button-through flap pockets (upper and lower), well-defined waist, and deep center vent. Of Four Seasons Cloth, a blend of Dacron® polyester and wool. A bit heavier than tropicals, a bit lighter than fall suits, it will see you through most of the year in style . . . almost anywhere. Plaids, stripes, checks.

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

55% Dacron polyester / 45% wool worsted

®Du Pont registered trademark

to a Scots shepherd whose family has lived near Stirling Castle for 600 years.

Talking to anyone in Scotland is easy. Getting there and getting around is easy too. For example, fly direct to Prestwick in Scotland. Hire a car for only $40 for the week.

Ask about the legend that says Mary Queen of Scots still walks the castle battlements.

Another quaint legend says everyone everywhere in Europe speaks English. They don't.

Agree that Mary's ghost might be the reason the local inn stocks 24 different blends of whisky.

In Scotland whisky means Scotch. And a way of life. Ask for unblended Glenlivet. Experts say it's the best.

Inquire how to get to the inn nearby.

Bed and breakfast (juice, porridge, kippers, eggs, rashers of bacon, rolls, toast, milk as rich as cream, cream as thick as butter, and butter like nothing you've ever tasted) plus coffee or tea only $5.25.

Question the chambermaid about whether Scotsmen really do wear the kilt.

As ingenious an excuse to talk to a pretty girl as we ever heard.

Understand everybody because everybody understands you.

We speak your language England, Northern Ireland, Scotland, Wales.

For your free 52-page booklet, "Vacations in Britain 1971", see your travel agent or cut out this line, fill in your Name____________________
and Address____________________ Zip__________ and mail to: British Tourist Authority, Dept. NYS, Box 4100, New York, N.Y. 10017.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Eschatological Composer

THERE has always been a theory—or perhaps it is a myth—about a great musical composition's appeal to posterity. The idea that a failure of the moment might become a success in the eyes of future generations has been a powerful one, and in a very few instances it has worked out that way. "Carmen" and "La Traviata" were failures at their first performances, and they went on to become the most popular of favorites among operagoers. Such examples have led to a sort of eschatology of musical compositions. No matter what—or so it is commonly believed—posterity will know a masterpiece from a piece of hackwork. It is unnecessary to mention again that a whole school of contemporary composers operates on the notion that one must fail with the current public in order to be appreciated in the future—a somewhat exaggerated interpretation of the theory. But it is true most concert- and operagoers hold, to some extent, to this belief, and they often applaud what they don't really like on the ground that, even if they don't understand it, it probably will have great appeal in the future. The entire concept of the avant-garde is, in fact, based on this idea.

I am not going to bore you with one more discussion of how false the idea generally turns out to be. I am concerned with another facet of the problem; namely, the supposed infallibility of posterity. Granted that a composition's contemporary audience may possibly be wrong, is posterity therefore always right? And what posterity? Immediate or long-range? I can think of numerous works that were popular in their own time, fell into near-oblivion, and then were resuscitated with considerable success. Handel's opera "Julius Caesar" is an example. So are the operas of Monteverdi. The same thing happened to Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew" when Mendelssohn revived it in the middle of the nineteenth century. We are, at the moment, going through a period of wholesale revival of neglected works of the past—items that never became staples of the "standard repertory." The revival is taking place mainly because the "standard repertory" is running thin. Sophisticated music buffs are getting tired of it. And the present-day composer does not seem to be producing music of enough significance to flesh it out and continue it. So we have today a perpetual rummaging through the archives in an effort to find worthwhile compositions that were neglected by *their* posterity. Sometimes this rummaging is productive, sometimes not. Weber's opera "Euryanthe" was recently revived by Thomas Scherman, only to prove that the verdict of a hundred and fifty years was correct—that *its* posterity had rejected it for good reasons, mainly because its libretto is terrible. But a few failed resurrections should not discourage the archivists. Among the thousands and thousands of musical works of all kinds that have accumulated during the past four hundred years, there must be some neglected nuggets that would rouse a modern audience to cheers.

This is evidently the hypothesis that was pursued by an extraordinarily adventurous pianist, Olegna Fuschi, in a concert in Alice Tully Hall on Monday evening of last week. Miss Fuschi is a small blond woman with a dazzling piano technique and magnificent stylistic authority. She could have performed a Liszt or a Chopin concerto with great ease and considerable effect (she had assembled some fifty musicians, under the baton of Maurice Peress, to assist her). But she chose, instead, to set forth a program of music that is practically unknown today, and she succeeded in persuading her audience (which was a small one; it was one of those dreadful cold nights we have been having) that most of what she played was music of considerable quality.

Because Olegna Fuschi is a pianist, and because she is the sort of pianist who shines in Romantic music, her program consisted entirely of nineteenth-century works, except for a couple by composers who brought the nineteenth-century Romantic style into the early twentieth century. She started off with Hummel's Grand Concerto in A Minor, Opus 85. Now, Johann Nepomuk Hummel was an exact contemporary of Beethoven, and in Beethoven's day he was considered the great Master's equal. Posterity thought differently, and Hummel went through a long period of neglect. To judge by the performance I heard the other night, Hummel's posterity was right, but not

This 7 year old Irish hat looks like Peter Alport.

Your Irish Country Hat will look like you.

Individual. Hand-woven, hand-crafted where the lovely Connemara hills meet the sea. One of these hats was made for you. It's weather-proof, almost wear-proof—just about everything but you-proof. Soft, pure wool Irish tweed. Specify gray or brown and your regular hat size. We'll rush your order postpaid. Ideal casual hat for men, women. Sold only by mail from Norm Thompson. Full return privileges.

Benedicte Boullet

each $14.50, two for $25 ppd.

Norm Thompson Dept. F-70
1805 N.W. Thurman Portland, Ore. 97209

☐ Enclosed check for $______, rush______
Irish Country Hats, postage free.
Size______ Brown______ Gray______

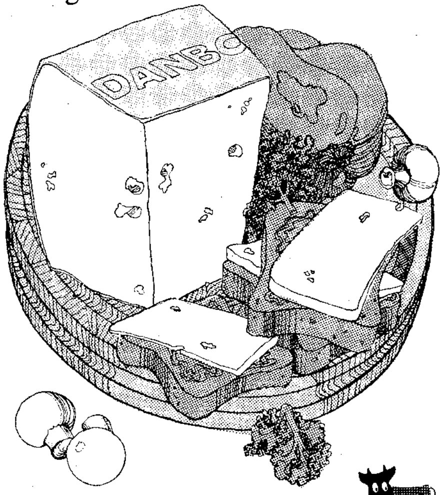
☐ Send FREE 80-page color catalog, "ESCAPE FROM THE ORDINARY."
Direct import savings on fine country clothes, sportswear and equipment for men and women.
Name
Address
City
State Zip

GERBERICH
FOR YOUNG MEN
AT ALERT STORES EVERYWHERE

Gerberich-Payne Shoe Company, Mount Joy, Penna.

Learn a little Danish: Say, "Danbo Cheese"

You have no idea how easy it is. Or how ultra-delicious pale yellow Danbo is. The taste! The tang! Subtle and savory with cold cuts, salad, casseroles. On crackers. Or sandwiched between white or rye. Have Danbo two ways: with spicy caraway seeds, or without. Just for a change.



Cheeses from the Fairyland Dairyland of Denmark

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST UNIQUE FOODS!

From the Land of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

WEAVER'S
LEBANON
BOLOGNA

WEAVER'S
famous wood smoked
LEBANON BOLOGNA

100% PURE BEEF
- NO FILLERS!
- NO ADDITIVES!

Prized by gourmets around the world! Sensational as an hors d'oeuvre, TV snack, brunch or luncheon treat! One of the most unique and flavorful foods you have ever tasted . . . and its high nutritional value makes it wonderful for the entire family! Made of government inspected 100% pure beef blended with tangy spices and precisely cured in old-fashioned smokehouses!

Send for yours today!—Money-back guarantee!
3½-lb. smoked roll $6.50 ppd.
Check or money order No. C.O.D.

WEAVER'S P.O. BOX 525-X
LEBANON, PA. 17042

EUROPE

An unregimented trip—completely unlike any other tour. The widest coverage at low cost, but above all—individual freedom! A trip for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255-Y Sequoia Pasadena, California 91105

right enough to justify neglect. He did not have the heaven-storming monumentality that was Beethoven's trademark, but he was evidently one of those composers who are ahead of their time. His concerto prefigures the work of Mendelssohn and Chopin, and there are parts of it that bring to mind Rossini. It is one of four Hummel concertos. Maybe Miss Fuschi has uncovered a vein that will bear a great deal of further exploitation.

Next she played the solo part of Saint-Saëns' "Africa," Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, a flashy piece growing out of the tradition of Liszt, with some North African local color—not a great piece of music but a splendid and enjoyable virtuoso vehicle. Then, after the intermission, came César Franck's "Les Djinns" Symphonic Poem for Piano and Orchestra—a work of some originality, pleasing if you like Franck, and, again, a pianistic showpiece. The concert ended with the late Moritz Moszkowski's Concerto in E Major, Opus 59, and I must say that I cannot understand why this has fallen into neglect. It is a melodious, entirely likable composition, echoing Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff here and there, as well as Liszt, who, of course, was echoed in practically all late-nineteenth-century piano music. As a matter of fact, I think that it is superior to one or two of the Rachmaninoff concertos, and if it hasn't quite the melodic strength of the best Tchaikovsky, it has, nevertheless, its own claims to grace and effectiveness. It also provides a thorough workout for a solo pianist, and Miss Fuschi played it with just that air of dashing, heroic pianism it calls for. Throughout the program, Mr. Peress conducted the orchestra with close attention to ensemble. One lapse in the Hummel work—he evidently forgot a repeat but quickly recovered himself—should not be held against him. I imagine that he had had very little rehearsal.

WHILE Daniel Barenboim appears to be the leading continuator of the Furtwängler tradition nowadays, Claudio Abbado seems to be the leader among the younger conductors in the continuation of the tradition of Toscanini. He is a skillful man with the baton, and a great impeller of orchestras in fine, dramatic performances. On Tuesday evening of last week, he turned up at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall, where he led tightly knit interpretations of Prokofieff's "Chout" Ballet Suite, Scriabin's "Poème de l'Extase," and

JAMAICA
AND
Montego Bay
COMPLIMENTS OF THE
Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of
JAMAICA...
...intoxicating rhythms, evenings filled with the sound of calypso, ska, limbo and American swing, exciting entertainment nightly... the candlelight spell of the Royal Caribbean—where a staff of 300 excel in gracious, attentive service...and, of course, a magnificent private beach. The Royal Caribbean caters to adults only and is one of the very few large resorts that does not accept conventions.

Privately owned by
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul

Reservations are handled
by your Travel Agent thru
Leonard Hicks Organization.
In major U.S., U.K. and Canadian Cities.
THE ROYAL CARIBBEAN RESORT HOTEL

Your little brother wants to talk to you.

Because there's no other man he's close to.

As one of America's million and a half fatherless boys, he needs a man for a friend.

One man. One boy. That's Big Brothers.

Call your local Big Brothers agency and spend a little time with one of the boys.

UNWIND INN
to ski
to dine well
to sleep

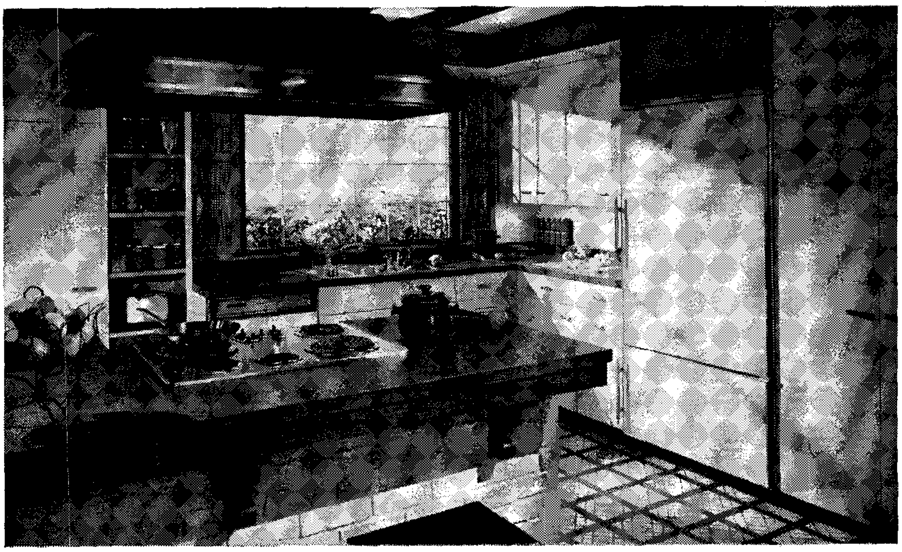
CHESTER INN
CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The Prokofieff suite, typical Diaghilev Russian ballet music, was done with appropriate style. The Scriabin work was performed with particularly fine sonorities and climaxes. The "Eroica"? Well, so many conductors have done it that its patterns long ago became fairly predictable. It was an excellent, rousing "Eroica," if a rather standard one.

LAST Thursday night, I went to the New York City Ballet, which I had been neglecting for too long. The opening number, "Kodály Dances," was choreographed by John Clifford, with Sara Leland, Colleen Neary, and Conrad Ludlow in the principal parts. A bonfire (or was it a small volcano?) occupied the back of the stage while a large number of dancers went through ballet steps slightly colored by Hungarian mannerisms. I did not find this very interesting. Then came "La Sonnambula," an old Balanchine creation, which I had last seen when it was revived in 1960. It is a charming ballet, full of royal Russian fustian, magnificently set by Esteban Francés, who did the scenery, and André Levasseur, who did the costumes, and, thank God, having nothing to do with the plot of Bellini's opera of the same name, though it utilizes Bellini's music in a wittily Stravinskyized version by Vittorio Rieti. The principal dancers were Karin von Aroldingen, Shaun O'Brien, Allegra Kent, Nicholas Magallanes, and Deni Lamont, who did an extraordinary bit as Harlequin. I also enjoyed Karen Morell and William Weslow as a pair of blackamoors. But the main appeal of the ballet is its Balanchinean elegance, with the women in long skirts and long white gloves, and an atmosphere somewhat like that of his "La Valse." The evening ended with Suite No. 3 (Tchaikovsky), in an amplified form that I had never seen before. To the original ballet, Balanchine had added three preliminary movements of the suite. The first two were in his best filmy, romantic style, and, though enjoyable by themselves, they did not seem to me to fit very well with the brilliant scherzo and finale, in which Marnee Morris, John Clifford, Kay Mazzo, and Peter Martins produced some sheer virtuosity. The principal dancers in the first two movements were Karin von Aroldingen, Anthony Blum, Sara Leland, and Conrad Ludlow. The scenery and costumes, by Nicolas Benois, were not only handsome but appropriate, at least to the final movements.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

St. Charles creates kitchens for special occasions...



. . . like breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Our custom kitchens add a certain flavor to any meal because each kitchen is created to complement one person's very particular taste, reflect her personality, and cater to her special needs. Each is truly functional and does more for meals than a dozen good cookbooks. *Send $2 for our big 44-page folio of custom kitchens.*

St. Charles® CUSTOM KITCHENS **Dept. A, St. Charles, Illinois 60174**
Showrooms: 101 Park Ave., N.Y. or see the Yellow Pages.

Honolulu waterfront house for rent

Charming, 2-bedroom (study possible 3rd), 2½-bath house on Maunalua Bay facing Diamond Head. In quiet residential area 12 miles from downtown. Gracious 43'-long entertainment patio plus formal dining room with butler's pantry. Built-in stereo, dishwasher, deep freeze, automatic sprinkler system for lawns and gardens, 2-car garage, work shops. Beautiful landscaping—coconut palms, plumeria, papaya, breadfruit trees. Offered completely furnished plus weekly yardman, cleaning lady and all utilities at $1,000 per month on lease from April 1 to July 1.
For further information, write:

Helene Allen
Earl Thacker Co., Ltd.
2222 Kalakaua Avenue **Honolulu, Hawaii 96815**

BOOKS

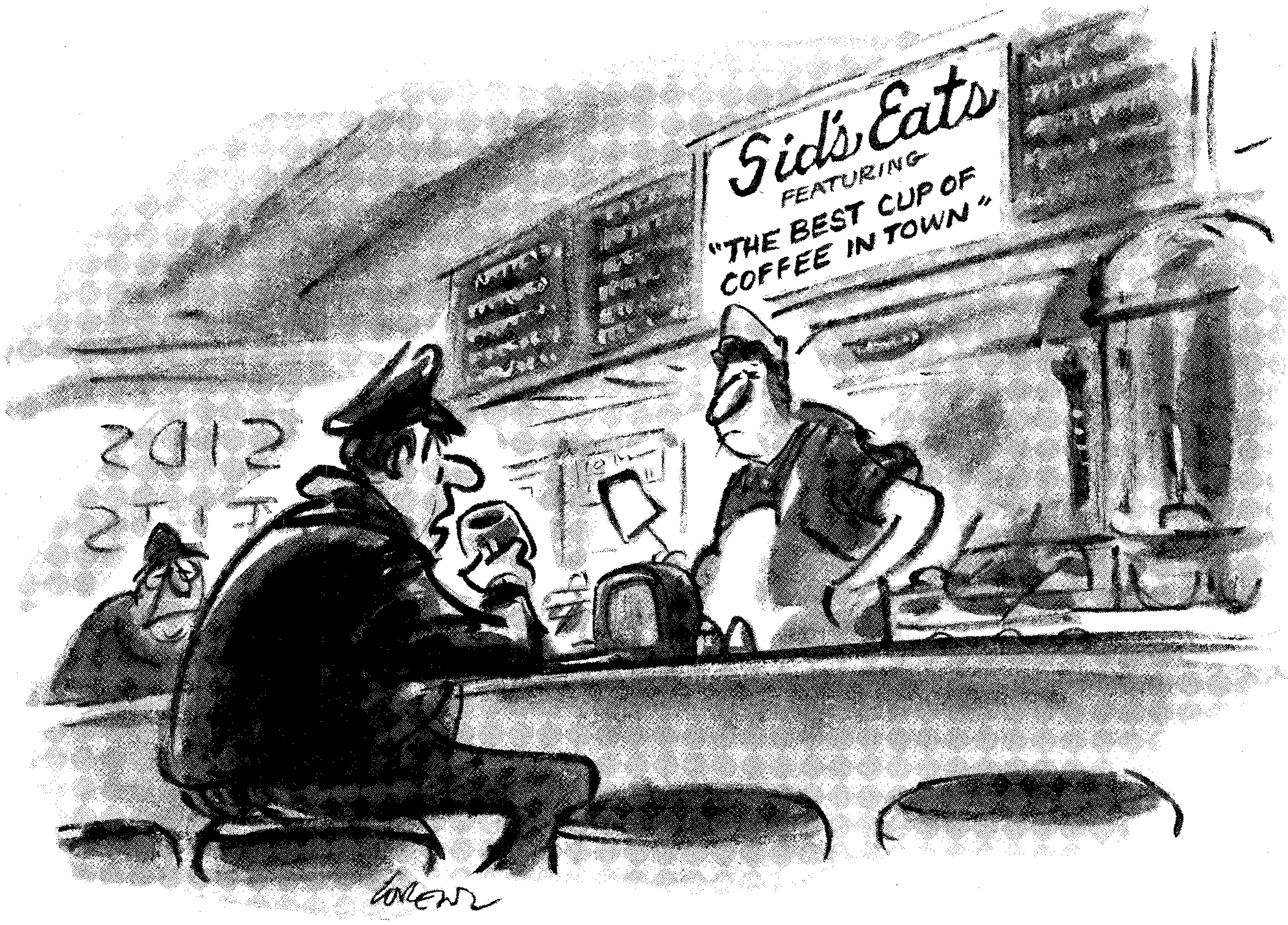
Mortalized

THE mass media tend to canonize our late leaders as rapidly, mechanically, and automatically as an electroplater bronzes a pair of baby shoes; these acts share further overtones of banality and commercialism. A public death is followed by a well-reported funeral, editorial eulogies, and a spate of books by men who knew the man. Soon, if things go according to plan, the lost leader's idiosyncrasy and individuality will be as thoroughly interred in a smooth, hard, time-resistant capsule of bland words as his body in its coffin in the grave.

Thus, I approached "American Journey: The Times of Robert Kennedy" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the latest of dozens of books on the Kennedys, with justifiable suspicion, especially since it consists mainly of interviews, conducted by Jean Stein and edited by George Plimpton, with men and women who were closely associated with Robert Kennedy and who might therefore be presumed to have a stake in aggrandizing his memory. Even the form of the book seems calculated to enroll the reader's emotions on the side of its subject: each chapter begins with several recollections of a different stage in the funeral journey from St. Patrick's in New York to Arlington National Cemetery and ends with recollections of a different stage in Robert Kennedy's life, from his childhood to his assassination; the accounts of the shooting in the Ambassador Hotel are juxtaposed, at the end, with accounts of the burial at Arlington. No two scenes could be much more heartbreaking.

Somehow, though, "American Journey" is not at all what I had expected—it is a serious, credible, and even beautiful book. Instead of immortalizing Robert Kennedy in the mindless and hackneyed way of too many memorial tributes, it mortalizes him (and so helps insure his real immortality) by bringing his complex and contradictory character most vividly to life. At the same time, it is an extensive eyewitness account of his relations with the friends and enemies around him, and of his impact on America directly before and after his death. It is a measure of Miss Stein's and Mr. Plimpton's achievement that the book is unflaggingly alive with the voices of real people and unfailingly interesting and believable; since the affection of the speakers for Kennedy and their pain at his death are always personal and particular, there is little of the false dramatics or sentimentality of a generalized, third-person popular history.

There is a lot to be learned from "American Journey." While oral history is peculiarly subject to lapses of memory and distortions of subjectivity, the sheer weight of numbers of those interviewed for this book creates a consensus of opinion about Robert Kennedy and the events of his life; dissenting opinions may have been edited out, but the book has a ring of truth, and many of the obiter dicta of its speakers say as much about the social and political fabric of America as any book I have recently read. For example, the organization of Kennedy's funeral was so thorough and methodical because, as Al Blumenthal, a New


Sid's Eats
FEATURING
"THE BEST CUP OF COFFEE IN TOWN"

"Hey! This isn't the best cup of coffee in town!"

York assemblyman, said, "the people who set it up wanted to give him one last campaign." But from the moment the plane carrying Kennedy's body arrived in New York, those who were not part of his organization—Beautiful People and politicians alike—used every device in their power to crash the funeral and board the funeral train, as if, continuing the political analogy, "they were fighting for tickets to get on the Convention floor," in the words of Ron Fox, a campaign worker. On the train, the mourners split into three mutually exclusive religious groups; in the recollection of Frank Mankiewicz, "the Irish were having a wake, the Protestants were at a funeral, and the Jews were weeping and carrying on." Outside the train, with an oddly graceful mixture of ingenuousness and self-consciousness, the people paid their last respects: Louis Collins, captain of the Passaic fireboat John F. Kennedy, saluting the train with his crew from the deck of their boat; the hippie, dressed in Indian clothes, who was waving a British flag; the white policemen holding black children in their arms so they could see the train; the mother who brought her retarded son to the trackside in the hope that he could see his idol, Sidney Poitier; the girl sitting bareback on a horse in Maryland; the crowd in the Baltimore station singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" (a sort of theme song that recurred throughout the campaign and the funeral); a family holding a sign that said, "The Gebharts Are Sad."

There is much more in the book than these painful vignettes—tissue sections, not snapshots—of Robert Kennedy's America at his death. There is a serious and convincing picture of Kennedy himself and of his growth in his last years. If he set out, as many people think, a withdrawn and narrowly purposive young man whose ambitions did not extend beyond his family's goals, he ended, on the persuasive evidence of "American Journey," as something very close to the embodiment of a national will. What the book makes clear—clearer now, in retrospect, than it could have been at the time—is that Robert Kennedy was the only Presidential candidate in 1968 who could have unified black America and middle America into a single constituency. (But for the adventitious appearance of Eugene McCarthy, that constituency might easily have included dissident America as well.) These diverse and often opposing groups gave their allegiance not to Kennedy's programs or promises but to his person:

ROMANIA: A VACATION FROM THE 20th CENTURY

In its thousand peasant villages, Romania is a vast living "museum"... of folk arts and crafts, legends and customs as old as Europe itself. The wild, whirling abandon of country dances. The dazzle of spangled, embroidered costumes. The fantasy of "inside-out" monasteries, with their colorful frescoes on the outer walls. Starting this April you can take a Pan Am flight direct from New York to Bucharest . . . and we'll take you on a time-traveler's tour of Romania's ancient by-ways . . . all-inclusive, with modern, de luxe accommodations for as little as $17 a day!

Romanian National Tourist Office
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036

Yes, I'd like to know more about Romania and its richly preserved folklore. Please send literature and tour information.

Name________________________
Address________________________
City________________________
State____________Zip____________
NY-13

THE PERENNIAL AVANTGARDE
by Gerald Sykes

From Impressionism to Pop, can the creative arts survive mass exploitation of artists everywhere?

"Recommended." —*Library Journal*
"Extremely readable." —HAROLD CLURMAN
"Absorbing." —ROBERT RYAN
"Incisive." —JOHN WESTERGAARD

$6.95

PRENTICE-HALL
Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

The Talbots

Classic wrap. A country classic, our button-front wrap skirt is made with wide back panels and handy patch pockets in a Scotch-garded poplin blend of polyester/cotton. Sky blue, parfait pink, daffodil, or skipper blue. Sizes S, M, L. $16.00. Add 90¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. NM, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Sheraton on Maui, Hawaii

Dramatically wrapped around a black rock promontory, Sheraton-Maui is the Hawaii of your dreams. Miles of wide beach stretch on each side... the water is clear and warm. Next door is the championship 18-hole Royal Kaanapali Golf Course. And, just a few minutes away, is historic, fascinating Lahaina.

For reservations, call 800-325-3535 (toll free) or have your travel agent call for you.

Sheraton-Maui Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Country Inns and Back Roads

"THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND" 2.95 ppd.

Crisp mornings, country breakfasts, woodland rambles, crackling fires, hearty dinners, good conversation, snug beds, shunpiking, history, nature—all of these are yours, vicariously or in reality, with this happy, personal narrative that visits 65 real operating country inns from the escarpments of New England to California's shores. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

Tarry In Our Book Stall

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 193

Fine Foods Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

to the slight, attractive figure who in their eyes combined honest if confused concern for their problems with the power, once he had thought those problems through, to solve them. Though he had fallen short in his early efforts to understand and identify with the outrage of the blacks—James Baldwin and Kenneth Clark recall in "American Journey" his failed confrontation with black leaders in New York in 1963—he paid his dues and eventually won their confidence by continuing to consider their viewpoint and continuing, however gradually, to move toward it. He learned—a very rare thing in a mature politician—to change his own initially rigid views while he was engaged in the exercise of power. He learned, too, to deal with people in a new political style, abandoning the old manner of platform oratory for a new, loose, formless manner of give-and-take between himself and his audience. This new style—acquired, I'd guess, during the informal discussions he arranged with Columbia students to prepare himself for his New York senatorial campaign—was both disarming and reassuring to his listeners; at one stroke it destroyed the barrier of implied condescension between a formal speaker, representing the governing power, and his audience, representing the governed, and gave speaker and audience a common problem and a common goal. Finally, he learned to deal effectively with his ancient enemy, the press—so effectively that, as Tom Wicker ruefully recalls, "Bobby Kennedy was an easy man to fall in love with . . . if you were a reporter, and too many people did." The accounts of his relations with the press aboard his campaign plane—an odd and touching little history of hymn-singing, horseplay, and elaborate practical jokes on the reporters—show how very far this solitary man had come in his ability to exchange affection and trust with those beyond his family circle.

Certain conclusions can be drawn from "American Journey." It seems likely that if he had been elected, Robert Kennedy would have enjoyed the confidence of a broad enough consensus to deter a number of self-perpetuating and self-destructive tendencies in our society without destroying the bases of his power. Specifically, he would, I think, have disengaged America more rapidly from southeast Asia; he would have belabored the defense establishment into relinquishing much of its money and power; he would have reallocated this money to domestic

The hotel that has all Boston at its feet. The Sheraton-Plaza.

On Copley Square, steps from downtown Boston and close to the airport, the Sheraton-Plaza. For half a century the city's bastion of gracious hospitality, a favorite setting for every festive occasion and the preferred hotel of distinguished visitors from everywhere. Follow the leaders to Boston's first hotel, the Sheraton-Plaza.

Michael M. Schweiger,
General Manager

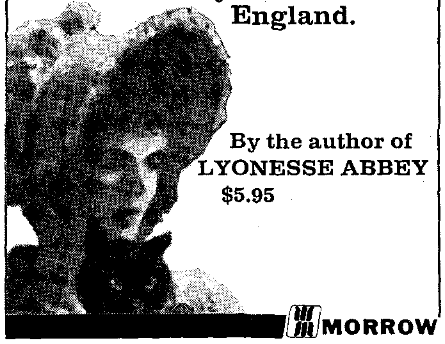
For reservations call toll-free
800-325-3535

Sheraton-Plaza Hotel
COPLEY SQUARE,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 617-267-5300
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Jill Tattersall's
LADY INGRAM'S ROOM
is gothic suspense in
its best tradition set
in 19th-century northern
England.

By the author of
LYONESSE ABBEY
$5.95

MORROW



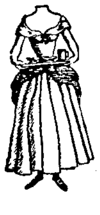
Don't go abroad this year without it.

Fodor's 1971 GUIDE TO EUROPE

Covers 35 countries

Fodor's helps you discover each country, know the people, enjoy the life.

At all bookstores • $8.95 • McKAY



If the line's too long at The Silent Woman, try Bookbinder's in Philadelphia!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

programs. Most important, he would, through his remarkable capacity to learn and grow, and his new-found ability to feel and express love for the most diverse segments of American society, have inspirited and unified the nation at its time of greatest change and gravest danger. The most desolating message of "American Journey" is that Robert Kennedy's death was not a personal or partisan tragedy, as it might have seemed at the time, but a national one. The dictatorship of machines might have been challenged; the nation of mortal men might have been led once again by a mortal man.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LEAVING HOME, by Arthur Cavanaugh (Simon & Schuster). A quiet, uneventful Brooklyn story that, in retrospect, is full of movement, crowded with events, and constantly developing in understanding and humor as the Connerty family—father and mother and five children—win through the Depression years to face the tensions and excitements and satisfactions of growing up and growing apart. Robbie, the youngest of the crowd, is the narrator and interpreter of this skillful, muted panorama of Irish-American life.

GENERAL

BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE, by Dee Brown (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A comprehensive history of the endless Indian wars for the American West that began around 1860 with the relocation of the Navajos and ended in 1890 with the surrender of the remnants of the Sioux at Wounded Knee Creek. It is a first-rate account—strongly and ardently written—and also an unusual one: it is told (and well documented) from the viewpoint of the Indians. Unfortunately, this novelty, though it touches the heart, in no way alters the result: "No one who fights with the white people," the Sisseton chief, Paul Mazakootemane, said from experience, "ever becomes rich, or remains two days in one place, but is always fleeing and starving." And the reason, as the otherwise contemptible General James Carleton said, was simply (and sadly but inevitably) "the insatiable progress of our race." It was the unvarying and historical triumph of an advanced technology (assisted by man's

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00;
Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name
Street
City State Zip

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

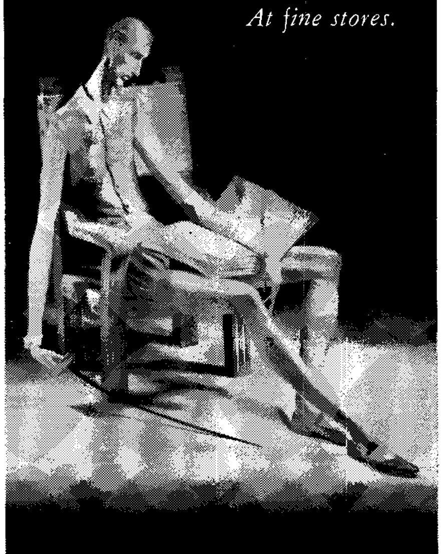
To
Street
City State Zip
Gift card to read: "From "
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To
Street
City State Zip
Gift card to read: "From "
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To
Street
City State Zip
Gift card to read: "From "
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $________to cover________subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036



LLADRÓ®
At fine stores.

Don Quixote, 16¾" long-
14½" high, superbly executed
by world famous
Porcelanas Lladro of Spain.

Exclusive Importers
WEIL CERAMICS & GLASS, INC.
225 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010

Send $1.00 for Collector's Catalog.

ELIZABETH CULLINAN
Author of HOUSE OF GOLD
"Every tale is worth the reading and rereading, rewarding and moving on every level."
—Publishers' Weekly

THE TIME OF ADAM
collects in book form ten stories that were first published in *The New Yorker.* At your bookstore. $5.95
HMCo

Wherever she goes she will be "in the know" with
THE NEW Seventeen BOOK OF ETIQUETTE and Young Living
by ENID A. HAUPT
At bookstores $7.95 McKAY

easy dishonesty and usual sleepless hypocrisy) over a rudimentary one—in this case, an impulsive, undisciplined, credulous multitude of primitive tribesmen. There are many fine portraits of Indian leaders but, regrettably, no maps of any kind. Ten dollars and ninety-five cents.

THE SECRET CONFERENCES OF DR. GOEBBELS: THE NAZI PROPAGANDA WAR, 1939-43, selected and edited by Willi A. Boelcke, and translated from the German by Ewald Osers (Dutton). Nazi documents, scattered, concealed, or merely mislaid, still come to light occasionally. These minutes of Goebbels' daily talks to his staff turned up, the editor explains, in a couple of unprepossessing folders years after they were thought to have vanished. They are the notes taken by aides as Goebbels laid down the propaganda lines for consumption in Germany and abroad—in enemy, neutral, and occupied countries. Truth being, in Goebbels' hands, a malleable substance, a single event frequently received radically different treatment for each audience. Actually, these conferences make heartening reading, since they demonstrate the limitations of propaganda in its battle against human shrewdness, common sense, tradition, and apathy. Goebbels' single greatest vexation was that, no matter what he told the German media to say, many German people did not believe it. Like the Devil in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," Goebbels took Hell with him wherever he went; his torment was earnestly to tell lies and constantly to feel that he had not convinced. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

MY LIFE AND "THE TIMES," by Turner Catledge (Harper & Row). The life recalled by Mr. Catledge, who retired at the end of 1969 as vice-president of the New York Times Company, is almost entirely his professional life. He speaks briefly of his early years in Mississippi and then gets down to business with a job on the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, where he joyfully discovered his vocation as a political reporter: "I was aggressive and ambitious, perhaps a little brash. I liked people and I wanted them to like me, and most often they did. I liked to joke and tell stories. I never ran from a bottle of whiskey." Then the Baltimore *Sun*, then (on a recommendation from Herbert Hoover) the New York *Times*—Washington correspondent, national correspondent, assistant managing editor, managing editor, executive editor, vice-president. There are glimpses of a wife, a divorce, a second wife, two children, an elderly mother, but only glimpses; the job is everything. The book falls into two parts: the rowdy "Front Page" days in Memphis (including a generous sketch of Boss Crump), followed by the exuberant days of New Deal Washington and the soberer executive years in New York. Mr. Catledge is a natural reporter, and his review of his career is a fine piece of reporting—fast, clear, objective (he seems to see himself without fear or favor), and full of sharp, snapshot observations of famous people and famous events. Ten dollars.

A DICTIONARY OF SLANG AND UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH, by Eric Partridge (Macmillan). The seventh edition of the monument of back-street scholarship that made its first appearance in 1937. It is impressively bigger than ever—going on sixteen hundred pages. The growth has taken place in the Supplement, a receptacle attached in 1961 (fifth edition) to keep pace with its ever-changing subject. The Supplement now is almost the size of the Dictionary itself, and it is possible that the latter needs serious revision. Much of the material there has diminished to little more than antiquarian interest (early-nineteenth-century British schoolboy slang, long-forgotten military jargon, and even earlier curiosities, such as "cry cupboard," meaning "to be hungry," attrib. to Swift), and to retain it conceals the genuine treasure in the volume; for American readers, this change is imperative. Eighteen dollars and fifty cents.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

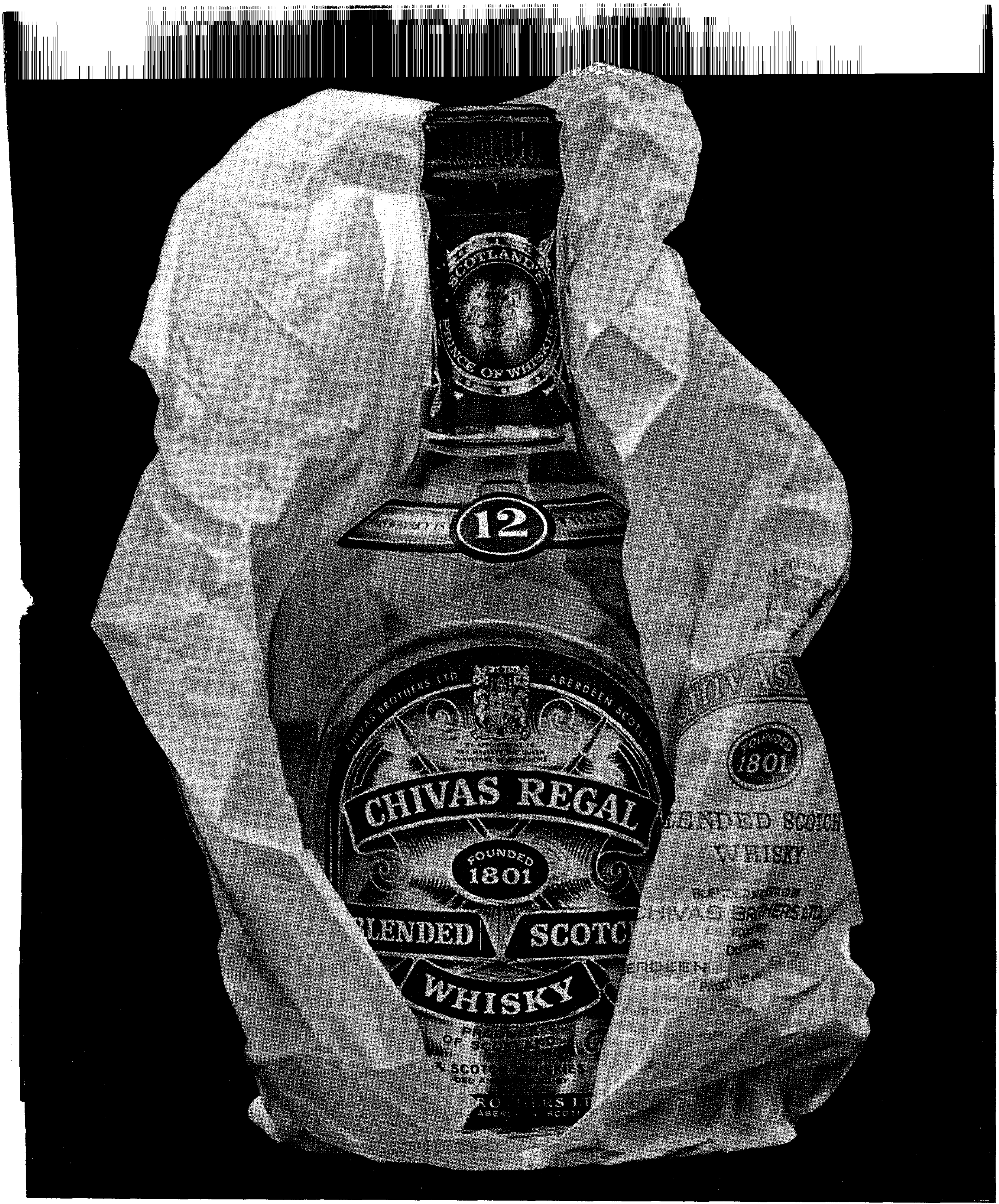
[*From the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal & Courier*]

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—The national convention of the 1.5-million-member Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has voted overwhelmingly to retain a rule excluding nonwhites from membership.

The hand-show vote, behind closed doors Thursday at the end of a five-day convention, was estimated at 1,550-22 by Grand Exalted Ruler Glenn L. Miller, an attorney from Logansport, Ind.

The order also requires that members be at least 21, believers in God, U.S. citizens and have no association with subversive organizations.

Its four cardinal virtues are charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity.


SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKY
12
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Your friends won't think less of you if you don't serve Chivas Regal.

But they may think more of you if you do.

GENUINE CHINDIA...NOT BLACK AND NOT WHITE.

Not black. But black black. Sinking-in-color black. And not white. Ivory. The palest, barest tone possible. Richer than flat white...warmer...deeper.

There's only one way to get this kind of lasting richness. And it's not with the acid dyes that most makers use. So we never use them.

Every luxurious colored woolen yarn in the *genuine* Chindia* is dyed with true chrome dyes.

Precision carvers sculpt the highs and lows of the carpet's creamy surface. Working by hand to give new meaning to the 18th-century Adams design.

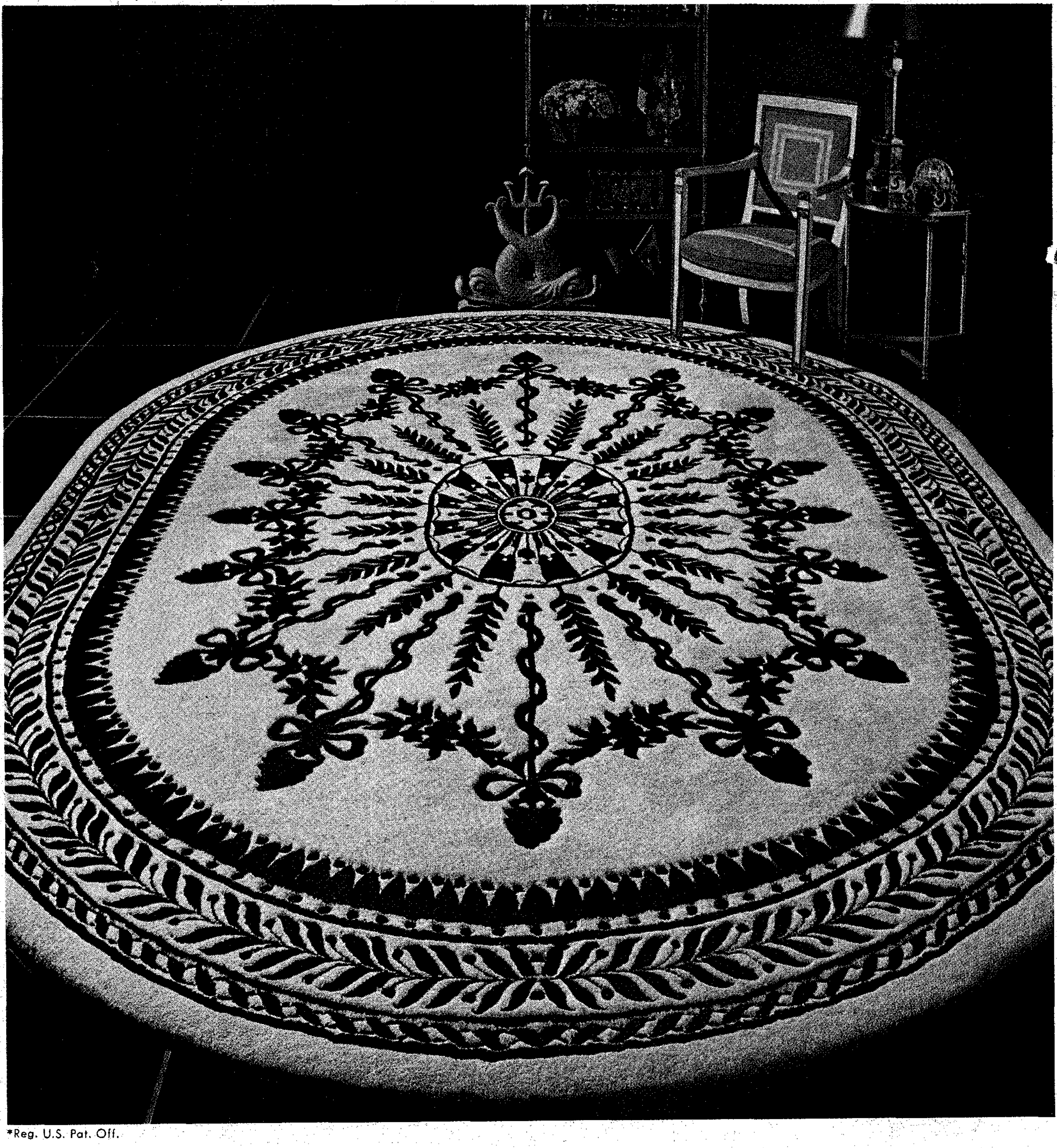
Until the carpet is one continuous play of light and shadows in natural finish.

Genuine Chindia...hand-woven in India...no imitation even comes close.

See Chindia at a fine store near you. You'll know it's *genuine* by the label and by the gold-and-black medallion it bears.

Send now for your illustrated booklet of India hand-woven carpets, showing Chindia*, Bengali*, Khalabar*, and Bana*...just 50¢ to

PANDE, CAMERON AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK
295 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.